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Charles Holme

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of Fine and Applied Art

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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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All Contributions should be addressed, "The Editor," Office of *The International Studio*, 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO SUPPLEMENT (CONTINUED.)

NEW YORK.—At the American Fine Arts Society Building, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, the Architectural League will hold its Twelfth Annual Exhibition, February 20th to March 13th. From March 28th to May 1st the Society of American Artists holds its Nineteenth Annual Exhibition in the same building; work received March 15th and 16th.

The Seventy-second Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, will be held from April 5th to May 15th; exhibits received from March 11th to 13th only.

The future special exhibitions at the Keppel Gallery, 20 East Sixteenth Street, will be Engravings of Roman Edifices, by Piranesi, from February 11th to 20th; and Original Etchings and Engravings after the painted portraits of Van Dyck, from February 25th to March 13th.

At the February monthly dinner of the Architectural League Mr. C. Howard Walker of Boston read a paper on "The Late William Morris and his Works."

There are permanent exhibitions in New York City at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, and at the Lenox Library, Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue, where many works of art have recently been added to the collections of the New York Public Library, and are now on free exhibition there. Among them are: *On the Stair Case*, and *Condottier Français*, by Meissonier, and a portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart.

The Lotos Club, 5 West Seventy-sixth Street, will exhibit during February the Barbizon Paintings; during March, the Tonal Paintings; during April, American Figure Paintings. The exhibition takes place the last week in each month. At the February meeting, oil paintings of the Early English School, loaned by Mr. Catholina Lambert and Mr. George A. Hearn, were exhibited. Among them were the *Portrait of a Lady*, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; *Lady Sheffield*, by Thomas Gainsborough, and *Sir William Temple*, by Sir Peter Lely—all veritable masterpieces.

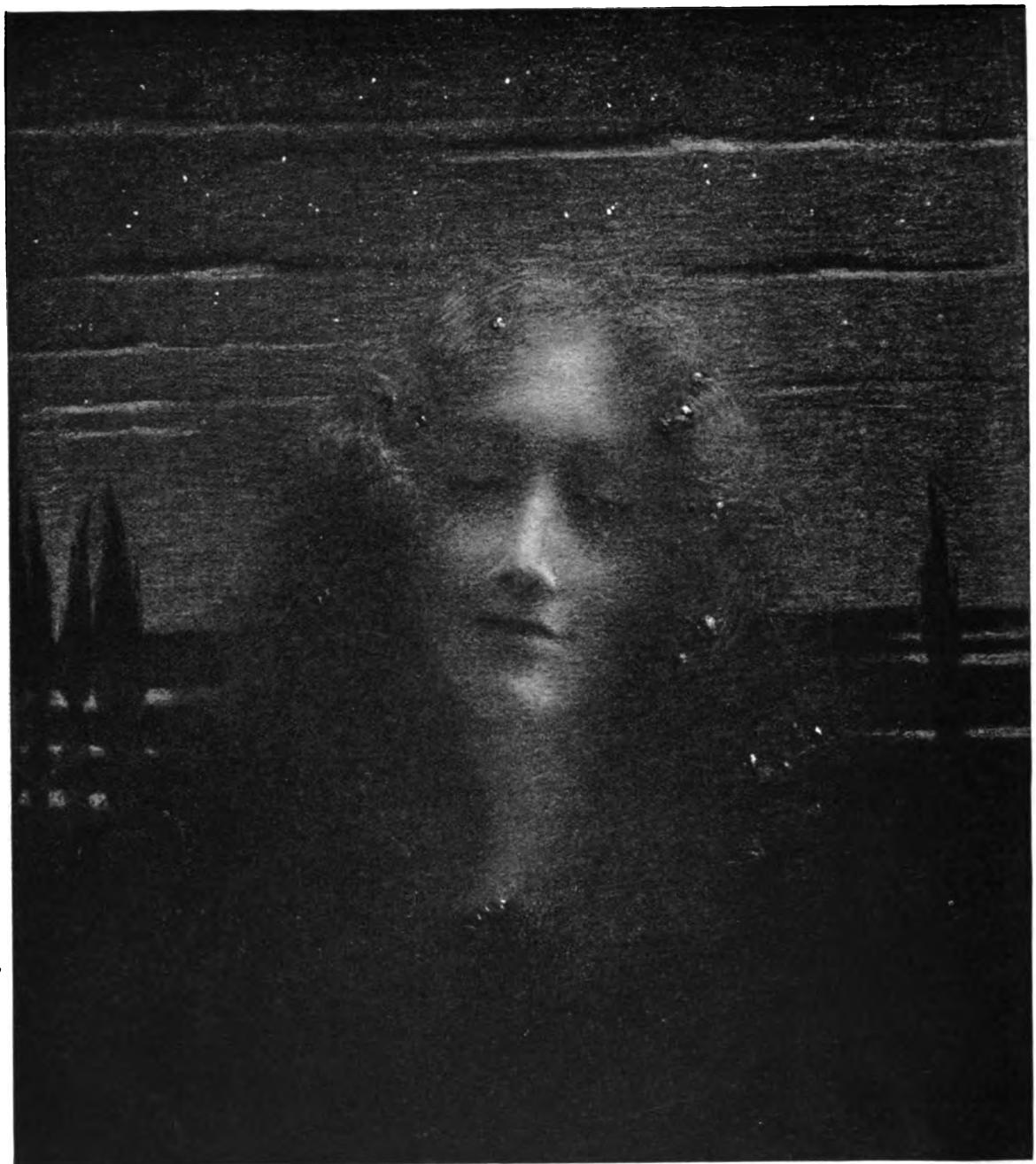
At the Avery Gallery, 368 Fifth Avenue, we have recently seen three paintings by Rousseau and Diaz, and the work of P. Marcus Simons and Mrs. Francis Murphy.

At the Klackner Galleries, 7 West Twenty-eighth Street, from January 25th to February 10th, there was an exhibition of Holland Sketches and Drawings by W. C. Hartson; from February 15th to 20th the Woman's Art Club exhibits here; the first week in March there will be an exhibition of the portraits of Joseph Jefferson in some of his favorite characters, by Frank Eugene; and later, some drawings by Simon Solomon of London.

At the Grolier Club, 29 East Thirty-second Street, there was an exhibition of Etchings, Dry-points and Engravings on Copper by Albrecht Durer, from January 29th to February 27th.

From February 2d to 16th, W. H. Ranger held an exhibition of some Landscapes Painted during the Last Three Years, at the Blakeslee Galleries; amongst them, an *East River Idyl*, No. 11, indicates the artist's masterly grasp of succulent color.

Continued on Page IX. of Advertisements.



"NOCTURNE" FROM A
PAINTING BY L. LÉVY-
DHURMER

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

A DREAM PAINTER. M. L. LÉVY-DHURMER. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

SOME artists there are whose work one must study long and closely before one can succeed in grasping its meaning. There are contradictions and contrasts in their productions which disturb and baffle the intelligence and make the task of comprehending their personality one of extreme difficulty. One proceeds but slowly and arduously in mastering the sensations and sentiments and ideas their canvases inspire; and in a critical analysis of them it is necessary to take thought not once merely, but often, before getting a clear grip of their characteristics. The elements composing these characteristics form a heterogeneous group, and their connection is not easily

grasped. Whether this is to be considered as a virtue in the artist, or the reverse, is scarcely the point, and it suffices to mention the fact without discussing it.

With others, on the contrary, their mode of thought and their manner of expressing it are revealed with all clearness and lucidity. However complicated they may appear, it is simplicity itself to unravel their meaning. Subtle they may be, and delicate, but transparent at the same time. To "read" and understand them demands no effort. One admits their charm on the spot, at once falls under their spell, which seizes and enchants before reflection or doubt can arise. Criticism is of no use in a case like this. It may make itself felt later on perchance, but it will only confirm the first impression, and will surely never shake it. The reason of this is simple enough. There exists,



"LES BERGERS"

VOL. I. NO. 1.—MARCH, 1897.

FROM A PAINTING BY L. LÉVY-DHURMER

A Dream Painter



"FÊTES DE CÉRÈS"

FROM A PAINTING BY L. LÉVY-DHURMER

in the case of artists such as these, a perfect equilibrium, an entire harmony, an absolute unity between their ideas, their fancies, and their sensations, and their execution of them. All the world may not understand perhaps—what matter! But those who do, understand at once, and love and admire at once also.

This was the impression I felt with great intensity on my first introduction to such of M. Lévy-Dhurmer's pictures as I chanced to come across.

My first acquaintance with M. Lévy-Dhurmer's work left me quite enthusiastic, and I was curious to know something of the artist himself—where he came from, how old he was, under what master he had learnt the rudiments of his art. There was nothing very exact to be gathered. Some people said he lived a retired sort of life in dignified solitude, while others spoke of him as a man of the world, quite at home in the drawing-rooms of society.

So I called on him at his studio, and found myself in the presence of a young man rather below the middle size, with close-cropped hair and fair, curly beard, a keen and piercing glance, and the simplest and most unostentatious manners; quick

and witty in conversation, evidently by nature meditative and strong-willed. He was altogether frank in his replies to the direct questions I put to him. Born in Algeria, he first studied drawing for commercial purposes, attending evening classes, and going for a time to the studio of Raphael Collin. But he soon tired of his dull lessons. It was independence he wanted. He must feel and think and see for himself, with his own nerves, his own brain, and his own eyes. So he worked by himself determinedly and enthusiastically. He was his own teacher, and thus preserved intact that personality of which even then he felt the workings within him. His artistic character developed slowly and normally, by dint of unremitting labour, unhampered by the petty ambitions and jealousies which prevailed down in the art world by the shores of the Côte d'Azur, on the Golfe Jouan, where Lévy-Dhurmer lived his quiet life of retirement for a number of years, working and producing for his own pleasure alone. For a considerable time, it should be stated, he was attached to M. Clément Massier's well-known pottery works, and they were profitable years for this undertaking while Lévy-Dhurmer was connected with it; for all the best,



A Dream Painter

most appropriate, and most original models were produced at that period, and all sprang from his imagination. He devised new methods of utilising his materials, and greatly enlarged their scope, obtaining the most unlooked-for effects of great richness and symmetry.

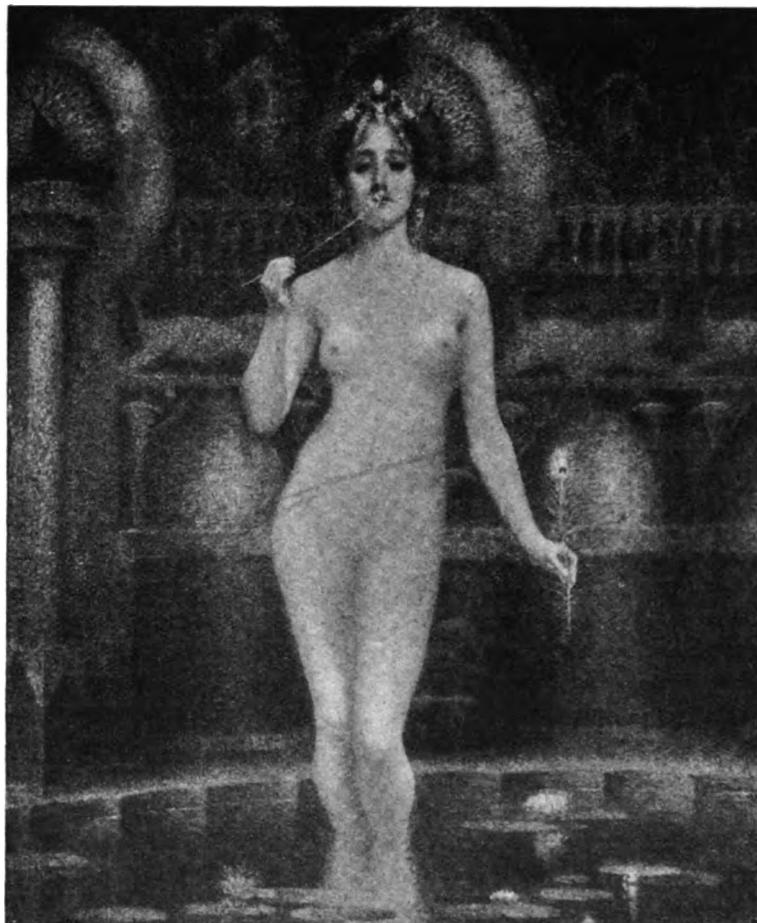
In his spare time he devoted his energies to pure art, paying no heed to the transitory fashions of the hour, disdaining the æsthetic *snobisme* which has caused, and is causing, such ravages in art work generally. In his holiday times he would go far away, to Florence or to Venice or elsewhere on Italy's consecrated ground, where Beauty shines in its eternal glory. Hence spring the real sources of M. Lévy-Dhurmer's art, and I don't think any one will quarrel with him on this account. 'Twas in Italy he learnt that feeling of expression which is one of his predominating characteristics, and there 'twas also he acquired his love of the imaginative and the ideal. Moreover, his masters—the Masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, who in the plastic arts gave expression to all that is heroic and grand and beautiful in the heart of humanity—taught him the secret of impeccable shape, and taught him, too, a respect for nature and for life. To them he owes also that perfect precision which I so greatly admire in his work, that absolute certainty of touch which enables him to express just what he wishes, neither more nor less. In this Italian school, also, he became impressed with the great truth, that the artist must realise at every instant that he can afford to neglect nothing, that everything has a deep meaning, and that the artist's duty is to reveal this to us, according to his temperament, in all sincerity and with all the force that is in him.

Mere vague and indefinite forms indeed will not suffice to convey the impression of a dream or a vision, for they simply confuse and trouble the mind. And it is to be

remarked that those artists who have gone the furthest and the highest in work of this kind, are those who have given the most clear and definite shape to the fancies of their mind. For the sensation of mystery therein is none the less intense, but quite the reverse.

These gifts—quite the rarest among the artists of to-day—are possessed by M. Lévy-Dhurmer. So much may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, whether one like his art or dislike it.

This art of dream-painting has its foundations in life itself, in the study of nature, in direct observation, transposed by the artist, but remaining, nevertheless, and forming that strangely irresistible charm which emanates from all Lévy-Dhurmer's work. There is nothing artificial in it: everything is true in the first place, before seeming like a dream; and the delicious unreality of those women's faces which the artist so greatly affects, their very seduction, lie, paradoxical as it may seem, in their strict



"IL ÉTAIT UNE FOIS UNE PRINCESSE"

FROM A PAINTING BY L. LÉVY-DHURMER

A Dream Painter



"*MATERNITÉ*"

FROM A PAINTING BY L. LÉVY-DHURMER

fidelity to life. Few painters of the human face, so far as my knowledge goes, have succeeded in putting into their work more drawing, more thought, more feeling, or more character. The true inwardness of the human being is here revealed with genuine expression. These symbolical personages of his—legendary and fairylike as they are—live their own individual lives ; and although we only see them for a moment in that life, just in the attitude and just at the particular phase of it which the artist has chosen as best suited to reveal them to our intelligence, yet it is easy enough to conjure them up as they were before, and as they were after, that precise instant, for we have penetrated into their very souls, into the inner mystery of their being. Their fleeting forms have displayed to our eyes the eternal qualities within them.

Look at *Maternité*! It is the soft summer twilight hour, the heavens full of limpid brightness, and on the horizon, behind the palatial outlines and the lofty campaniles, a mass of purest gold, reflected in the mirror of the lagoons. Seated on a throne the Virgin holds in her arms the divine *Bambino*. What tenderness in the Mother's attitude, as she bends in all eagerness and attention over the little form of the Child-Christ ! What delightful delicacy in the way she holds Him with her pure and lovely hands. And He—there is nothing of the conventionally divine about the Child, who is human infancy itself, in loose swaddling-clothes, with unformed baby head, and plump little hand playing with the Mother's lips. When one thinks how *banal*, how traditional the subject might have been made, it is refreshing to see the quite original note

"FILLE À LA MÉDAILLE." BY L. LÉVY-DHURMER.



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Early Scandinavian Wood-Carvings

of tender realism and moving grace with which the painter has invested it.

The same sweetly pensive, religious tone is introduced into his *Bergers* (see page 3). Here again, his manner of representing the story of the Shepherds is quite novel. The happy and unstudied grouping of the figures, their various expressions, together with the similarity of their attitudes, the serene beauty of the landscape, the ineffable poetry of the twilight sky with the Guiding Star shining in it, the delightful sense of Nature in the low hills, in the sheep-covered meadows and in the watering-places, glowing with the last light of the dying day—everything combines to produce a most striking impression. The scene is so truly grand in its touching simplicity that one cannot possibly look on it unmoved.

Need I mention his *Notre-Dame de Penmarch* (see vol. viii. of THE STUDIO, p. 107), with all its noble simplicity of style; or his *Eve, tempted, beneath the Tree of Seduction*, with the serpent slowly uncoiling, as, with the golden masses of her hair around her, she folds her arms tightly upon her breast; or that lovely and complex piece of sentiment and spirituality, the *Ricordo da Lionardo da Vinci*; or *Raillerie*, smiling so archly and wielding the whip that all the world fears; or again *Méchanceté*, with snake-encircled brow; or *Pureté*, scorning the garish beauty of the chrysanthemum for the humble daisy, innocent flower of the field; or this *Princesse de Légende*, so lovely and so fanciful, who dreams, and smiles at her imaginings? Shall I recall the irresistible grace of his *Fêtes de Cérès* (see page 4), instinct with all the subtle charm of antiquity, full of the mystical fascination of the Grecian age, and in so powerful and so characteristic a setting? And then his *Nocturne!* (see frontispiece) That delicate woman's head, with the waving hair sparkling with the dews of night, which show like clusters of stars in the moonlight. And his *Fille à la Médaille* (see page 9), symbolising so perfectly the sweet simplicity of the religion in the Middle Ages, in striking contrast to the fairyland splendours of the Hall of Peacocks, where we see bathing the heroine of the tale—*Il était une fois une princesse*. And *L'Automne*, in her long, dull-blue robes, wandering, dead branch in hand, through the leafless forest, with the stretch of sodden plain, seen through the naked trunks, and the blood-red hues of the sinking sun shining on the swampy land.

No one, I hope, nay, I believe, can miss the meaning—be it deep or fanciful, powerful or delicate—of works such as these. They are the manifestation of one of the most remarkable figures

in the art world of to-day. For here we have something more than promise. This is the work of an artist in full possession of style and method, master of himself and of his art.

Now I should like to refer to another side of his art, that which deals with sheer reality—in other words, his portrait work. Here, as in all he does, we find the same striving to express the invisible and the deep-seated, by means of that which is visible and on the surface. And this is evident not only in his constant endeavour to give character and style—if one may thus term it—to his model, but also in his special habit of placing his subject in a setting corresponding with his own particular temperament and peculiarities and mode of life.

Have I succeeded in conveying a clear and complete idea of M. Lévy-Dhurmer's style? I can only hope so most sincerely, for his genius is such that it deserves to be known and admired. To be sure, the world of to-day is full enough of ugliness of all sorts, full enough of social and individual misery, and thus it is no small pleasure to honour those artists who, with a full sense of their mission, strive to fashion for us dreams of beauty and poetry before which one may forget the world outside. Such an one is M. Lévy-Dhurmer; and even if he fell short of the full realisation of his fancies, which is far from being the case, he would still have earned our homage, if only for his intentions. But I trust I have shown that praise higher and completer than this is justly his due.

EARLY SCANDINAVIAN WOOD-CARVINGS. BY J. ROMILLY ALLEN, F.S.A.

AT the present time, when a serious effort is being made to revive the ancient glories of the Arts and Crafts in which the Anglo-Saxon was wont formerly to excel, we cannot afford to neglect the study of the examples of old work still in existence. And, in seeking for models—not to be copied slavishly, but to furnish us with ideas capable of further development—it is far better to seek inspiration from the works of art produced either by our own ancestors, or by those peoples in Europe who are nearest akin to ourselves—that is to say, to our nearest blood relations—than to endeavour to make wholly alien styles, like those of India or Japan, take root in a soil quite unsuited to their favourable growth. It is, of course, impossible to prevent being influenced to a certain extent by the work of foreigners; but if we are desirous of evolving a thoroughly national style, it must be built up

Early Scandinavian Wood-Carvings

gradually by the aid of those mental and physical qualities which are peculiar to ourselves.

The question of race has therefore a very important bearing on art. The chief race elements of the inhabitants of Great Britain are the Celtic, the Saxon, the Scandinavian, and perhaps a *quantité négligeable* of the Iberian. The distribution of these elements is very clearly indicated by the place names, as any one can see who will take the trouble to look at the instructive map given in Canon Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places*. It will there be seen that whilst Wales, Cornwall, and the north-eastern parts of Scotland are intensely Celtic, and southern and central England equally strongly Saxon, in the remaining portions of Great Britain the Scandinavian element is predominant; Shetland, Orkney, Sutherland, Caithness, parts of the Hebrides, the West Coast of Scotland, half of the Isle of Man, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, Cheshire, Pembrokeshire, Gower and the Vale of Glamorgan being Norse; and Yorkshire, Lincolnshire,

Leicestershire and Norfolk principally Danish. The art of the early Christian monuments of this country fully bears out the evidence derived from the place names, and we hope to be able to show how great an affinity there is between the ornamental patterns and figure subjects occurring on the sculptured crosses in the portions of Great Britain which have been specified as being Scandinavian and the designs carved upon the doorways and other details of the old wooden churches still existing in Norway.

On some future occasion, perhaps, we may have

an opportunity of showing the part played by the Saxon and the Celt in forming a national style of decorative art, but in the present article we propose to direct attention to works either executed in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, or if found in England, only those exhibiting strong Scandinavian influence.

The causes which have from a very early period contributed to make the inhabitants of Norway expert wood carvers are not far to seek; the principal ones being, (1) that timber was always the most easily obtainable building material; (2) that the physical nature of the country, intersected as it is in all directions by fjords extending far inland, made boat building a necessity both for purposes of transport and for fishing; and (3) that the long winter evenings of northern latitudes afforded ample leisure during which the skill of eye and hand acquired laboriously in the every-day occupations of constructing houses, carts, and boats, could be turned to account as a relaxation from toil in

producing objects of beauty as well as utility.

It must not be forgotten either that the first carpenters were carvers rather than experts in the use of the saw and plane, because in the earlier stages of culture we always find that hollow objects, such as canoes, boxes, drinking vessels, drums, &c., are dug out of one solid log of wood instead of being put together in several pieces. Even in the Early Iron Age in Scandinavia, the primitive method of shaping wood out of the solid survived partially, as appears from the boats belong-



FIG. 1.—CARVED WOODEN CHAIR FROM TYLDALENS
CHURCH, NORWAY. FRONT

Early Scandinavian Wood-Carvings

ing to this period found in the Nydam Moss, Schleswig (see Carl Engelhardt's *Denmark in the Early Iron Age*, p. 29). These boats are clinker-built and the planks have projecting pieces with holes bored through them for fastening the planks to the ribs by means of cords ; but these projecting pieces are part and parcel of the plank itself, and have been formed by taking a much thicker timber than the planks and carving away the surface everywhere except where the projections occur, a most wasteful and laborious process. The scoops for baling water out of the Nydam boats are as entirely cut out of the solid as the dug-out canoe of the savage. The rowlocks are not merely carved into shape but are also ornamented with incised patterns.

The celebrated Viking ship discovered beneath a burial mound at Gokstad, Sandefjord, Norway, and now in the grounds of the Royal University at Christiania, belongs to the Later Iron Age, and presents us with very much more elaborate specimens of ornamental wood carving (see N. Nicolaysen's *Viking Ship Discovered at Gokstad*), the most remarkable of which are two tent supports terminating in dragons' heads. We may see how such ships were built, and the tools used by their constructors on the Bayeux Tapestry (see *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. vi. pl. 8). In the tenth century two classes of workmen were engaged on the construction of war vessels, carpenters (*stafnsmithr*) and workers in thin boards (*flungr*). The former prepared and framed the skeleton and the latter whittled the boards and put them together, and only got half the weekly wages paid to the carpenters. The tools included iron axes, saws, knives, and planes.

Having endeavoured to show how the trade of shipbuilding* may possibly have led up to the art of wood-carving for decorative purposes during the Pagan period in Scandinavia, we will now proceed to examine some of the works of the Christian age, the best of which are of ecclesiastical origin.

It must be remembered that Christianity was not introduced into Norway until nearly as late as the year 1000 A.D., and that for a century or two afterwards the old Pagan beliefs still held a strong

* Carriage making, house construction, and other branches of carpentry may also have helped to bring out those qualities which go to make an expert wood-carver. The high perfection attained by the carriage builders of the Later Iron Age in Denmark is proved by the beautifully ornamented wagons found in the Deibjerg bog, Rinkjøbing, West Jutland, of which there is a reproduction in the South Kensington Museum (see P. B. du Chaillu's *The Viking Age*, vol. ii. frontispiece).

sway over the popular mind, and we shall see that "Christian-Pagan Overlap," as Dr. Colley March has aptly termed it, is conspicuous in the art of the period between 1000 and, perhaps, 1250, not only in Scandinavia, but also in such intensely Norse parts of Great Britain as Cumberland, Westmoreland, North Lancashire, and the Isle of Man.

As the starting point of Christian art in the North we cannot do better than take the celebrated Rune-inscribed monument at Jellinge, on the east coast of Jutland, which records the erection by the orders of King Harald (Blue Tooth) of the burial mound* of his father, Gorm, and his mother, Thyra. This king, Harald Gormsson, is described in the inscription as "that Harald who conquered the whole of Denmark and Norway, and had the Danish people christianised" (see J. Körnerup's *Kongehøiene i Jellinge*). Fortunately the Jellinge stone is decorated with sculptured figure subjects and ornament, and has a well ascertained date, A.D. 940-986.

On one face is a representation of Christ crucified, surrounded by the peculiar interlaced rings and looped bands which characterise the art of

* Some fragments of wood-carving and a beautifully ornamented metal cup were amongst the antiquities discovered inside the mound.



FIG. 2.—CARVED WOODEN CHAIR FROM TYLDALENS CHURCH. LEFT SIDE

Early Scandinavian Wood-Carvings

this period ; and on the other face is a dragonesque beast intertwined with a serpent. The style of the decoration of the Jellinge monument corresponds very nearly with that of a Danish headstone of a

and before the influence of the Byzantine style began to make itself apparent. In the tenth and eleventh centuries the beast-motive was in the ascendant ; and, although various portions of the animals had

scroll-work terminations somewhat resembling leaves, true foliage had not yet come in. The four-legged beast with dragonesque head, the dragon with two forelegs and serpentine tail, and the serpent constitute almost the sole elements of the decoration of the Danish monuments bearing inscriptions in later Runes (*i.e.*, the shorter alphabet subsequent to the old Northern and Anglian Runes). The attenuated bodies of these creatures are bent into all sorts of loops, and interlaced in an extraordinary fashion. It is not easy to say whether the four-legged beast was derived from a classical source originally, but it possesses several features which are very strongly Scandinavian : (1) the pear-shaped eye with the pointed end in front and the round end behind ; (2) the spiral curves where the limbs join the body ; (3) the claws, which are two in number instead of three ; (4) the tendency of the extremities to break out into scrollwork ; and (5) the attitude of the head — turned backwards towards the tail, instead of forwards.



FIG. 3.—CARVED WOODEN CHAIR FROM TYLDALENS CHURCH. BACK

grave dug up in 1852 in St. Paul's Churchyard, and now preserved under a glass case in the Guildhall Library, London (see *Archaeological Journal*, vol. xlvi. p. 251).

On this stone will also be seen the same four-footed beast with dragonesque head as at Jellinge, and our special object in directing attention to these sculptured stones of the beginning of the eleventh century is to give an idea of the predominant art-motives of the period immediately preceding the introduction of Christianity into Scandinavia.*

* Although the Jellinge stone has the figure of Christ upon it the art is purely pagan.

In the wood carvings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which form the subject of this article, it is possible to trace the influence of the style of the earlier native work, especially in the looped curves and the frequent occurrence of the serpent and dragon as motives ; but otherwise the introduction of Christianity, and with it designs of Byzantine origin, wrought a great change for the better in Scandinavian art. In place of the rather meaningless scroll and bulbous terminations noticed on the stone from St. Paul's Churchyard, we now get the tails of the beasts and dragons developing into really graceful foliage.

The best examples of carved woodwork now sur-

Early Scandinavian Wood-Carvings

viving in Scandinavia are derived from the ancient timber churches of Norway, chiefly doorways and ecclesiastical chairs, some still *in situ* and others in the museums at Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania University, and Bergen. We hope to describe the details of the wooden churches on a future occasion, and at present shall confine our remarks entirely to the chairs, two of which, in the museum of the University of Christiania, are here illustrated from photographs by O. Væring.

Figs. 1 to 4 show the four faces of a chair from Tyldalens Church, Østerdal, Norway, and Figs. 5 to 8 the four faces of a chair from Lom,* Gudbrandsdal, also in Norway. There seems to be some doubt as to the original use for which these chairs were intended. Paul du Chaillu (*The Viking Age*, vol. ii. p. 256) calls them "bridal

chairs," whilst R. Lovett (*Norwegian Pictures*, p. 163), in describing the chair which stands near the altar of Hitterdal Church, expresses an opinion that it may have been episcopal.

* P. B. du Chaillu states that this chair came from Vaage, twenty miles east of Lom (*The Viking Age*, vol. ii. p. 260), but this is probably an inaccuracy.



FIG. 4.—CARVED WOODEN CHAIR FROM TYLDALENS CHURCH. RIGHT SIDE

In England we have examples of a Saxon bishop's "frid stool" of stone (at Hexham) and wooden chair traditionally associated with the Venerable Bede at Jarrow (see Scott's *Antiquarian Gleanings in the North of England*). Probably the Norwegian chairs were put to similar uses by the officiating priest as the sedilia, or as the oak chairs of the Jacobean period which are to be seen on each side of the altar in many churches in this country. In some of the Scandinavian chairs there is a box beneath the seat, possibly intended to be used as the church chest for keeping the plate and parish registers in.

However, the use of the chairs is not of so much importance to us at present as the method of their construction and the details of their decorative carving.

The Tyldalens chair (Figs. 1 to 4) is a fine massive bit of carpentry, well put together with mortices, tenons, and pins or treenails, so as to render glue unnecessary. The absence of such pins in modern furniture leaves the whole tensile strain on each bar to be taken by the glue, which generally turns out to be a broken reed to trust to. The framework of the chair consists of two forelegs of square section, two hind legs also square below the seat, but becoming flatter and wider above, so as to form the back, having flat horizontal bars morticed into them to support the seat and to keep the feet from spreading at the bottom. There is a deep flat horizontal bar forming the top of the back, into which the uprights are morticed; and the back is strengthened at each side by two strong knees. It will be noticed that in a chair where there are no diagonal bars to take any side thrust, its strength depends entirely on the depth of the horizontal bars at the joint with the vertical legs. Here the depth is ample for strength, and it affords a broad surface for the display of decorative carving. The spaces between the horizontal bars are filled in on each of the four sides with pairs of what, for want of a better term, may be called flat balusters. These are not an uncommon feature in Norse woodwork, and they are generally used with good effect. The back of the chair is filled in with two such flat balusters placed cross-wise, the central medallion being common to both.

The designer in spacing out his ornament has judiciously left a fair proportion of blank space, so as to give an occasional rest to the eye and thus improve the appearance of the whole. The wide flat bands of the geometrical interlaced patterns are used to contrast with the foliage and beasts which, being more rounded, give the idea of

Early Scandinavian Wood-Carvings



FIG. 5. — CARVED WOODEN
CHAIR FROM LOM, NORWAY.
FRONT

Early Scandinavian Wood-Carvings

greater relief. There is thus a sort of gradation in the amount of relief, and consequently of light and shade, between the unornamented parts and those in greatest relief. A peculiar feature of Norse wood-carving is the way in which the flat hands of the interlaced work and the stems of the foliage are emphasised with an incised line next to the margin on each side.

The mediæval artists had a great advantage over their modern successors in the number of sources to which they could go for inspiration. The bestiary supplied them with innumerable stories of creatures both real and imaginary; the belief in the mythical adventures of the heroes of the Edda was hardly less strong for two or three centuries before the introduction of Christianity than it had been in the time of the pagan Vikings; and the romances of chivalry were in the full tide of their popularity.

The only figure subject which occurs on the Tyldalens chair, is on the central medallion of the front face of the back (Fig. 1). A man is here represented as contending with two beasts and grasping them with both hands.* His feet are fettered with serpents intertwined. This is possibly intended for the bound Loki, the Scandinavian Devil.

The difference between the Celtic and the Scandinavian interlaced patterns is that the former are derived from the plait whilst the latter are nearly always composed of rings or chains of rings or loops, like those a child would draw when intending to represent smoke coming out of a chimney. The interlaced rings are often square and rectangular instead of round and oval. Examples of this

will be seen on Fig. 1. Those who are acquainted with the crosses of the Isle of Man (see J. G. Cumming's *Runic Remains of the Isle of Man*, and *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1866, p. 156) will at once recognise many of the patterns on this chair, especially those on the front part of the back (Fig. 1). The designs also correspond with those on the ancient walrus ivory chess-men* found in the parish of Uig in the Island of Lewis in 1831, some of which are now in the British Museum, and the remainder in the Edinburgh Museum (see *Archæologia*, vol. xxiv. p. 203). The kings, queens and bishops of these chess-men are

* The find consisted of 6 kings, 5 queens, 13 bishops, 14 knights, 10 warders, and 19 pawns, 67 pieces in all.

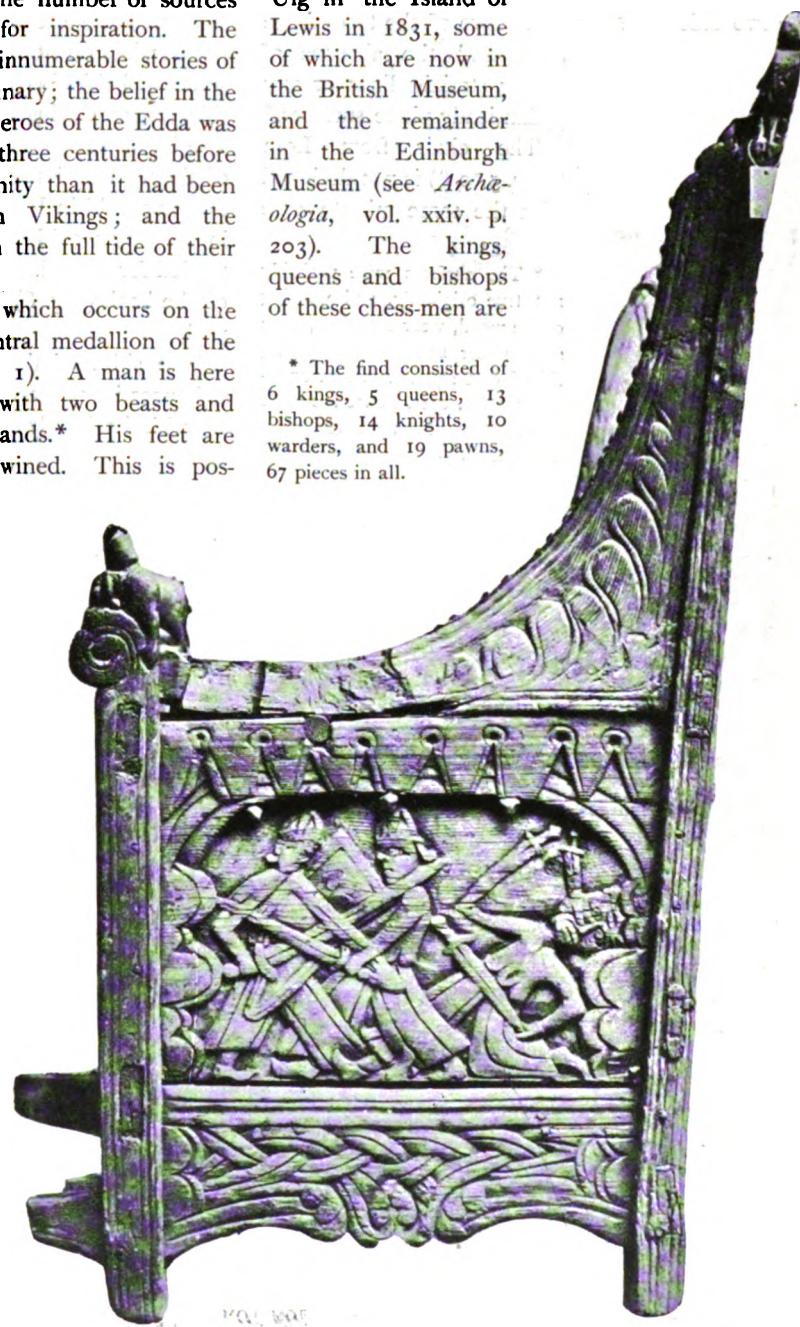


FIG. 6.—CARVED WOODEN CHAIR FROM LOM. LEFT SIDE

Early Scandinavian Wood-Carvings

represented as sitting on chairs like the ones we have just been describing, though slightly conventionalised.

The beasts on the medallions on Figs. 2 and 3 are of the same class as those on the circular walrus ivory draughtsmen, several specimens of which are in the same case at the British Museum as the Lewis chess-men.

The beauty of the Tyldalens chair is due in no small measure to the slight slope outwards given to the two sides, the graceful curve of the top of the

back and the absence of rigidly straight lines or any pedantically plane surfaces.*

The chair from Lom (Figs. 5 to 8) is not designed with the same minute care

* The surfaces were probably not true originally, and warping of the wood, wear and time, have still further succeeded in getting rid of that squareness and angularity which are at once the pride and the delight of the modern furniture man.

as the one just described, but the carving is bolder, and, being on a larger scale, it is perhaps quite as striking as the other, although it will not bear so close an examination of its details. The part below the seat is boxed in, forming four panels, having elliptically arched tops with a sort of chevron pattern above. The panel on the front (Fig. 5) contains interlaced foliage with leaves of what would be called Early English type if found in this country; that on the left side, a battle scene (Fig. 6); that on the back, two warriors on horse-back armed with long swords and round shields fighting (Fig. 8); and on the left side, a man slaying a dragon with a sword (Fig. 7). The battle scenes may possibly be taken from some of the mediaeval romances. The man slaying the dragon would in England be called St. George, but in Norway would with greater probability be intended for Sigurd. The foliage on the upper part of the back (Fig. 8) is effective and fills the space well.

The sides of the chair slope outwards, which enhances its appearance as seen from behind (Fig. 8), with its boldly-curving top and dragons' heads terminating its two upper extremities. The chairs depicted on the Bayeux tapestry have similar zoömorphic terminations.

Amongst other chairs of the same description, there is one in the Copenhagen Museum from Iceland, having medallions containing the signs of the zodiac upon it, with Runic and Latin inscriptions giving the months, the signs, and the name of the owner, Thorum Benedikt's daughter (see J. J. A. Worsaae's *Nordiske old sager i det Kongelige Museum i Kjöbenhavn*, p. 157); another from Grund Church, Iceland, with Runic inscriptions, in the same collection (see P. B. du Chaillu's *The Viking Age*, vol. ii. p. 255); a third from Bö Church, Norway (see J. C. C. Dahl's *Denkmale einer sehr aus-*

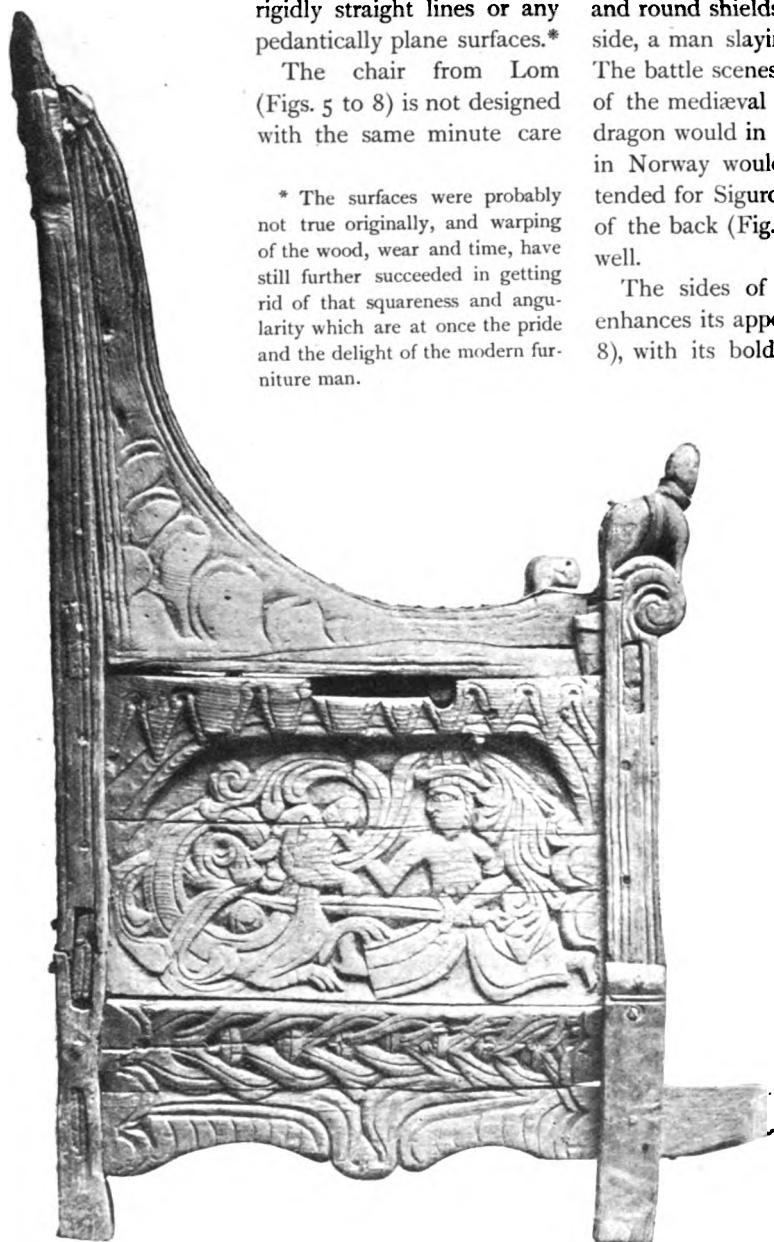


FIG. 7.—CARVED WOODEN CHAIR FROM LOM. RIGHT SIDE

Early Scandinavian Wood-Carvings



FIG. 8.—CARVED WOODEN
CHAIR FROM LOM. BACK

Pencil Drawing at Bushey

gebildeten Holzbaukunst, &c., in Norwegens, pt. ii. pl. 9); a fourth, formerly in Hitterdal Church,* Norway, now in Lom Church, with a carving of King Gunnar harping in the Worm-pit (see L. H. S. Dietrichson, *De norske Stavkirker*, p. 308); and a fifth, the locality of which is not given, with a representation of Brynhild and the ring (see P. B. du Chaillu's *The Viking Age*, vol. ii. p. 257).

Of the subjects referred to on the two last-mentioned chairs, which are taken from the story of Sigurd, as told first in the Edda† and subsequently in the Völsunga Saga‡ and the Nibelungen Lied,§ we shall have more to say when we come to deal with the carved doorways of the wooden churches in Norway.

PENCIL DRAW- ING AT BUSHEY.

It is not quite easy to understand why ordinary lead pencil is so much neglected as a medium for artistic expression. It has advantages of a very definite kind; it is clean, easy to handle, capable of giving excellent results with a comparatively small amount of labour, and it per-

* This chair is stated in du Chaillu's *Viking Age*, vol. ii. p. 256, to be on the farm of Hove, but the information contained in that work is most inaccurate and unreliable.

† B. Thorpe's *Edda of Sæmund*.

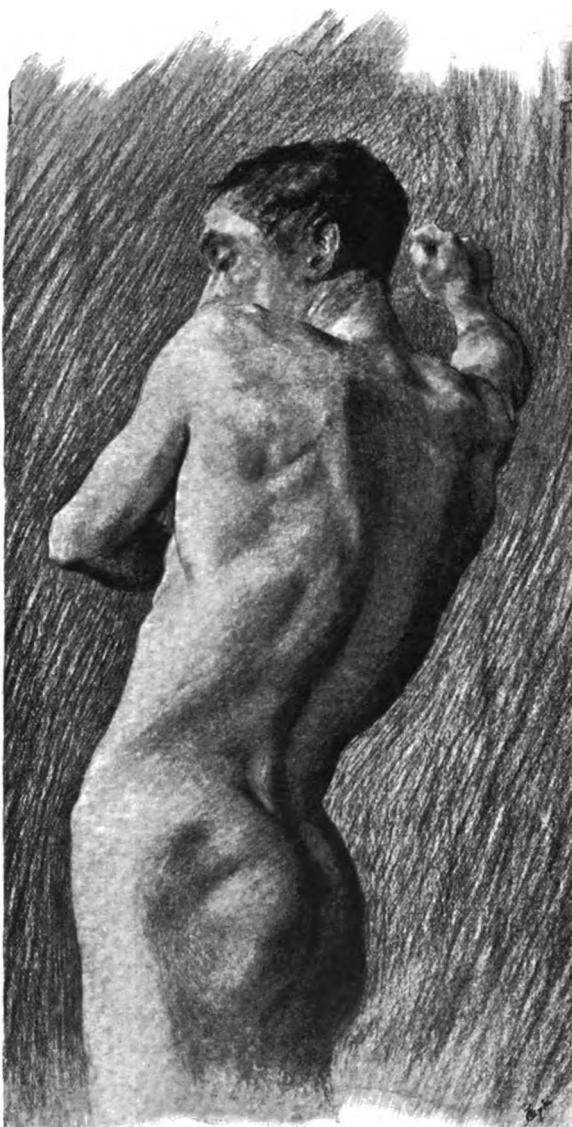
‡ E. Magnusson and W. Morris's *Völsunga Saga*.

§ W. N. Lettson's *Nibelungen*.

mits of a very high degree of finish in drawings that are done with it, without requiring anything like extreme elaboration. Yet for some reason very few men use it regularly or regard it as anything but a casual convenience for jotting down rough notes.

In most of our Art schools it is practically unrecognised as a means by which the student can record his observations, or is at best only employed for architectural work and very fine line drawing.

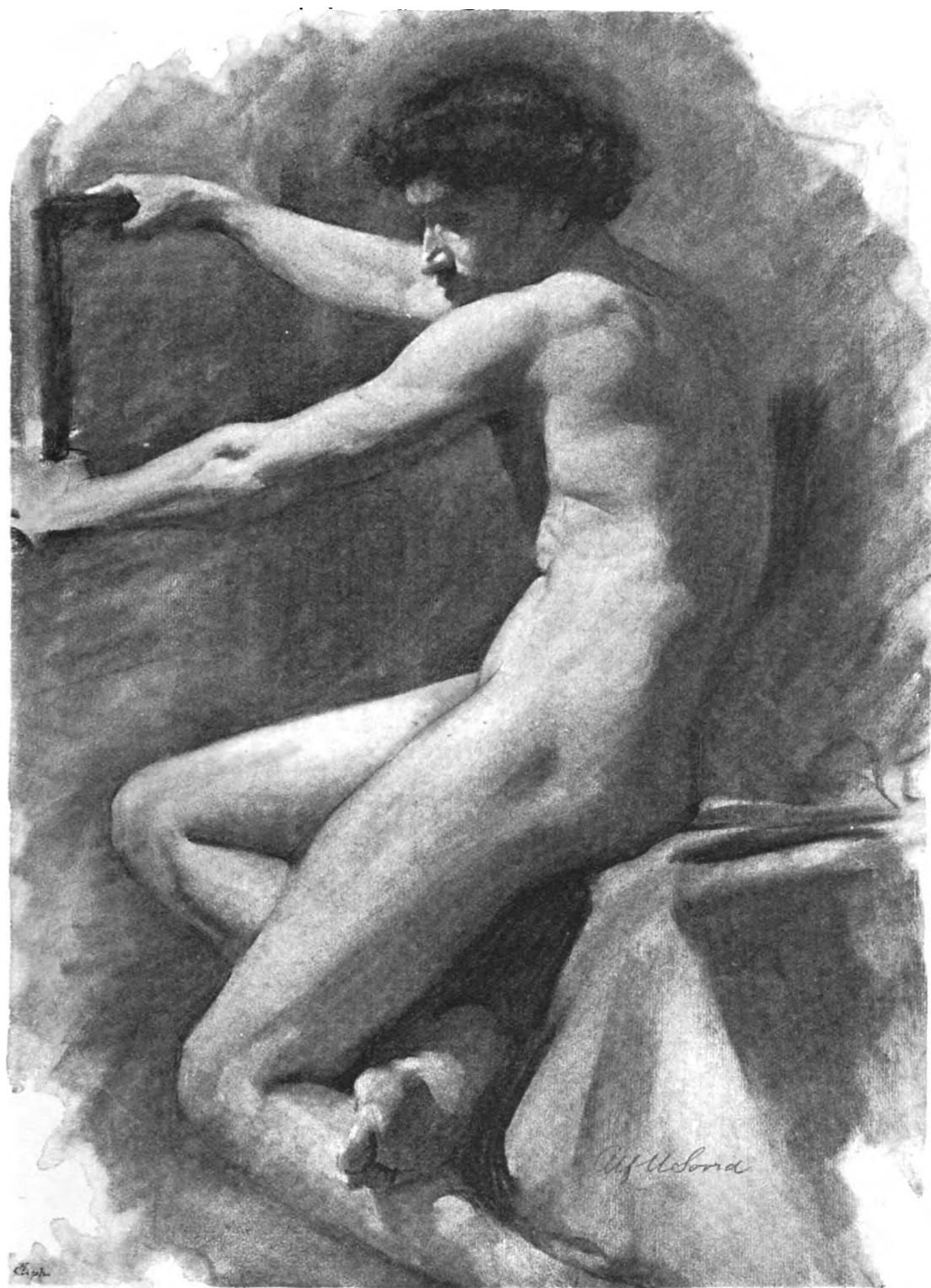
To Professor Herkomer, however, is due the credit of having made lead pencil a student's medium. In his Bushey school he encourages its use as much as possible, and has imparted to his pupils a very correct idea of its possibilities. He has taught them its flexibility, its adaptability to all sorts of artistic purposes, its freedom from inconvenient and hampering restrictions, and they have profited by his instruction in a manner which must be as gratifying to him as it is interesting and significant to every one who is watching the progress of the



STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL

BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

educational movement of which he is the guiding spirit. His view is that this particular material is of all those at the artist's disposal the handiest and most workable, the best for general use, and the most comprehensive for the treatment of complicated effects of tone and light and shade. There is hardly anything within the range of the black-and-white draughtsman which the lead pencil will not interpret in any degree of subtlety or



STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL
BY A. U. SOORD

Pencil Drawing at Bushey

strength that may be desired, and so the professor advocates it as better suited than anything else to give the student real opportunities of arriving at definite and effective results. By adopting a medium which is capable of nearly universal application the young artist is saved from the risk of falling into those tricks of expression which are apt to influence prejudicially any one whose experience is not great enough to keep him from depending for his effects upon mere mechanism.

It would hardly be possible to find better justification for the belief which Professor Herkomer has in the lead pencil than is afforded by the work

which his students are producing with this everyday implement. They are able to treat with its help refinements of delicate gradation as successfully as strong contrasts of deep and light tones, to handle dainty modellings as easily as rugged form. In the studies of girls' heads by Mr. E. Borough Johnson, for instance, the gentle modulation of the half tones is managed with quite as much certainty and definite meaning as are the violently contrasted lights and darks in the wrinkled and weather-beaten face of the old man whom Mr. Syddall has drawn with a startling sense of character. In the drawings of the nude figure by Mr. A. U. Soord, and Mr. Borough Johnson (here reproduced) another quality of the lead is seen: its capacity to represent the texture of flesh and the manner in which light falls upon the glistening surface of the skin. These three studies have, too, a further interest. Point drawings though they are, they have the breadth and largeness of massing of brush work. They combine in a very instructive manner the accurate placing of the modellings and defining lines, which the point is so well adapted to secure, with the freedom of statement and the ready expression of each tone area, which are the particular attributes of well applied washes. Of students who can go as far as they have in these drawings the Professor can well say that they "can fairly claim to have evolved an original aspect of pencil work;" and he is equally justified in arguing that "in their hands this simple material has been capable of representing both



STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL

BY J. SYDDALL

Pencil Drawing at Bushey

a tone and a line art," and of enthusiastically recommending the method which they follow because "with the broad strokes that possess the quality of colour washes there is the additional possibility of the most minute detail with the point." Such a combination is naturally full of fascination to an artistic innovator who is always striving to simplify

make their preparatory studies as helpful as possible in the later stages of their pictures. If, as Professor Herkomer and his students may fairly claim to have proved, this bridging over is possible with a material so generally accessible as ordinary black lead no painter can plead the difficulty of making his point drawings pictorially intelligible as

at all a valid reason for neglecting those preliminary notes which are likely to have so much influence upon the ultimate success of any picture that requires careful and detailed building up.

No doubt something of the quality which has been attained by the Bushey students in their work with lead pencil is to be ascribed to the manner in which they use it. In the old days of book illustration, when the only intermediary between the artist and his public was the wood engraver, the pencil was the recognised medium for putting into visible form the intentions of the draughtsman. Then, however, it was regarded as a point pure and simple, and all the effects which it was used to express were arrived at by means of lines of the finest and most definite kind. Drawings were made directly upon the wood block, and the lead most in favour was a very hard one, which was susceptible of nothing in the way of broad touching or effective tone



STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL

BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

methods and to arrive at comprehensive processes ; and a black-and-white medium which has, in addition to very obvious merits of its own, distinct affinities with what is after all the real occupation of the artist—painting—is one which, in such an art centre as the Bushey school, is certain to be welcome and sure to be thoroughly appreciated. Anything which bridges over the gulf between the technique of the point and that of the brush, claims from every art educator strenuous support, and deserves the attention of all artists who wish to

statement. The pencil was accepted as the ideal instrument for minute elaboration, and was especially depended upon when such extraordinary detail as may be seen, for instance, in Professor Adolph Menzel's illustrations to the works of Frederick the Great had to be dealt with, detail which is hardly ever attempted by present day illustrators.

At Bushey now a very different view of the duties of the draughtsman for reproduction is taken compared with that which prevailed in bygone years.



STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL
BY J. SYDDALL



E. Borough Johnson
1916

STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY
E. BOROUGH JOHNSON



STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY
E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

Pencil Drawing at Bushey

Professor Herkomer contends that the custom, which is now almost universal, of doing illustrative work on a large scale so that it may be reduced by photography to the size in which it is intended to appear is one which imposes upon the artist a very definite obligation to learn exactly what will be the full effect of his drawing after it has passed through the hands of the engraver. This knowledge, he argues, can only be arrived at by a method of training which will teach the illustrator to express both tone and detail simultaneously. A drawing done after the old fashion, by building up tone masses with a multitude of extremely delicate lines, must, in his opinion, undergo in reduction much falsification of the producer's original intention ; and if the artist has never acquired the power of treating his effects largely, whatever may be the smallness of the scale in which they ultimately appear, his work can scarcely fail to lose something of its value and much of its ability to convince people to whom it is presented.

So what the students of the Herkomer school are doing with lead pencil is really a kind of point-painting. Following the example of their professor, who has himself used this material with conspicuous success, they are aiming at a manner of expression which allows them to put down what they see, and want to interpret, without imposing upon them the obligation to labour for many hours at what is really nothing but mechanical surface-making. They use for their drawings a machine-made paper which is smooth on one side and has on the other a regular but not too pronounced grain, and consequently they are able to vary the surface on which they work in accordance with the effect they wish to produce. The pencil with which they draw is one that will give them broad and expressive touches, and is as often as not the large lead affected by carpenters, which can be cut into a chisel shape so as to give at will fine lines or wide modellings as full of variety and character as a brush mark. The qualities which come from this manner of working are those which make so effective the figure study by Mr. Soord, reproduced on page 19, in which the avoidance of mechanical definition and the successful modulation of masses of graduated tone are secured in a fashion which it would be difficult to praise too highly. By such work the possibilities of the medium are made very apparent, and the opportunities which it affords to an artist who can handle it with intelligence, and without undue subservience to traditions which are now out of date, are shown in a manner that puts its value beyond all question.

Indeed there seems nothing needed but a sincere appreciation of what is being done by Professor Herkomer and his pupils to make the pencil once more one of the most widely used of artistic implements. Now that full demonstration has been made of its adaptability to a very much wider range of purposes than has hitherto been allowed to it we may expect to find it adopted much more generally for serious and permanent work. As a means of producing drawings for reproduction as illustrations it has advantages that put it far above either chalk, pen and ink, or monochrome wash. Its greater delicacy of tone and beauty of texture when compared with any of these make it infinitely more pleasant in effect ; and it imposes upon the block-maker no mechanical difficulties that cannot be overcome with comparative ease. It is free from the granulation of chalk, from the hardness of pen and ink, and escapes the opacity of brushwork ; while at the same time it can be made to show grain enough for efficient printing, line strong enough for satisfactory definition, and breadth of tone sufficient to give all that is requisite in the way of intelligible modelling and suggestion of rich colour. And above all it is at the disposal of every one, without trouble in preparation and requiring nothing that cannot be easily learned in the way of management.

A. L. BALDRY



STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY D. A. WEHRSCHEIDT

A Letter from Japan



Tokio July 15 1896

Dear Holmes One of the characteristics of the Japanese which especially distinguishes them from Europeans is a fondness for flowers. Not the fondness which many English people affect, but an instinctive love of the beautiful & a poetical appreciation of symbolism. The Japanese nature is artistic in essence and in no more delightful manner is the art of the people expressed than in the cultivation and arrangement of flowers. It takes a seven years apprenticeship for a young girl to learn how to arrange flowers properly, so that each leaf, each flower, each spray, each stalk shall have a meaning. A vase of flowers in a Japanese house is at once a picture and a poem & as a picture it is arranged with infinite skill being in perfect harmony with the surroundings. The people will travel scores of miles to see the cherry blossoms of Yoshino,

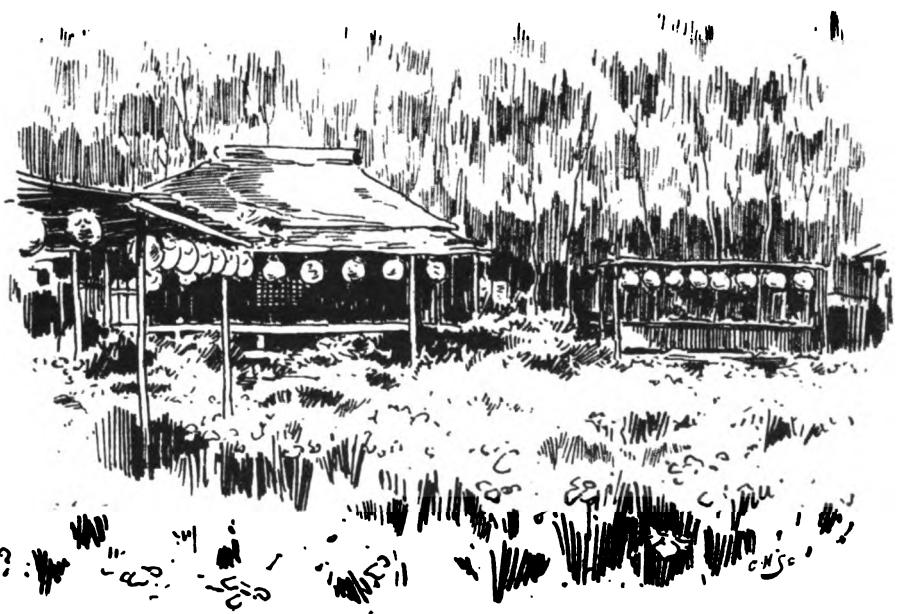
the plum trees in full bloom at Sugita, the Urotaria at Ueno, or the iris at Horikiri. The latter place we recently visited. Leaving the Hotel Metropole late in the afternoon, the rickshamen took us at a rattling pace through the city. After an hour's run we found ourselves on the spacious embankment of the Sumidagawa, at the part known as Mukojima celebrated for its avenue of cherry-trees. Before the Restoration it was the favourite promenade for the daimyo and their retinues and a very picturesque sight it must have been to have seen then stately nobles in their gorgeous robes, saluting each other with all the grave ceremonial in which the courtiers delighted. The costumes have vanished, but the ancient residences, with their private waterway approaches to the river, remain and the avenue is still the fashionable



A Letter from Japan

promenade, the pleasure-seekers in June usually including a visit to the iris-gardens in their programme. These are away from the river, in the midst of unirrigated rice-fields, a blue-white oasis in a waste of green.

It is not easy to describe the fascination of a Japanese garden. Chiefly it is due to studied neglect of geometrical design. The tiny summer houses dotted here and there, the miniature lakes and tiny bridges crossing miniature streams, give an air of indescribable quaintness. Yet in spite of the smallness of the dimensions the first impression is one of vastness. "Who discovers that nothingness is law - such a one hath wisdom" says the old Buddhist text. That is the wisdom the Japanese gardener seeks, for he also is an artist. There is no one point on which the eye fastens, and the absence of any striking feature creates a sense of immensity. It is a broad scheme, just as broad as a picture by Velasquez would be, and of infinite detail. It is only accidentally that one discovers the illusion - the triumph of art over space. I saw a dog walk over one of the tiny bridges, and it seemed of enormous height, so that I was staggered at its bulk in proportion to the garden.

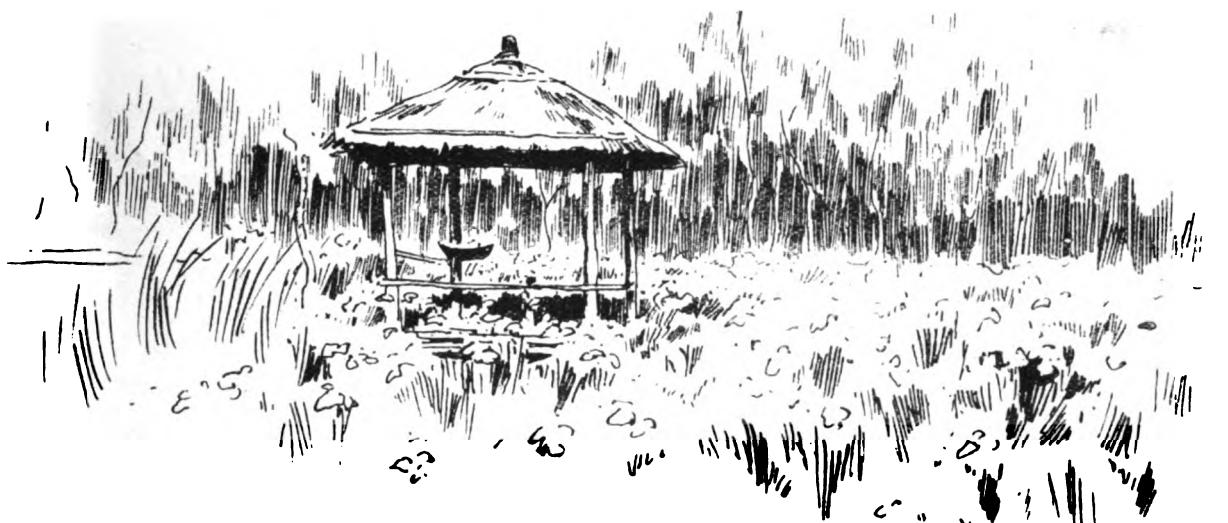


A Letter from Japan

Yet it was but an ordinary sized animal the effect of the picture was heightened by the atmospheric colouring. As the silver evening gradually changed to the purple night - a purple only seen in Japan the festoons of lantern which illuminated the summer-houses became of one colour with the landscape, & then as the night darkened to a deeper purple the lights changed to bright orange. It would be impossible to put such colours on canvas, the only way to represent them would be by precious stones. We dined in one of the summer-houses seated on the white mats. The blooms of the iris appeared softly luminous, emitting a ghostly light. It is this spiritual beauty which makes the flower such a favourite in temple gardens, and inspires the Japanese to poetry. On the edge of a tiny lake, approached by



A Letter from Japan



a winding walk, through an avenue of ornamental bamboo trellis-work, was a small shed with a quaint roof. In the shed the model of a junk was placed. Near it were ink and small strips of paper. The junk was designed to receive poems on the beauty of the iris and of the garden. Nothing disturbs in a Japanese landscape. It is the harmonic combination of untouched naturalness and high artistic cultivation. The tea-houses owe much of their charm to the absence of paint. The benches, lintels, or posts, are uncoloured, except by age. And the white mats and the paper screens act as a foil to the bright flashes of the dresses of the musumes-waiting-girls - who move noiselessly through the rooms. The iris blooms are a rich mass of colour of purple and white and the gardener has exhausted his art in pruning all the unnecessary growths without leaving a trace of his handwork. If one walks the gardens in the afternoon the changes that the flowers undergo are most marvellous. In the full warm



A Letter from Japan

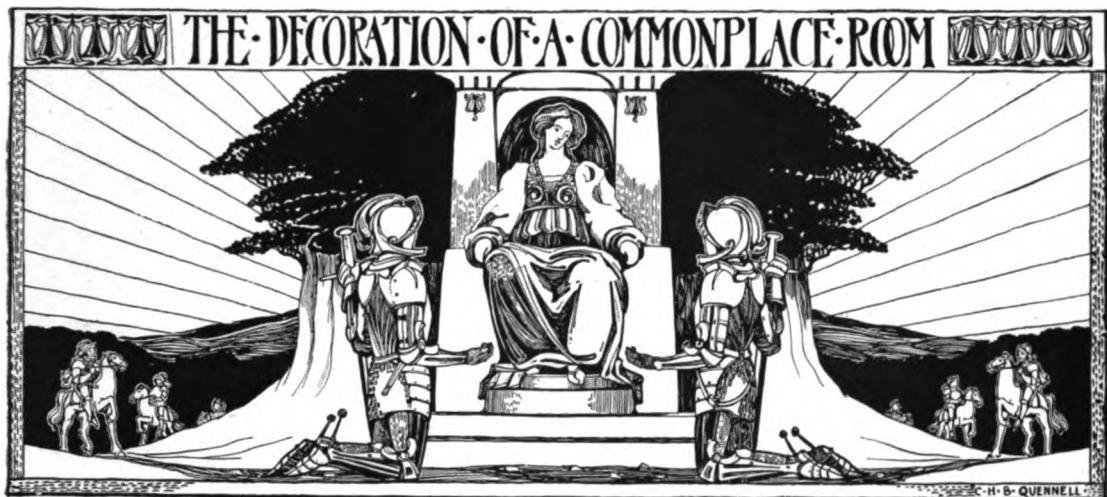


rays of the sun the great petals turning back towards their stems are rich and glowing in every shade. Then as evening comes on and the sunlight fades, the deeper purple blooms lose their richness and grow shadowy, while the white ones take on an icy purity that seems unearthly in its transparency and they shine as with an internal light. Still a little later, and with the last rays of daylight all the darker flowers have disappeared, & where a short while since stood a proud bed of royal colour we can see only the ghostly heads of the pure white petals. The ride back was delightful Tokyo at night is seen at its best. The river is then more fascinating. Its junks, with a solitary light at the mast-head glide by-fantastic shadows in the purple haze. The tea houses, with their festoons of lanterns and, orange interiors in which one caught glimpses of singing girls in their brilliant dresses, gleamed like golden patches in the cool purple. The bridges sparkled with lights. The shops were bright with colour, and all through the city, to enjoy the coolness of the night are groups of citizens were seated in the streets chattering as gaily and as light heartedly as only Japanese can.

*Yours faithfully
Mortimer Menpes.*



The Decoration of a Commonplace Room



IN late years much advance has been made in the direction of decoration, and in decorative work generally. On all sides one sees furniture, fabrics, wall-coverings, and everything wherewith to furnish ; and though some of it may err in striving after a too striking originality, yet there can be no doubt that much is in advance of what was to be had in the early days of the Victorian Era.

But though we can get furniture of more pleasing design, chairs that, even if their construction is not of the best, certainly are better than those we used to have ; wall-papers in infinite variety, and, if we can afford it, even tapestry ; yet the commonplace room seems destined to be always with us. It is the privilege of but few to live in houses they design themselves, or, better still, have

designed for them ; the majority of us have to make the best we can of speculative builders' architecture.

In this paper, an ordinary room has been taken, and a scheme for the decoration thereof shown, which, with the exception of the frieze perhaps, need not be beyond the pocket of the average middle-class householder. The room as shown by the plan (Fig. 1), is about twenty feet long, and just over thirteen feet in width ; the fireplace on one of the longer sides, and the door on the other. The windows, one at each end, are not more than usually ugly, and the white marble mantel-piece suggests nothing worse than a miserable waste of material.

The first consideration when attempting the decoration of a room must be—unless of course you operate on freehold property—that no structural alterations can be allowed ; cornices, architraves, builders' mantel-pieces, &c., cannot be touched ; the best thing to do then is to cover them up, as suggested in the sketch of room (page 39), and where this, or a similar treatment is not practicable, to leave them severely alone.

The room is shown with three-quarters of its height divided into panels by upright slats of wood. Plastering need not be touched, if in anything like a fit state of repair ; old papering must

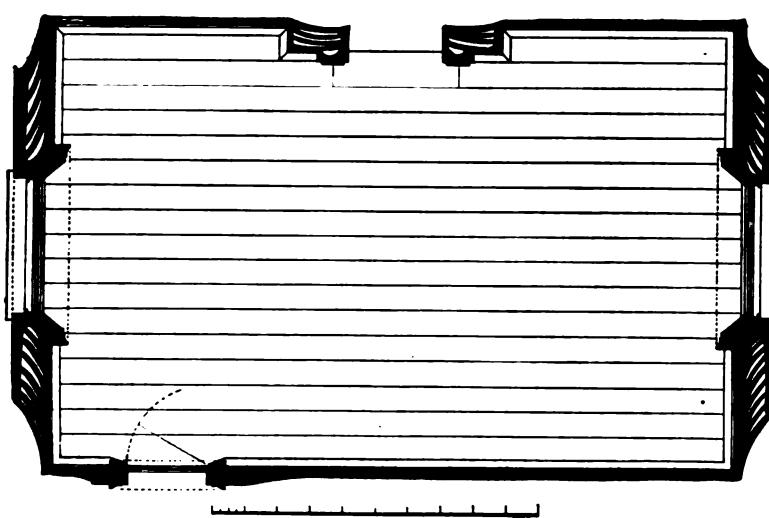


FIG. 1.—PLAN OF COMMONPLACE ROOM

The Decoration of a Commonplace Room

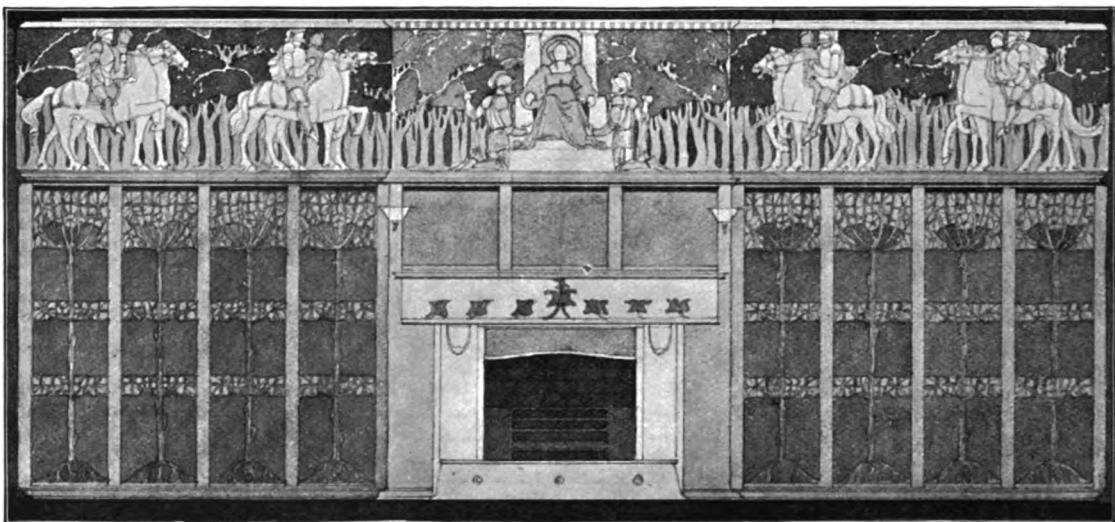


FIG. 2.—DECORATION FOR SIDE OF COMMONPLACE ROOM

be removed, and walls rubbed down with pumice, and then covered with a good coarse canvas (glue-pasted on) up to the height of the frieze rail, all joints, of course, occurring behind slats; this makes an excellent ground for painting and stencilling, and the texture is a pleasant relief to the plain painting of the woodwork.

The walls, then, are spaced out as panels, these being formed by the vertical slats shown about three inches in width, and about half-an-inch finished thickness, which are tacked on and would perhaps hold better if they had a coat of glue on the back; a small lump of ordinary painters' whitelead dissolved in the glue prevents its being affected by dampness. A top and bottom slat, with a long plain chamfer, give a finish, and make a solid bed to nail the capping and base moulding on to. Fig. 2 shows a longer side of the room so divided.

It is not necessary that all the panels should be exactly the same size; but it would be well to get them as nearly as possible so, because, in stencilling round a room as shown here, it saves time and ensures a certain uniformity if one stencil can be used for the whole. Fig. 4 shows stencil and gives detail of the mouldings for capping and base.

Now comes the point of decorating. The wood-work done in yellow pine costs but little more than deal, and looks very much better when painted. The colours suggested are, Prussian blue, raw sienna, crimson lake, and of course foundation white, and the different colours arrived at by various

combinations; the ground of panels, green—any tone, so long as it is not "peacock"; the slats and mouldings purple, and then the stencil (Fig. 4) powdered on in lighter tints and varied. The colours can be well suggested by comparing them to the various parts of a pickling cabbage leaf; the panels being the colour of the body of leaf; the slats, the purple stems, and the stencilling like the lighter veining running all over.

The frieze shows knights and squires riding to the

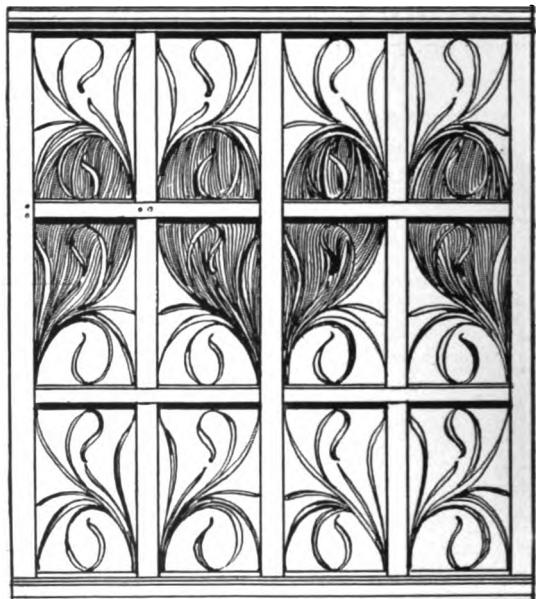
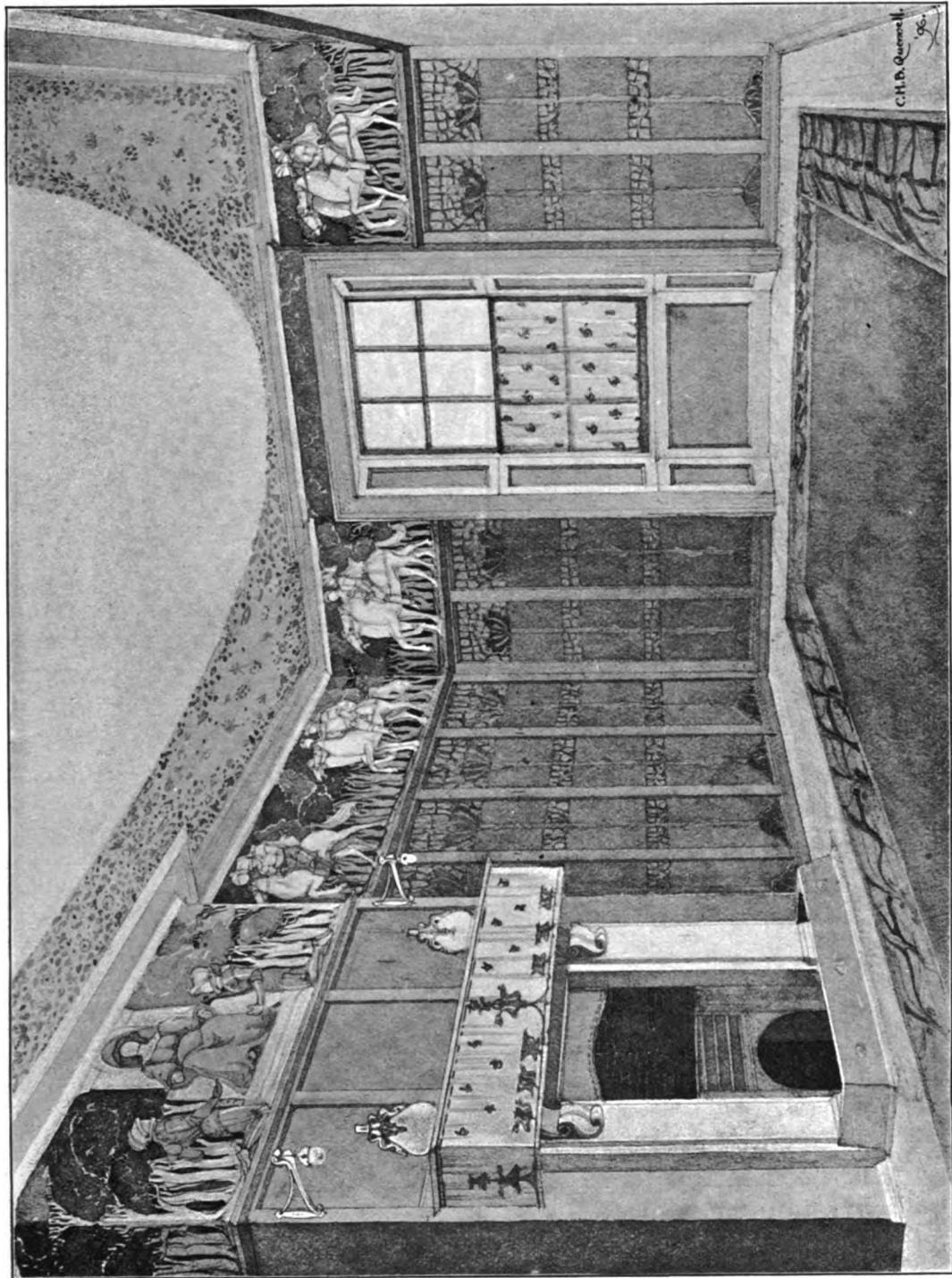


FIG. 3.—ALTERNATIVE DESIGN FOR PANELS

DECORATION OF COMMONPLACE
ROOM. BY C. H. B. QUENNELL



Recent Bookbindings

Court of the Faerie Queene ; they issue from a castle which is on one side of the room, and, riding round, come to the sylvan glade, and do her homage ; on their chargers they show light against dark masses of foliage, and this again contrasts with the vertical lines of the tree trunks below.

The ceiling is shown (page 39) powdered over with small stencils, half a dozen or so, of varied diaper

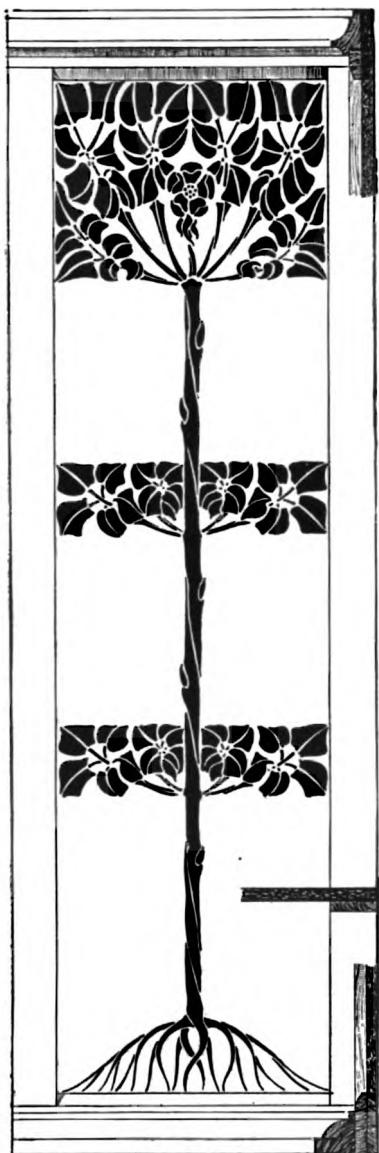


FIG. 4.—STENCIL DESIGN FOR PANELS

and flower-form patterns. An alternative would be to powder the ceiling all over with stencils, and to paint over the fireplace a panel such as that shown as headpiece to this article, leaving the rest of the frieze plain, but papering it with a white



FIG. 5.—DETAILS OF ALTERNATIVE DESIGN (SEE FIG. 3)

lining paper ; this plain zone round the room would give a value to the work above and below it.

The sketch given here (Fig. 3) shows in outline a stencil scheme applied to panelling ; in execution, those portions of the ground shown hatched would be varied slightly in colour.

The details of the pattern given in that sketch are shown in Fig. 5.

For those who believe, like the craftsmen of old, that experience gradually teaches how best to use material and therefore makes the work unconsciously artistic, what better experience than to try to decorate a commonplace room ?

C. H. B. QUENNELL.

SOME RECENT BOOKBINDINGS BY T. J. COBDEN SANDERSON AND MISS E. M. MACCOLL.

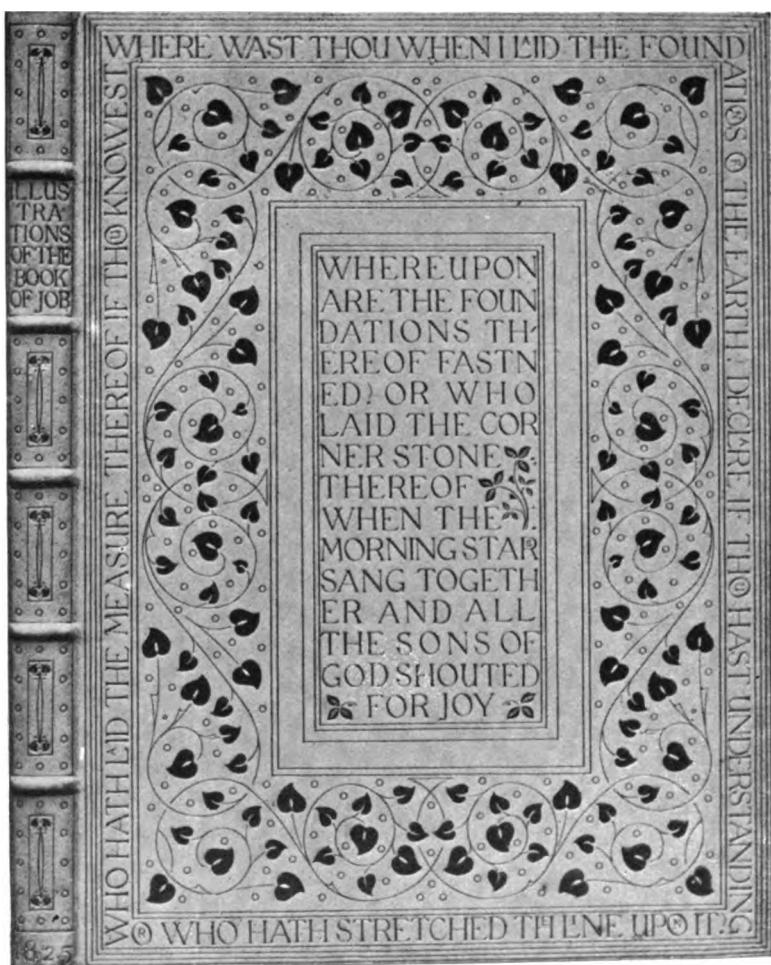
If one regarded the many volumes on the art of bookbinding lately published as indications of the real feeling of amateurs towards the books

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they collect, Burns' well-known epigram imploring the maggots to "respect his lordship's taste and spare his golden bindings," would have a much wider significance than he intended. But even the collector to-day is often a reader also; and he probably keeps cheap editions of his favourite books in duplicate for actual perusal, and enshrines his extravagantly bound copies in silk-lined cases, or behind air-tight glazed doors. Yet fine bindings, whether the phrase be taken metaphorically or literally, are only mechanically connected with books; although modern taste demands that the volume shall be worthy its costly robes. Certain books, notably those issued in limited numbers from the Kelmscott and Vale Presses, or first editions of accepted masterpieces, are chosen for further enrichment at the hands of a master-craftsman. No one to-day binds current theology, legal tomes, or books of reference in costly covers. As a rule, the only books which are thus treated are those intrinsically valuable and produced in a worthy manner.

It is true that an occasional minor poet or essayist may give his own volume the honour which he alone out of a world of men recognises as its due. But the choice of the contents to-day is not likely to raise surprise and tempt future collectors to quote the "fly in amber," and wonder why a thing neither rich nor rare was enshrined so royally. Indeed, not a few artist binders (Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson for one) refuse to bestow upon books of no account the patient care demanded for a first-rate binding. Most of the monographs on bookbinding have been devoted entirely to old examples by unknown Italians and Germans, or by craftsmen so widely recognised as Derome, Nicholas, and Clovis Eve, Le Gascon, Padeloup, the Nuns of Little Gidding, Roger Payne, and the rest. But this limitation of interest to earlier

work is no doubt chiefly due to the plain fact that until lately the whole decoration of modern binding was confessedly derivative. In technique it had reached mechanical perfection, the dexterity of its manipulation left no loophole for criticism, but its artistic value was too often merely that of a well executed replica, or a new variation of accepted motives, which possess no real vitality to attract any but antiquarians and purists. In no craft capable of such artistic triumphs as bookbinding has shown itself to be, would it be possible to discover so much artistry bestowed on mere stock patterns; for most of the triumphs of nineteenth century bookbinders are at best "chaste," at worst "deadly dull." Nearly all stand confessed as "exercises" in a certain "style," and betray no idea or invention. It is true that a large number of foreign bindings and a few English have essayed novelty at any cost, with the usual result. The



BOOKBINDING

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON

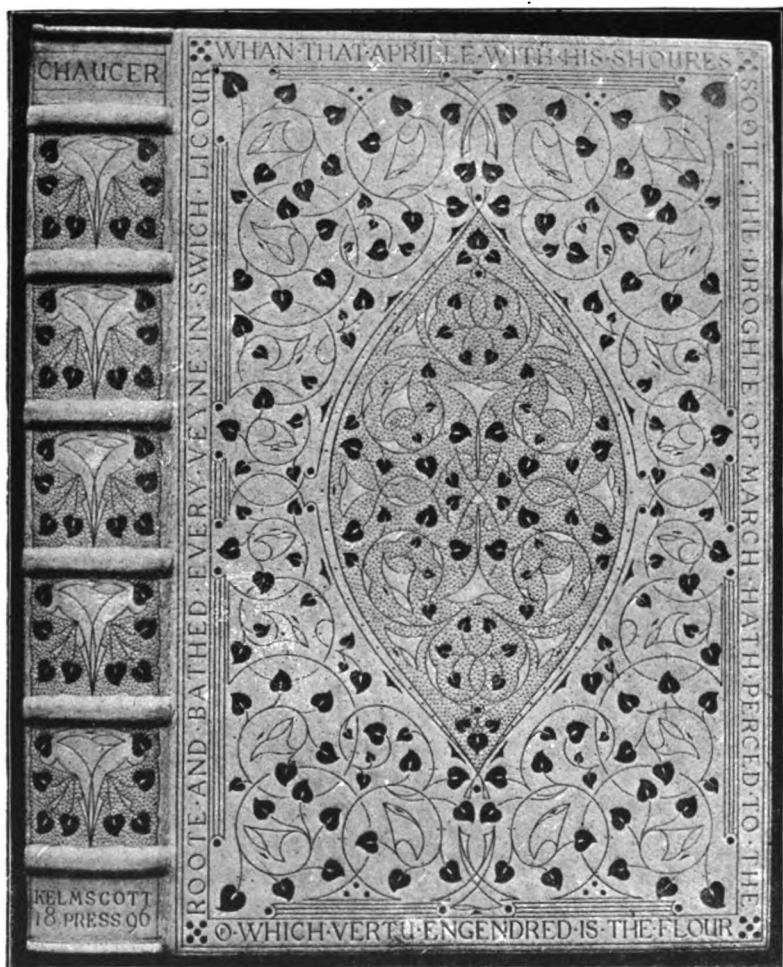
Recent Bookbindings

sham Japanese designs, the naturalistic flowers, and *fin de siècle* Beardsley-esque do not come into our subject. What we need in modern binding is "style" which is not fettered by precedent; originality without eccentricity, and, above all, a decoration which aims to beautify the appearance of the book, in contradistinction to one that if accidentally upon a binding, would be not less inappropriate upon a dozen other objects, in a dozen other materials.

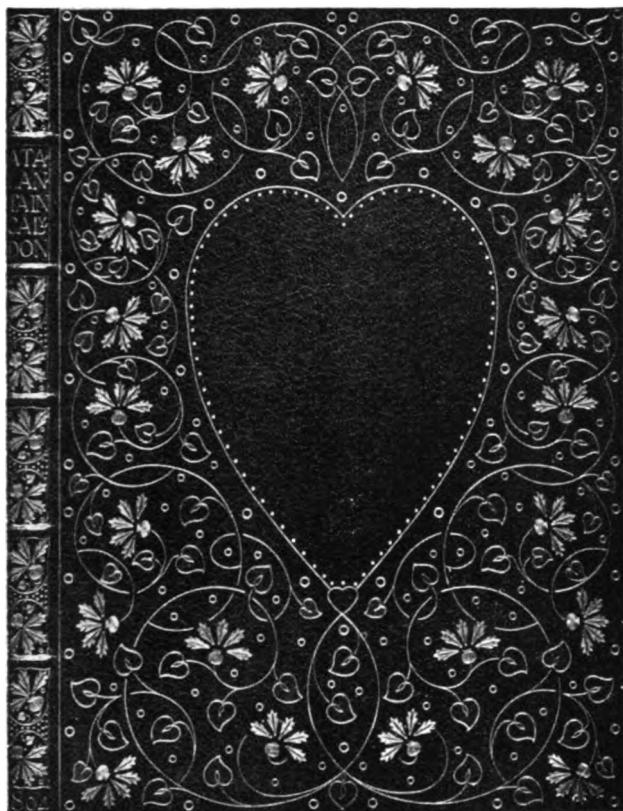
For the moment we may confine our attention to the later designs of two living bookbinders whose work has already won deserved reputation. Both, it seems to me, have originated distinct styles, and yet the later comer owes nothing to the earlier worker.

The first, Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, has evolved a style all his own, although it is also patently enough an offspring of the great æsthetic

movement, a legitimate descendant of Morris, and Burne-Jones, of the "Arts and Crafts," and the school of the Pre-Raphaelites. The other, Miss E. M. MacColl, carries out the designs of her brother, whose initials, "D. S. M.", are a guarantee of sane and thoughtful art-criticism rare in the English press. Here, for the sake of convenience, it will be easier to speak of the work as her own, but at the same time it is but fair to recognise that the honours are at least equally divided, and that Mr. D. S. MacColl's very original designs have given Miss MacColl the opportunity she has used so well. It is not easy to trace the source of the inspiration of these bindings; to say that they are based on "Classic" art, as those of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson are remotely derived from Romantic (*i.e.* German), is to sacrifice the individuality of two distinctly original workers, merely because no other labels of classification are handy. But in a passing notice of this sort, the rough attempt to distinguish the governing idea may perhaps be permitted. At best such generalisation is slip-shod; for any designer of consequence is always *sui generis*, and creates a new class which his imitators quickly fill up, so that it becomes a recognised "school" of design. The main line of difference between Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and Miss MacColl undoubtedly lies in their use of gold. The former does not avoid the silhouette, indeed he cultivates it; the latter relies almost entirely on the line. Of course details might be found which would show Mr. Cobden-Sanderson employing the outline, and Miss MacColl using the mass. But, speaking in broad terms, this may be accepted as a distinction characteristic of the two workers. Again, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson relies chiefly upon a repeated pattern; Miss MacColl at times goes near a sort of conventionalised



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BOOKBINDING

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON

pictorial style, using, indeed, a new convention which suggests figures, and even landscapes, by arbitrary curves and lines, a convention which refuses to be classed under any previously existing type of decoration. In placing them together, no equality is inferred, still less is any invidious comparison suggested. No wise person sets Wagner and Chopin in opposition. Each composer achieved what he set out to attempt; so each is a master, and no mortal should be rash enough to apportion the relative value of masters. That is a task for the high gods.

Before referring to the illustrations which accompany this paper, it will be well to explain the methods of both workers. Especially is it necessary to call attention to a very important limitation which Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson set himself at first, and has most loyally obeyed hitherto. This consists in employing as small a number as possible of tools, "stamps," as they are technically called. The stock rolls, "pallets," and stamps of various designs which are to be found by the hundred in many binderies he dispenses with entirely. The

stamps he uses, in each case cut from his own designs, are probably little over thirty or forty, if we leave out mere curves, straight lines, and dots. A fine binding illustrated in *THE STUDIO*, vol. ii. p. 55, reveals upon analysis, one rose-shaped device, three leaves—right, central, and left, and another floral shape. From these five, with certain curves, lines, and dots, is built up a most gorgeous pattern. Whether this self-imposed limitation is more than theoretically advantageous is another matter. One thing is certain, that it provokes the decorator to increased effort, that it calls for all his ingenuity in recombining the motives, and that the result in his case is to impart a "Cobden-Sanderson" style to dozens of designs entirely differing in their broad effect. The economy of this method is not worth considering. Bindings that cost many guineas need not be restricted to a few stamps merely on account of the cost; but he has shown that the frugal material has produced a far more varied display of really elaborate and memorable designs than many of his predecessors achieved who employed a far greater number of separate stamps. The books Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has decorated, with so few tools, are wonderfully unlike each other.

Yet a close study of a dozen volumes, each entirely independent of its neighbours, fails to discover impressions from more than a score of tools in all, and of these the greater portions are simple leaf-forms of different sizes; a large daisy and "a rose" are the only two which can be fairly called "ornaments" in themselves, the rest are fragmentary materials, whence the true ornaments are built up. As might be expected, the innovator has not been allowed to develop his individual system without many imitators who have copied the particular motives of his ornament closely enough. But if any one of these is likely to betray the fertility of design which has resulted from so few tools in Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's hands (and there is no sign at present), it will be a regret that so ingenious a disciple did not break away from precedent entirely and start with a completely fresh set of motives. But the decoration of the finished book is by no means the chief purpose of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's work. Indeed, he has spoken most emphatically against the custom of considering the "finishing" of a book apart from the real handiwork of binding.

Recent Bookbindings

No doubt, to the public the design which makes these volumes resplendent seems to be their chief feature of importance. Yet without exalting this aspect above other qualities present, which comprise not merely the perfection of mechanism in all the preliminary stages known as "forwarding," but are concerned with the colour of the leather, the thickness of the boards, and a dozen other matters, each decided on its own merits, his decoration deserves the widespread eulogy it has obtained. For, as Mr. Brander Matthews wrote lately, "We do not find on his books any of the childish symbolism which has been abundantly advocated in England, and, according to which, a treatise on zoology or botany must be adorned with an animal or a flower—a bald and babyish labelling of a book wholly unrelated to propriety of ornamentation." Indeed Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has himself said, "Beauty is the aim of decoration, and not illustration or the expression of ideas." So that not only the ingenious method which has evolved dozens of beautifully individual patterns from a score or two of "stamps" deserves praise, but also the consistent effort to avoid the stupid practice of "appropriate" motives demands no less appreciation. Vulgar taste loves realistic pictures in place of patterns. The fight against the picture, which is always endeavouring to oust the pattern, is an old one, and it is the business of all who value the new decorative movement to keep alive to the constant danger which besets a decorator.

Another notable feature of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's work is the well-placed and entirely decorative effect of his lettering. The characters designed (many of them by Miss May Morris) are obedient to the best precedent and eschew all vagaries of form dear to the "art-binder" of commerce. In the *Book of Job* (see page 41) is a capital instance of decoration obtained chiefly by finely placed inscriptions. The actual stamps used are a few small leaf forms and dots, with scroll work built up apparently from short curves and straight lines. In the *Chaucer* (page 42) no additional stamps appear, yet a totally new effect is produced. In the *Atalanta* (page 43) the actual stamps appear to be but one floral device, and outline heart-shaped leaves in two sizes. "Any one could do as well if he had a mind to!" True, where the mind is equally fertile a very few motives may re-combine into unending patterns, but it all depends on the mind.

Much might be said of the flat backs Mr. Cobden-Sanderson usually employs, of the proportion of projecting margin he allows his boards; but if such items are not quite evident upon study of the books



BOOKBINDING

DESIGNED BY D. S. MACCOLL
EXECUTED BY MISS MACCOLL

it would be little use to call attention to them. The lesson they offer is—not that an ambitious novice should decide to work in Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's style—that at best would only result in imitation, but he should study the thoroughness of his hero's method, and express the final decoration in his own idiom with a few "stamps" of his own design, planned to allow a great variety of new combinations, and worked as superbly as Mr. Cobden-Sanderson works.

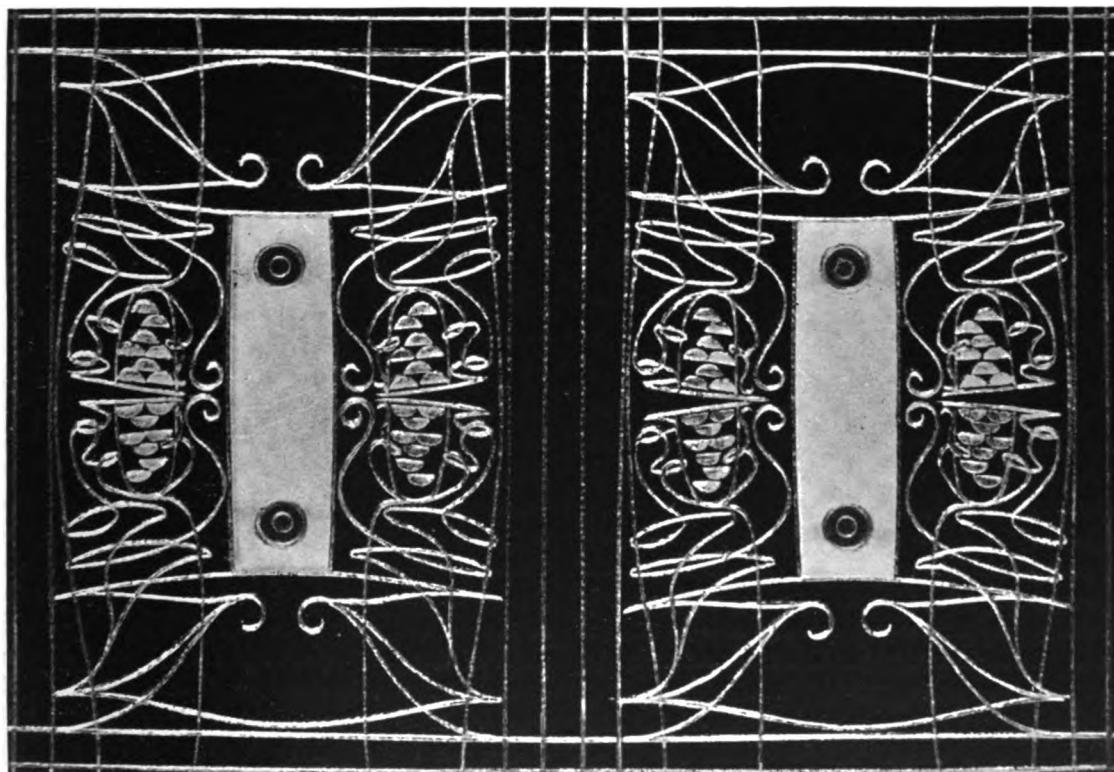
The whole scheme of Miss E. M. MacColl's decoration is conceived on entirely different principles, not merely from those Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has developed so harmoniously, but from those of any previous binder. In the past the "roll" has been constantly employed; now as a single line, and again with more or less elaborate patterns on its rim. These wheels were usually from two to four inches in diameter. The pattern, as a rule, was not continuous, but showed a break of say half an inch. This was obviously by way of allowing a clean start for the run. If this was less in length than the circumference of the wheel a

Recent Bookbindings

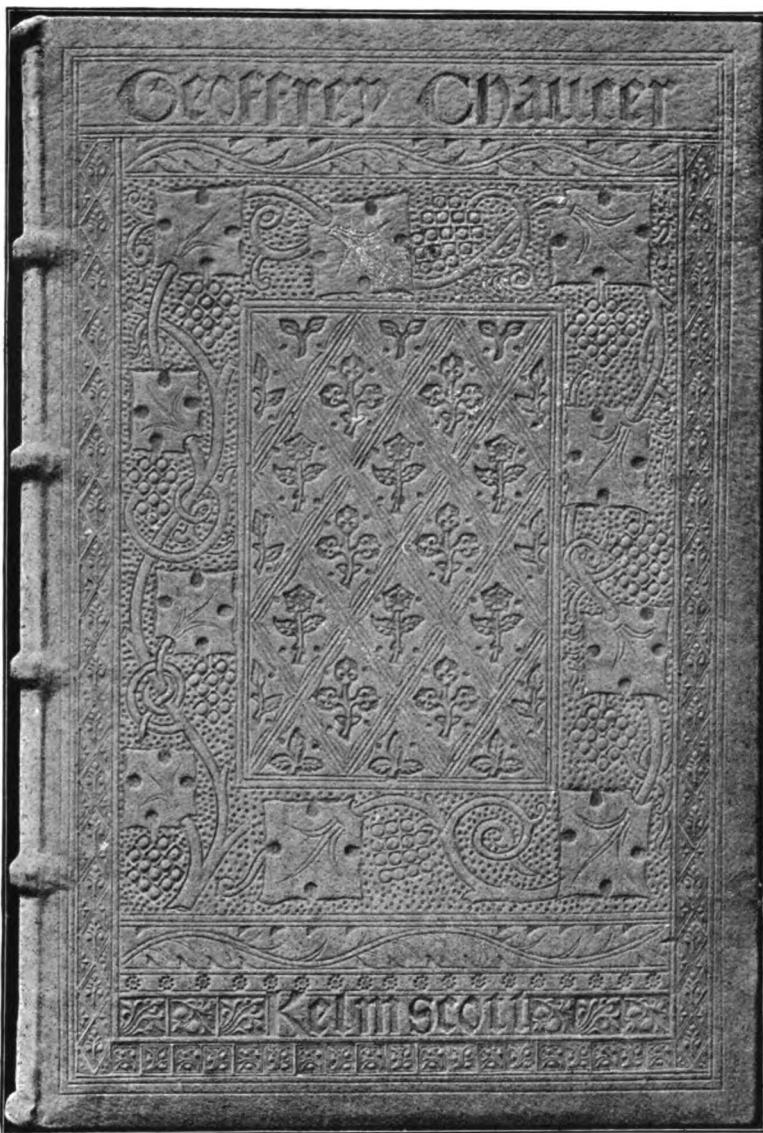
portion of one revolution sufficed ; but if (as often happened in the borders to a large volume) the unbroken pattern was longer than the circumference, a new start was made from the break of the pattern. Miss MacColl's wheel is a tiny thing, scarce half an inch in diameter, and without any pattern on its edge. Nor does she coat it with gold as the larger wheels were often coated ; in her method the pattern is first blind-tooled (*i.e.*, merely impressed on the leather), gold leaf is then put into the lines, and the actual tooling is done by re-impressing them with the heated wheel, sometimes twice or even three times. The dexterity and accurate guidance of the tool in re-traversing the straight or involved lines of the pattern will be more realised by experts than by outsiders. I, who have "forwarded" and "finished" several atrociously clumsy bindings by the old process, can but stand aghast at the enterprise she adventured so lightly, and has accomplished so admirably. In the first designs by Mr. D. S. MacColl, it was found necessary to cut specially several most simple curves, which, despite their simplicity, were not among the stock patterns of even first-rate bookbinders. This obstacle, which would have been

felt as a crying evil long before, had binders taken originality of pattern as a necessary part of their scheme, was quite surmounted by the invention of this ingenious little roulette, which has been so distinctly the cause of the freedom of line made possible by its use. Now that the innovation has justified its introduction, Miss MacColl is about to experiment with wheels of much smaller diameter, which will follow a given line almost as freely as one could retrace it with brush or stylus.

Even in the few designs here reproduced the whole spirit of each is due to this mobile line, which preserves a vitality of its own as unlike the ordinary "line" upon bindings as is that of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley from those an engineer draughtsman uses for his plans. Not only has Miss MacColl impressed most subtle curves by its means, she has essayed the perfect circle, and not unsuccessfully. If you attempt to trace a circle with a pen the task is soon discovered to be difficult ; but to endeavour to keep its true arc with a wheel, implies a certain instinct only obtained after long practice by an expert accustomed to wield brush and crayon. That the commercial binder is apt to betray contempt for this innovation is scarce a



Recent Bookbindings



BOOKBINDING

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON

thing to wonder at. All his skill, which is often raised to the *nth* degree of excellence, would be of little help in this case. It is not the expert workman who is needed, but the draughtsman who has brains at his finger tips, and feels almost unconsciously the subtlety of the line; even as the fingers of a virtuoso "stop" the string of his violin exactly at the right spot to produce the note in perfect tune. On a piano the spot is there unmistakably, on the violin you have to find it anew every time; and so with this wheel it is the trained skill that has become a second nature, which can alone attempt feats of this sort. For in "tooling" there is no possibility of erasure, and little of retouching.

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recognising that the structure of a bound volume is based upon the strings which cross the back, and that the relative sizes of the spaces between these strings are governed not only by the height but by the thickness of the book, has observed shrewdly that these said spaces (call them panels if you will) suggest the true scale for the design of the side. In other words, he thinks that the scale of the pattern should never be too coarse or too heavy to be used in these circumscribed spaces. It is obvious that the lettering must always be controlled by them. Every notable binder has obeyed that principle consciously or unconsciously; but, oddly enough, pat-

Like that from a silver-point, the line is indelible, and has become part and parcel of the design—unalterable and evident.

In the *Viol of Love* cover (page 44) this tooling is used in combination with a sort of mosaic of leather—appliqué work as it were—which has never before been possible in so unrestrained a manner. The Cupid, for instance, would have required a set of tools cut specially to make a single impression possible; with her tiny cycle Miss MacColl could accomplish a frieze of a hundred figures all entirely different, were she disposed.

It would be foolish to attempt to appraise the value of Mr. D. S. MacColl's designs, in comparison with those upon all previous book-covers. There is no point in common; or rather there is one, and that not an unimportant detail, which it is quite possible has never been reduced to a clear principle before. Older bindings show obedience to it occasionally, but far more often disregard it entirely. If we consider the scale of a pattern for any work, we must needs take some feature as the unit. Mr. D. S. MacColl,

A Spanish Writing Book

tern has not always been influenced by the same rule.

But in speaking generally of "styles" in binding it is hard to find any old "style" peculiar to bindings whence to start a survey. Bindings have hitherto employed with certain adaptations the style in vogue at the period for the decorative metal work, embroideries, and other substances. Scarce one has been developed by the material, and possibly not one has been consciously developed in a logical attempt to analyse the structural features of the book, and to plan the decoration accordingly. Limiting our attention to whole-bound books, we find that the raised bands of the older fashion will show almost the only distinct effort to emphasise the construction by the ornament. It is true that good craftsmen, from the earliest to the latest, have kept the proportions of the decoration to a pleasant scale, and have taken now the lettering as the unit (as in Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's *Chaucer*), and again the principal "motive" of the ornament (as in the Grolier bindings). But when stock stamps are used, it follows that the scale can only be varied within limits.

Perhaps, as a hasty attempt to differentiate between the old and new methods, we may say that Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has replaced the stock stamp by a variety of incomplete parts, which are capable of being reunited in a thousand ways, and that Miss E. M. MacColl has superseded "stamps" by her roulettes line. This is, of course, a very rough-and-ready definition; but while Mr. Cobden-Sanderson himself employs "the line" in curves built up for certain fixed segments, and Miss MacColl uses a few simple stamps, these secondary details do not clash with the main principles which govern the work of each. In this paper the decoration, and that only, has been touched upon. The equally important principles which regulate the "forwarding" of the book must be left to a more convenient occasion.

GLEESON WHITE.

A SPANISH WRITING BOOK OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. BY EDWARD F. STRANGE.

It is with something more than curiosity that we turn from the iron-shod haste of modern penmanship to study old styles of writing. Quite at the outset arises a sense of dignity and deliberation, of nice selection, of clever craftsmanship, with all its dainty little evidences of the scribe's love for his work—

the whole inspiring a sentiment very new and strange to the younger among us, with whom the pen is but a mere inconsiderable slave. And a little learning so increases love for this homely art—already, if we only knew it, lying at the finger-tips of each of us—that it seems worth while to sit for a space at the feet of one of the long-forgotten writing-masters, and see if his teaching has not yet a value.

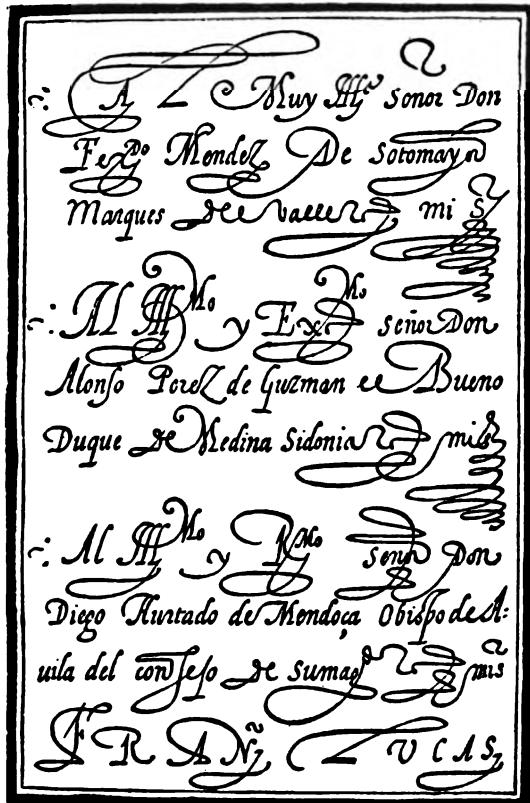
I N P R I N C I P I O E-
rat verbum, & verbum erat apud Deum, &
Deus erat verbum. Hoc erat in principio a-
pud Deum: Omnia per ipsum facta sunt,
& sine ipso factum est nihil. Quod factum
*est in ipso vita erat. & vita erat lux ho-*mum.* & lux in tenebris lucet. & tenebre e-*am non comprehendenterunt. Fuit homo i-**

missus à Deo cui nomen erat Ioannes. &

T E D E V M L A V D A-
mus: te Dominum confitemur. Te a-
ternum patrem omnis terra venera-
tur. Tibi omnes angeli, tibi cæli & vni-
uersæ potestates. Tibi Cherubim & Se-
raphim, in cessabili voce proclamant,
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus
*Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cæli & ter-*ra maiestatis gloria tua. Te gloriofus**

But first a note is needed to explain the existence of any professed teacher of calligraphy. In the age which saw the birth of printing, the art of fine writing was a rare acquirement outside the religious institutions, the legal seminaries, and the guilds of illuminators and scribes, which, so far from popularising it, fenced about their craft with many and various limitations, especially as to the admission and training of new members. But this new device of printing not only revolutionised the old corporations. It carried a knowledge of letters farther than had hitherto been dreamed of; so that a common habit of writing sprang up among mere

A Spanish Writing Book



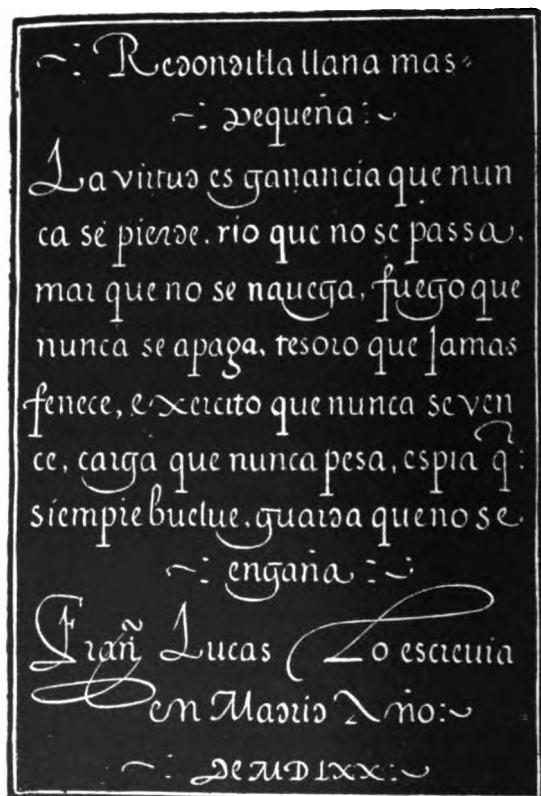
laymen, and brought with it a demand for books of fair copies and rules for their use.

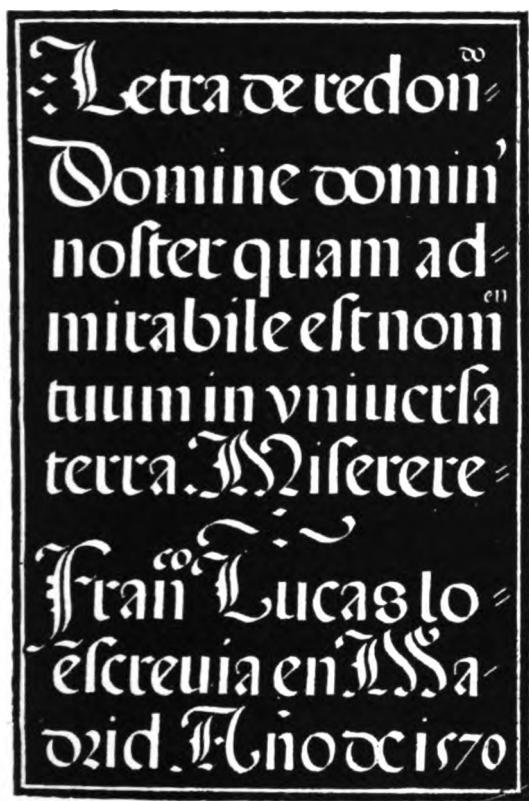
Without spending more time on this part of the subject, we may say in passing therefrom that so early as 1514, Sigismondo dei Fanti published a writing-book at Rome of which the examples were cut by Ugo da Carpi; that in 1529 appeared the famous philosophy of writing by Geoffrey Tory at Paris; and in 1548 at Saragossa the first edition of Juan de Yciar's *Recopilacion Subtilissima*, a very beautiful work, but one rarely seen in perfect condition. On the model of this latter master is founded the *Arte de Escrivir* of Francisco Lucas (Madrid, 1577, the blocks dated 1570), which forms the subject of the present paper.

The book begins with much parade of royal licence, of dedication, of gratulatory verse addressed to the author; but this once over, our master plunges directly into his subject with useful dissertation on the different styles of lettering in use, the manner of holding the pen, and "other matters necessary and convenient." Of this pen-holding, we may shortly say that he advocates, not the rigid, uncomfortable method many of us were taught at school, with unbent fingers and stiffened thumb; but an easy grasp of the barrel between thumb and

fingers, the points of which come nearly opposite to each other. A little practice will realise this position much more easily than pages of instruction, when it is remembered that the pen is a reed or quill cut to a fairly broad point; and that the thick and thin strokes of the writing are to produce themselves naturally with the swing of the hand. It becomes convenient in this connection, also to point out the essential difference between the old and the new methods of writing; in the latter thick or thin strokes are the result, to a considerable extent, of variations in the pressure put upon the nib—a practice provocative of the maximum of friction between pen and paper and only effective of an artificial line; while in the former these differences of strength are the easy consequence of the angle which the point of the quill or reed makes with its line of general progression.

When this principle is once grasped, it becomes possible both to understand the examples of our master and to reproduce them. But there is yet another important technical question to be elucidated. The examples figured by Lucas, and chosen for illustration, fall into two categories. In the *redondo de libros*—round book-hand—the elements of the letters are made each by a single continuous stroke; the hand being kept, as just





explained, at a consistent angle to the line of writing. But in the *letra bastarda*, each thickness represents a change in the relative position of the pen-point; a somewhat similar result to the former being thus obtained by the linking-up of successive complete strokes. It may perhaps illustrate my meaning to say that the very precise and somewhat long-winded directions given by Lucas for the making of the *a* in this character, require specifically four several movements of the pen.

With this explanatory note on technique, we can pass to a brief consideration of the examples reproduced.

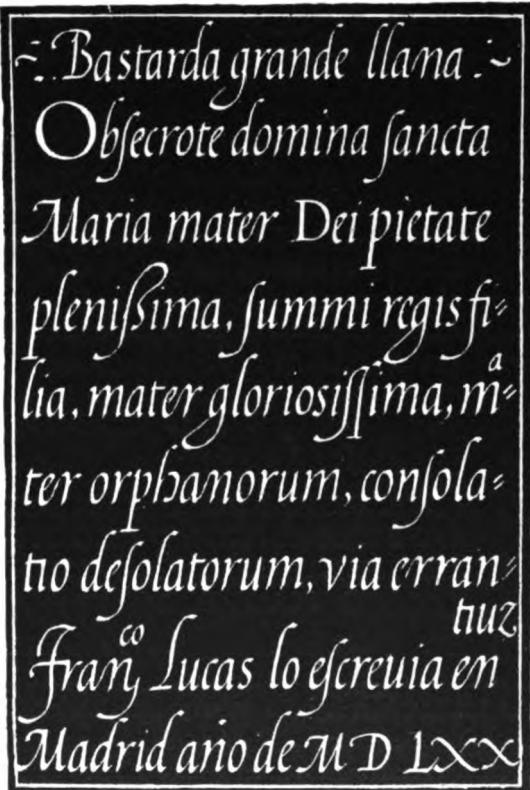
The *Letra de redondo*, already referred to, is a beautiful and simple script, which should be of much use to the modern designer. It is of uncial character, although widely divergent in detail from the grand Latin alphabets of the sixth century, of which it may, in some sort, be regarded as the descendant. For the writing of it, a reed will be found more satisfactory than a quill; indeed, its boldness and uniformity can scarcely be obtained by any other tool. The illustration sufficiently indicates the style both of capitals and of numerals most suitable, as well as the occasional linking-up of letters which is permissible. But the spacing

leaves room for improvement, as the block is certainly too closely packed for perfect legibility. This is a fault, also, in the setting of the rest of the volume before us.

The *Bastarda* has been already considered. It needs only to point out that it is essentially a quill-pen character, unusually graceful and consistent. There is an entire absence of eccentricity, and the one fault which can be found is in the *D* of *Dei*; for practical purposes this is redeemed by the beautiful capital in the date.

A running hand founded on the last example is of much interest. The bold and well-proportioned flourishes harmonise with the resonant dignity of the titles set forth by them. The student must not, however, make the mistake of judging this block as he would a design, and so condemning it for being overcrowded and therein bad. Neither is he to imagine that the luxuriance is inseparable from the style. The master's object was to display his skill to the utmost extent his space permitted; and to give, so to speak, an epitome of flourish in the smallest possible compass.

Another quill-pen script is the *Redondilla llana*—plain round hand—less bold than the *letra bastarda* and without the slope which gives the latter their name. It is scarcely so satisfactory as



"The Harpies"

either of the foregoing specimens, being somewhat wanting in the important quality of cohesion. Nevertheless, it may prove of value in the suggestion of form; the *d* and *g* are both interesting, while the signature alone would justify the reproduction of the whole.

The remaining illustrations are from pen-drawings by Lucas, of Roman and Italic type-letters respectively, and are included in view of the intimate—and at that time so recent—connection between the forms of type and of script. It will be remembered that the earliest printing had for its object simply a cheap and expeditious production which could take the place of the old manuscripts, and there is not the slightest doubt that printed matter was often palmed off as the work of a scribe. The first designers of type based their models on accepted standards of handwriting, and, in cutting the letters, reproduced many details arising solely from the nature of the pen. Although the second generation of type-founders were at some pains to seek out good classical forms for their alphabets, they by no means discarded the element of penmanship; and the fact of a writing-master, a century later, thinking it worth his while to show his ability in the matter of type-letters, shows how long the tradition persisted.

In conclusion, we may epitomise some of the great secrets of all caligraphic excellence. It rests on a few general principles, so self-evident as scarcely to need repetition were not the badness of writing an artistic crime of such common occurrence.

Legibility, reticent selection of ornament, a careful choice of tool and material, with study and frank acceptance of the peculiarities of each—these are always to be borne in mind. Weak and unnecessary excrescences must be avoided, a sense of good construction cultivated; and the result will be, if not the fine writing of a master-scribe, at least such as would delight him from the hand of a disciple.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.

LETTER FROM MR. J. D. BAT- TEN CONCERNING HIS WATER-COLOUR PRINT "THE HARPIES."

DEAR SIR,—Since writing the letter which appeared in THE STUDIO, No. 34, describing the method employed in the production of my colour-print of *Eve and the Serpent*, a great many alterations and improvements have taken place in the mode of printing.

Mr. F. Morley Fletcher has given the whole of his attention to the development and perfecting of the process, with the result that many of the uncertainties and difficulties that attached to my earlier experiments have been overcome.

In almost every instance Mr. Fletcher has reverted to the actual method of the Japanese.

The use of milk for the sizing of the paper, and the use of glycerine and dextrine as a medium for the colours have been abandoned.

The present edition of *The Harpies* is being printed on Japanese paper sized with parchment size, and the colours employed are, with the exception of the black, Newman's tube water-colours mixed with a paste made from the finest rice flour.

For the black, "Indian ink," or more correctly Chinese ink, is used. The Chinese have for centuries devoted the utmost care to the production of this pigment and its beauty cannot, I think, be rivalled by any black of European manufacture.

The elimination of glycerine from the process has been an improvement of the greatest importance. In the first place, it has rendered unnecessary my previous practice of washing the finished proofs in alcohol; and in the second place it has removed a great source of danger to the wood blocks, a danger which we have experienced to our cost. For the blocks having become saturated with glycerine had a constant tendency to absorb moisture. This caused the wood to swell and was apt to throw the blocks considerably out of register.

When we first set to work upon this colour-print we had a line block cut by a wood-engraver in the ordinary way upon the cross-section of the box-wood. The rest of the blocks were cut by Mr. Fletcher with a knife upon the plank section of cherry and sycamore wood. The block cut upon the cross section expanded much more than the others. The result was that the line block was thrown completely out of register, and only a few of the very earliest proofs from this block were fit to be included in the edition.

Mr. Fletcher then set himself to cut the line block with a knife upon a carefully chosen plank of English cherry, a method of work which I suppose has scarcely been attempted in England since the use of the graver was established a full century ago. (It is impossible to use the graver except upon the cross-section of the wood.) In this attempt he has been completely successful; so that all the blocks are cut in the same manner. It is not easy to over-estimate the advantage of



(By permission of Mr. R. Dunthorne)

"THE HARPIES." FROM A
WATER-COLOUR PRINT BY
J. D. BATTEN AND MORLEY
FLETCHER

Studio-Talk

having the blocks cut and the proofs printed by the same hand.

Mr. Fletcher has also discarded the clumsy contrivance of frame wedges and pin points by which the register of the first proofs was obtained. He finds the Japanese method of adjusting the edge of the paper to a notch and line cut on the margin of the block more trustworthy and much more expeditious.

Although in all technical matters it seems to be wisest to follow fairly closely the methods of the Japanese, yet as regards the intricate problems of design to which the possibilities of this craft give rise, I am convinced that it would be fatal to accept and adopt as our own the beautiful and consistent scheme that the Japanese have evolved; and I believe that if this art is ever to take root in the West it will be necessary for us to weigh for ourselves each problem and to work out our own solution of the appropriate use of colour, and tone, and shadow, and line.

I am, yours faithfully,
JOHN D. BATTEEN.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—The exhibition at Burlington House of the work of Lord Leighton has a somewhat unfortunate air of attempting to prove too much. It is too large, too comprehensive; and it includes a great many more of his pictures than are at all necessary to show the extent of his capacity. Quite half the canvases which have been brought together reveal a little too obviously that the artist, great as he was on occasions, had many moments when he scarcely succeeded in doing full justice to his powers. Certainly no useful purpose is served by the presence, in such a memorial exhibition, of anything which is not really representative of him at his best. It is by the few excellent achievements of any art-worker that we would wish to remember him, rather than by the general average of the productions of his whole life, for, after all, his claim to immortality depends chiefly upon the evidences he has given of his ability to rise above the level of his contemporaries. That Lord Leighton was a commanding figure in the art world the Academy show proves clearly enough, but the cogency of this proof is by no means increased by the bulk of the collection. The fact is, indeed, apparent rather in spite of the industry of the Council in gathering

together as many as possible of his pictures and sketches than because in doing so they have done justice to his reputation. A careful search through the three hundred and twenty-four examples of his work will reveal enough of what is admirable to establish the reality of his position, but during the process of selection much that is calculated to make the judicious grieve will be encountered. *Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence*, *The Daphne-phoria*, *The Summer Moon*, *Flaming June*, and the portrait of *Sir Richard Burton*, are pictures for the existence of which we owe him a debt of gratitude; but he was very often out of the humour in which these greater canvases were painted. Perhaps the most interesting parts of the whole show are the sections devoted to his black-and-white drawings and oil sketches; and there is much to admire in his digressions into sculpture.

A more valuable, because more consistent, one-man show is that of Mr. G. F. Watts's pictures at the New Gallery. He has the merit of being an artist whose whole life has been devoted to the continuous working out of an idea full of great possibilities, and he is remarkable because he has never allowed either the dictates of fashion or the temptations of success to lead him out of the course which he marked out early in his career. Therefore his work bears well the severe test of collected exhibition, and the record of many years of labour tells in his case no tales of concessions that have made his intention less pure or his achievement less earnest. He has never failed to regard the pursuit of his ideal as more important than the effort to gain popularity, and his position among modern artists, and the recognition which he has gained from the public, have come to him as consequences of his sincere indifference about them. Few men have existed so consistently for the sake of art alone; and few men can show so small a number of failures to reach the higher level of technical practice. Both in subject and treatment his pictures are apart from almost everything else which is characteristic of the modern school. Their first great quality is that of imagination. They are, to quote his own term, "symbols" expressive of intellectual ideas, illustrations of mental views about various problems of existence; and, being symbolical in this way, they depend but little upon realism of manner. They deal, it is true, with human forms, or with details of landscape; but the way in which the material of them is employed is altogether individual. There is no suggestion of simple copying of modern humanity in

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such exquisite idealisations as *Hope, Love and Life*, or *Psyche*; there is no loss of dignity by reducing such compositions as *Love and Death*, or *Time Death and Judgment*, to mere studies from the living model. He carries his intention to deal only with symbols into the details of his pictures, and by stripping his figures of their characteristics as individuals makes them typical of the entire human race. His whole effort is to be impersonal, and to secure the largest truths by avoiding the trifles that localise and narrow. With what success he has fulfilled this intention we may well judge by this exhibition at the New Gallery. It is a great monument of a greater undertaking.

Though the "Landscape Exhibition," opened

last month at the Dudley Gallery, contained a comparatively small number of pictures, it was more than usually noteworthy among shows of its class, because of the excellent quality of the work which it contained. The artists by whose combined efforts it was organised—Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. J. S. Hill, Mr. T. Hope McLachlan, Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, Mr. Leslie Thomson, and Mr. E. A. Waterlow—are all sincere workers, who are justly recognised as among the best painters of open-air subjects whom we have among us at the present time; and there is between them a certain sympathy of view which makes the association of their pictures especially agreeable. They have a devout manner of looking at Nature, and they paint with a welcome freedom of hand which never degenerates into mere technical display; so that they are able to realise and express the subtlety and variety of atmospheric colour in a fashion that is often excellent and always worthy of attention.



WINDOW IN AMERICAN OPALESCENT GLASS

BY BARON ARILD ROSENKRANTZ

The window in American opalescent glass by Baron Arild Rosenkrantz, of which we give an illustration, has been recently erected in the old parish church of Wickhambreaux, near Canterbury, with a result that is surprising to all who have as yet had the opportunity of inspecting it. Every variety of colour is fearlessly used, yet in the whole brilliant result we have perfect harmony. Besides possessing unusual power in the handling of colour, Baron Rosenkrantz gives evidence of a strong appreciation and sympathy for all that is mystic in religious art. His subject, "The Annunciation," is treated with reverence and feeling; and although we may say that he follows the traditional lines of the Old Masters, there is a fund of

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originality in this work which gives it a standard peculiarly its own.

The play of colour, upon which the glory of this glass depends, is mainly in the upper half of the four lights, where are poised the seven archangels, Gabriel, Raphael, Anael, Adoniel, Saluthiel, Uriel and Michael, the latter being clad in armour and bearing a shield upon which is represented the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden. The archangels are all arrayed in the colours which tradition attributes to them—the seven colours of the rainbow.

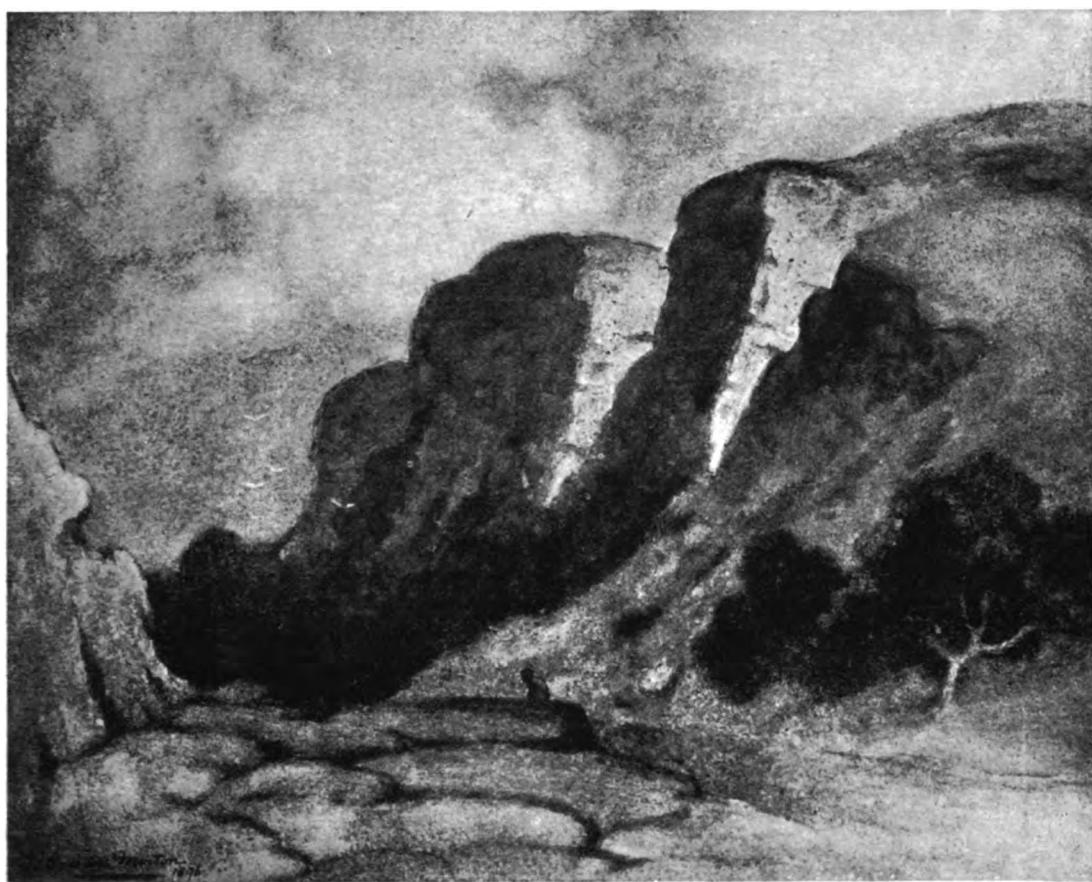
Below the heavenly host, amidst a wealth of white lilies, stands the Virgin with head bowed in reverential humility, as if conscious of the vision of the Cross, before which each lily bends in adoration. The whole scheme of colour is most thoughtfully carried out. From Gabriel in all absorbent white, the colours of the angels' robes devolve on the one side from blue through green, and ruby red to a deep purple, and upon the other side through yellow into a rich orange. The Virgin is clad in a skirt of regal red and a mantle of blue, the hue of which is wonderfully tender and contrasts well against the background of deep sky blue. In his treatment of this last-named colour, the artist has been extraordinarily successful. This beautiful glass, which has now been tested for the first time in English light, having been proved eminently satisfactory, it is to be hoped that other workers in stained glass will follow Baron Rosenkrantz's initiative and not fear the prejudices which always interfere with the use of a novel material.

With reference to recent discussions in the public Press in which the assertion has been freely made that it is a misuse of terms to describe as a "lithograph" a drawing made upon transfer paper and transferred directly from the paper to the stone, we have received the following communication from Mr. T. R. Way, the well-known lithographer: "There are various kinds of transfer paper, some of which are faced with an artificial and mechanical grain, another has a grain so exactly similar to the surface of a grained stone, that it is well nigh impossible for an expert to distinguish an impression of a drawing made on it from one made directly on stone, whilst there is yet another kind used by M. Fantin and occasionally by Mr. Whistler, which depends on the stone to which its drawing is transferred for a grain, being quite thin and smooth

in itself. When the drawing is finished, the transfer is damped and laid face downwards on a clean stone and passed through the press; the paper is then lifted off the stone perfectly bare, leaving the chalk on the stone. After this its treatment is the same as though drawn directly on the stone. The number of impressions which can be printed from the transferred drawing is no greater than from the direct, and varies according to the character of the work itself. It will thus be seen that the drawing on transfer paper is one and the same process with the direct stone drawing. Now, bearing in mind that it is the artist's hand alone which guides the chalk, whether over transfer paper or stone, and that no other hand has come between the artist and the proof more in the one case than in the other, can the one be less a lithograph than the other? Moreover, it must further be borne in mind that the word 'lithograph' is always the term used to describe the *printed impression*."

G LASGOW.—A good all-round exhibition with many works of excellence but few of particularly high artistic merit fitly describes the nineteenth annual exhibition held by the Royal Scottish Society of Water-Colour Painters in the Institute Galleries in this city. About four hundred and fifty exhibits were included in the collection contributed by members of the Society and outsiders, the Exhibition being an open one. There were also in the show a very interesting number of small drawings which formed a loan section and enabled comparison to be made between the art of yesterday and that of to-day, for the loans included examples of Cox, De Wint, David Roberts, Turner, Muller, William Hunt, Fred. Walker, and others.

Space will permit of only brief reference to a few of the more notable exhibits. These included a charming landscape, *Castle in Spain*, by James Paterson; a picture of distinction and painter-like feeling, *Valley of Desolation* (see opposite page) by T. Corsan Morton; *Loch Fyne*, by A. K. Brown; a large drawing of a greyhound, entitled *The Finish of the Course*, by Robert Alexander; Edwin Alexander's exquisite little picture of *Turtle Doves*; a strong figure subject, *The Ring*, by George Henry; William McTaggart's breezy sea and figure pictures, instinct with life and movement and true colour; the pastoral landscapes by E. Sherwood Calvert, well painted and full of romantic feeling; a characteristic study of children at play on a sandy shore, by B. J. Blommers, the clever Dutch painter; and



"VALLEY OF DESOLATION"

FROM A PAINTING BY T. CORSAN MORTON

the works of R. M. G. Coventry, R. W. Allan, R. B. Nisbet, Grosvenor Thomas, John Smart, and Katherine Cameron; while the President, Sir Francis Powell, enhanced his reputation with a large drawing, *The Home of the Sea Bird*.

PARIS.—An exhibition of applied art has been organised at the Galerie des Artistes, recently opened at No. 19 Rue Caumartin, by MM. Félix Aubert, Alexandre Charpentier, Jean Dampt, Henry Nocq, and Charles Plumet.

A few introductory sentences in the catalogue explain the organisers' views and intentions. "We are," they tell us, "five in number, working in painting, sculpture, and architecture; and this little association, born of comradeship, is bound together by a certain similarity of feeling in art and in training. . . . We have very much at heart the success of the movement for the renovation of the home arts, to which we are attached from motives other

than those of mere *snobisme*, or weariness of the old *formulae*. We are proud, rather, that we should have understood betimes the importance of this movement, at a period when it was risky, even dangerous, to have anything to do with it. The works we are exhibiting are before everything else intended for use. And this fundamental principle will explain the somewhat modest appearance of our productions, which, nevertheless, for the most part have a certain value. What we seek to attain is artistic honesty, with a due respect for materials, and the proper utilisation of those objects which form part of our every-day life." The case could hardly be better stated; and, moreover, it is a matter of deeds, and not of words merely.

M. Félix Aubert shows velvets, silks, printed cretonnes, *broché* silks, *appliqué* borderings, embroideries, and carpets, all of very original conception and showing rare powers of designing. His method of treating flowers is extremely clear, and, while simplicity itself, by no means devoid of

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richness. The decorative *motifs* are strictly logical in their plan, and utilised most happily.

M. Alexandre Charpentier displays a variety of articles, including a bell in silver, gold; and enamel ; a *pierre fine*, representing a woman of Zealand, very finely and decoratively modelled ; two gold and silver brooches ; stamped leathers ; bindings ; door-plates, and locks ; billiard-markers ; gaufred papers, coloured and gaufred lithographs (similar to that published in the Winter Number of THE STUDIO), and an earthenware wine-jug and cream-pot, which go to prove once more how "live" and subtle an artist he is, how skilful in creating new forms, yet remaining always most delicately simple, and, while a modern of the moderns, sticking close to the traditions of French art.

M. Jean Dampt's glass book-case is at once practical and uncommon, but I prefer M. Charles

Plumet's furniture, which seems quite free from all outside influence. I could willingly write at length about M. Plumet's display. However fond one may be of foreign art—though, to be sure, the expression is incorrect, for art knows no country—it is gratifying, nevertheless, to see signs of artistic merit at home, for it is a long time since we have been able to congratulate ourselves in connection with modern decorative art. M. Plumet's exhibits—his work-tables and tea-tables, his office chairs, his writing-desks, *étagères* and frames, and, above all, his book-case—are in the highest sense thoroughly French, in spirit, in character, and in tradition, and the artist who has produced them is deserving of all encouragement.

M. Henry Nocq's display consists of jewels and gold-work, and his style is novel and consistent, and shows due regard for the material employed. Precious stones are used for relief in his gold and silver and bronze work with the most satisfactory results. This brief summary of a very interesting Exhibition must, I regret to say, suffice for the present. I hope to have an opportunity of referring to it later with more minuteness.

At the Galerie Laffitte, under the intelligent direction of M. Moline, who is inclining more and more towards applied art, M. Seguin has been exhibiting some *bonbon* boxes and other little works in wood, of most original workmanship. On the natural ground of the woodwork are drawings and coloured decorations of the simplest kind, done by quite a novel process, which is neither staining nor painting, but a sort of flat, dull enamel, very pleasant to the touch. In shape these little articles are designed on primitive and popular models, as old as the world itself.

Together with M. Seguin's wood-work, M. Moline has also been exhibiting three pieces of stoneware by the sculptor, Carabin, who has here been most happily inspired. His inkstand in the form of a cuttle fish, with a sort of Naiad opening the ink bag ; his tobacco jar, shaped like a fruit, and his comfit box, in form and



LIFE-SIZE MARBLE FIGURE

(See Brussels Studio-Talk)

BY PAUL DUBOIS



Ludwig Herterich

(See *Munich Studio-Talk*)

"SOMMERABEND." FROM
A PAINTING BY LUDWIG
HERTERICH

Studio-Talk

colour resembling an *aubergine*, with the stem and leaf in wrought iron serving as a handle—all these are thoroughly successful. The material is natural and beautiful, and not overladen with enamel.

G. M.

MUNICH.—*Sommerabend* ("A Summer's Evening"), the picture by Ludwig Herterich (illustrated upon page 57), was one of the most poetical, and at the same time one of the most popular, works in this year's Exhibition of the "Secession." Quite delicate and subdued in tone, its effect is nevertheless in no way weak, but powerful and striking to a degree. The *ensemble* is altogether excellent both in *technique* and in colouring, particularly clever being the juxtaposition of the two whites—that of the dress, and that of the birch

trees. The artist, whose most celebrated picture, *Heiligen Georg* ("St. George"), was bought some years ago by the State, now holds a brilliant position at the Art School in Stuttgart, Württemberg, where he enjoys the highest renown, both as teacher and painter.

G. K.

BRUSSELS.—The Exhibition of the Antwerp Royal Society of Fine Arts gives promise of being very interesting, for support has come in from all sides.

It is exclusively confined to water-colours, and it is to be hoped that this time the Antwerp public, so long averse to this kind of painting, will at last understand that results quite as satisfactory as those produced by oils may be obtained by this medium. An important series of exhibits of the French school is displayed.

Now that the rearrangement of the pictures in the Musée de Bruxelles is completed to the satisfaction of all concerned, it is time to suggest a similar course of action with regard to the sculpture collection, which has lately been enriched by several works of great value. Foremost among these additions is a life-size marble figure by M. Paul Dubois of Brussels, representing a lady of the present day in ball-dress, seated, with a closed fan in her lap (see page 56).



PORTRAIT

BY LEOPOLD HOROWITZ

(See Vienna Studio-Talk)



(See *Vienna Studio-Talk*)

FROM THE PORTRAIT OF H.I.M.
THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH
BY LEOPOLD HOROWITZ



PORTRAIT

BY LEOPOLD HOROWITZ

(See *Vienna Studio-Talk*)

they fancy they must do it to be "in the swim." Needless to say they are foredoomed to failure in whatever branch of art they undertake.

M. Paul Dubois is just completing one of the columns intended for the decoration of the Brussels Botanical Gardens. It is eight metres high, and the base is adorned with life-size figures representing the four Elements. He is also at work on a delicate piece of low-relief—a standing figure of a woman in the dress of to-day. In addition to this he has in hand, and approaching completion, numerous other works of a varied character, such as busts, medals, &c., and I hope an opportunity will occur for me to deal with these in your columns upon some future occasion.

F. K.

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VIENNA. — Last year Hungary celebrated the millennium of her constitution, and in honour of the event a great national Exhibition was held, which embraced all branches of the country's industries and arts, a prominent feature of the latter section being a pavilion set apart for the works of living artists, amongst the most eminent of whom must be counted Leopold Horowitz, several of whose paintings are illustrated here.

Born in 1839, Horowitz commenced his early studies at the Imperial Academy in Vienna, and passed thence to Munich and Paris, and eventually settled for a few years in Warsaw. Here the first period of his success began. The characteristic and pathetic rites which the poor Polish Jews perform in their synagogues on high feast days gave him the idea for his picture, *Mourning Rites of the Jews on the Day of the Devastation of Jerusalem*, which created so great a sensation that he soon became the favourite painter of the Polish aristocracy. The artist, however, soon realised that the elegant and lively city in which he lived could not afford him that intimate intercourse with the great art centres which he felt to be a necessity, and he therefore went to Berlin for some years, then to Buda Pest, and finally settled permanently in Vienna.

The full length portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph (a portion of which is reproduced on page 59) was painted expressly for presentation to the colonel and officers of the English Life Guards, of which regiment his Majesty is Honorary Colonel. It has been executed by Mr. Horowitz in a quiet and stately manner. In order to prevent the glare of the vivid scarlet of the uniform weakening the effect of the physiognomy, the artist acted upon the proverb that two negatives make a positive and attenuated the red of the tunic by steeping the whole picture in red. The background gleams in dark red, and the drapery covering the

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table (not shown in the reproduction) has a changing reddish hue. Thus the eye of the spectator is not diverted by accessories, but returns always to the vigorously executed physiognomy. A. W.

HELSINGFORS.—At the Annual Exhibition now open in this city, Albert Edelfelt is, perhaps, attracting the largest share of public attention with his fine full-length portrait of the Emperor Nicholas. The portrait is beautiful, simple, dignified, and discreet in colouring, and it may justly be said that the artist has succeeded in creating a work of art out of an official order, two things which, as a rule, are very difficult to reconcile. Two of our younger men of talent, Gallén

and Järnefelt, whose works were absent from last year's Exhibition, are showing this year several very interesting canvases, which are worthy of careful attention. The former is remarkable by reason of his fertile and fantastic imagination. He does not appear to be hindered by any constraint, by any rule; his genius wanders in dreamland and delights in the interpretation of nebulous legends filled with the magic of the ancient Finns. In addition to several landscapes, he is represented by a decorative painting, *Sampos försvarare*, the subject of which is drawn from the Finnish national epic, the *Kalevala*.

With Järnefelt we enter into the domain of truth and thought. He is an attentive observer who



"SAMPOS FÖRSVARARE"

FROM A DECORATIVE PAINTING BY AXEL GALLÉN

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paints with much intelligence whatever appeals to his artistic feelings. Halonen has several canvases in his well-known style, one of which, *Mot fienden*, is reproduced here. Gebhard shows a series of landscapes which are interesting by reason of their sunlight effects; and other works worthy of note are those exhibited by Enckell, Simberg, and Count Louis Sparre. The latter's painting, *Nunna*, is here illustrated. In sculpture we have several charming bronzes by Vallgren, in addition to his marble group *Consolation*. Countess Sparre shows two very handsomely decorated writing-cases as well as the envelope which contained the address to the Emperor on the occasion of his coronation.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Giorgione. Studio Di ANGELO CONTI. (Florence : Fratelli Alinari.)—The outburst of literary activity that renders life in Florence just now so interesting

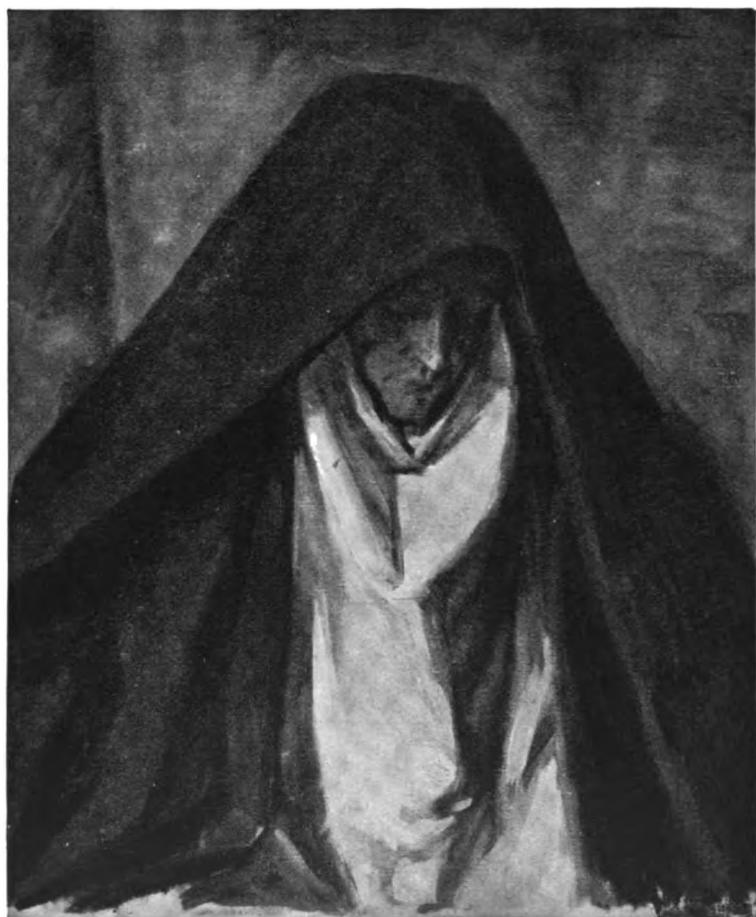
has recently produced a work on Giorgione which is distinctly attractive, as being conceived in a spirit hitherto foreign to Italian art criticism.

This book, the subject of a very fine review by Gabriele D'Annunzio in the *Convito*, has much in common with the German philosophers and with Pater, though the author's personality is strongly felt throughout. It is subjective in tone; it gives very few particulars, and these evidently under protest, of Giorgione's outward life; throws scorn on those critics who seek to explain an artist's inspiration by his *milieu*, but admits the latter's influence on his methods, inveighs against the *Darwinian theory in art*, and maintains the unity of the artistic idea.

Signor Conti considers Bellini and Giorgione to be the two great *musicians* of painting: Bellini's pictures expressing the diffusion of the magic power of the notes, a serene joy, the peace of far-away horizons; Giorgione, more modern and somewhat Wagnerian, disturbed by passion, often

placing the female nude in the foreground of his picture, and in the picture in Casa Giovanelli crowning her with lightning. And in this passion, working through to the calm of the Castelfranco Madonna the author finds a faithful reflex of Giorgione's life; so faithful, indeed, that he takes for the motto of the chapter entitled *Giorgione's Works* the words of Dante: *E venni dal martirio a questa pace*, and heads the chapter, *Ex cruce, ad lucem*.

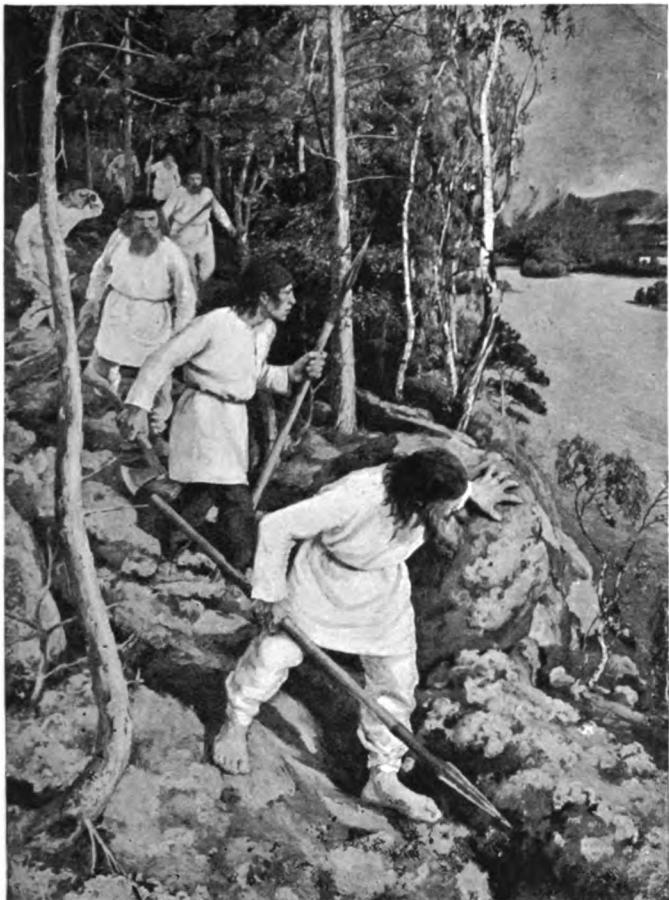
Passing in review Giorgione's works, Signor Conti draws a finely thought-out parallel between the Dresden *Venus* and Leonardo's *Giocchino*, lingers lovingly over the *Concerto* at the Pitti, which, despite Morelli, he considers an undoubted Giorgione, and over the *Festa Campestre* at the Louvre; laying especial stress on the part which music plays in the conception and execution of all these pictures, and quoting Vasari's words to prove Giorgione's enthusiasm for music.



"NUNNA"

FROM A PAINTING BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE
(See *Helsingfors Studio-Talk*)

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"MOT FIENDEN"

FROM A PAINTING BY PEKKA HALONEN

(See *Helsingfors Studio-Talk*)

The author concludes with an interesting discussion on the incommunicability of the artistic inspiration, and hence the futility of classifying artists into what the critics call *schools*; he lays great stress on *artistic psychology*, which he maintains to be the real method of penetrating the meaning of works of art, as opposed to the common critical method of grouping artists together according to the outward characteristics of their work. The essence of criticism, he holds, is to interpret the artists not only to the public, but also to himself. *To the artist, who in his work obeys a mysterious command of nature, the critic speaks, expounding his mystery to him.* His ultimate conception of Giorgione and his work he expresses as follows: "He is, among all Renaissance painters, the first modern; his soul is nearest to our souls; he is the artist who has transfused into his works the visible image and sentiment of the most profound human sadness—the sadness born of pleasure. He is the

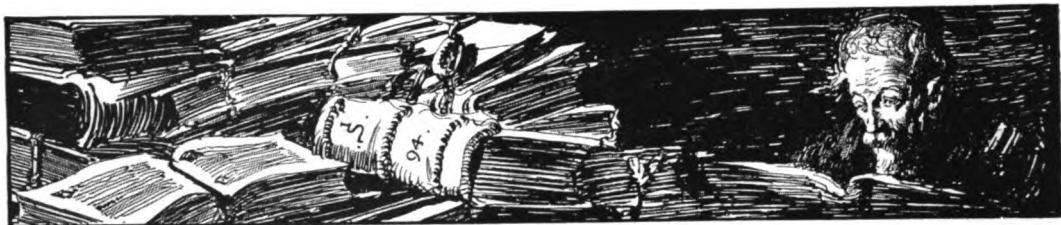
poet of love, the great musician of passion; and he is also the man who, in his misery, sees the new life arise before him, and to it lifts up his aspirations, and all loved forms and all dreams, as though to bathe them in a purifying atmosphere. Among all the poets of the Renaissance, he is the one who represents woman as figured forth by turbid passion and as seen by the spirit in serene contemplation; he is the poet of torment and extravagance, and the seer to whom, in the hour of sad resignation, appears, among the visions of art, a hope of forgetfulness, a promise of glory."

Signor Conti's words are always aptly chosen; his style weighty and concise, with, however, a tendency to the epigrammatic which sometimes gives an impression of affectation, and impedes the full development of the thought. There is no doubt, however, that the book, which, by the way, is beautifully printed and illustrated, is a most interesting product of the newest tendencies of Italian thought.

The Alhambra. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Illustrated with drawings of the places mentioned, by JOSEPH PENNELL. (London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd.)—There is a good deal of Mr.

Joseph Pennell in this new edition of an old friend. Almost every one of its 436 pages contains an illustration from the brush or pen of this indefatigable worker. Many of the drawings are good, and some are very good. The only fault we find with them is that they for the most part do not illustrate the text. They are mere ornaments, and the greater portion of them are not even titled. They may represent portions of the Alhambra or Granada, but some of the sketches would do equally well for scenes in Italy, Greece, or Turkey; and as there is nothing to indicate to the reader what particular locality they portray he naturally fails to take the interest in them he otherwise would do. Some of the most important of the drawings are of the decorated courts of the Alhambra, and the elaborate and involved patterns upon walls and spandrels have been admirably suggested in line-work by the illustrator. Mr. Pennell is particularly happy in his power of "leaving out" what it is to the advantage of his

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CHAPTER HEADING BY JOSEPH SATTLER

FROM "DURCHEINANDER" (J. A. STARGARDT)

drawing should be omitted. It is a rare talent in a draughtsman, and one much to be commended.

Vierteljahrs-Hefte des Vereins Bildender Künstler Dresdens. (Dresden: E. Arnold, Schloss-strasse.) Parts I. II. and III.—As its title implies, this is a quarterly publication of the Dresden Artists' Club, and at its comparatively low yearly subscription of thirty-six marks should command the liberal support of art-lovers in all parts of the world. The size of the publication is large folio, and each number contains an average of five plates, consisting chiefly of lithographs and chromo-lithographs, but with occasional etchings and photogravures. Judging from the parts before us, the work appears to be one of the most notable art publications that have appeared in recent years. The plates are not only often of great merit as works of art, but are reproduced in such a manner as to claim our un-

Geschichte der rheinischen Stadtkultur. By HEINRICH BOOS. Illustrated by JOSEPH SATTLER. (Berlin: J. A. Stargardt.) *Durcheinander.* By JOSEPH SATTLER. (Berlin: J. A. Stargardt.)—The publisher may be very heartily congratulated upon the beautiful manner in which the first of these two works is presented. Excellently printed in well designed type upon a fine deckled edged paper, the result is in every respect admirable. Mr. Sattler's numerous full-page illustrations and vignettes are powerful and original, and worthy of the high reputation which he has already acquired.

The second work consists of a collection of recent designs by Mr. Sattler for book-plates, title-pages, name-cards, monograms, and of illustrations from books and journals. Mr. Sattler's great range of subject is well exemplified in this collection, and those who desire to possess some characteristic examples of his work could not do better than acquire this interesting album. By permission of the publishers, we give herewith three illustrations selected from the two works.



"MY SHADOW." DRAWING BY JOSEPH SATTLER.
FROM "DURCHEINANDER" (J. A. STARGARDT)

qualified approbation. Especially notable for excellence is the lithograph by Robert Sterl, in Part II., and the etching by Hans Unger, the winter landscape in three colours by Paul Baum, and the lithograph by Karl Mediz in Part III. Any single one of these is worth more than the cost of the entire part.

Reliques of Old London. Drawn in lithography by T. R. WAY. With introduction by H. B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A. (London: Bell.)—In this exceedingly attractive quarto volume, Mr. T. R. Way shows the workaday value of lithography, and its peculiar suitability for certain subjects. The two dozen plates of old buildings and streets herein are most admirably drawn and accurate topographical transcripts of facts, which will prove records of great value to future historians. That he has infused them with art, and made two dozen pictures worth possessing on their own merits, is still more to his credit. It is a matter of regret that less than three hundred copies of this really valuable work have been issued, and that no more are possible, as the drawings have been erased from the stones. Mr. H. B. Wheatley supplies a delightful introduction and commentary. The book is likely to become one of few treasure-troves of 1896, in the eyes of future collectors. Possibly it must be attributed to the economy of lithography

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for small editions, that so sumptuous a book can be issued for a guinea. It is to be hoped that the very worthy task Mr. Way has set himself, of recording fine architecture doomed to be swept away by modern improvements, will not cease with

by W. H. Bradley, Louis J. Rhead, Edward Penfield, Steinlen, Cheret, Grasset, Mucha, Beardsley, and others. Among them are several drawings which are not posters and were never intended to be, notably a drawing made expressly by Mr. Beardsley



DRAWING BY JOSEPH SATTLER

FROM "GESCHICHTE DER RHEINISCHEN STADTEKULTUR" (J. A. STARGARDT)

this collection. There should be material for several others equally interesting.

Posters in Miniature. With an introduction by EDWARD PENFIELD. (London and New York : John Lane).—This is a collection of reproductions in black and white of some notable posters that have appeared in recent years in Europe and America. It includes interesting examples of work

for THE STUDIO, which appeared as a supplement to the October Number of 1895. In its reproduction in solid black and white this drawing has lost its chief charm. It is, of course, only natural that many designs should suffer in effect when reduced into black and white. M. Cheret's designs are singularly unfortunate in this respect, and the illustrations of his work given in this collection are no

Reviews of Recent Publications

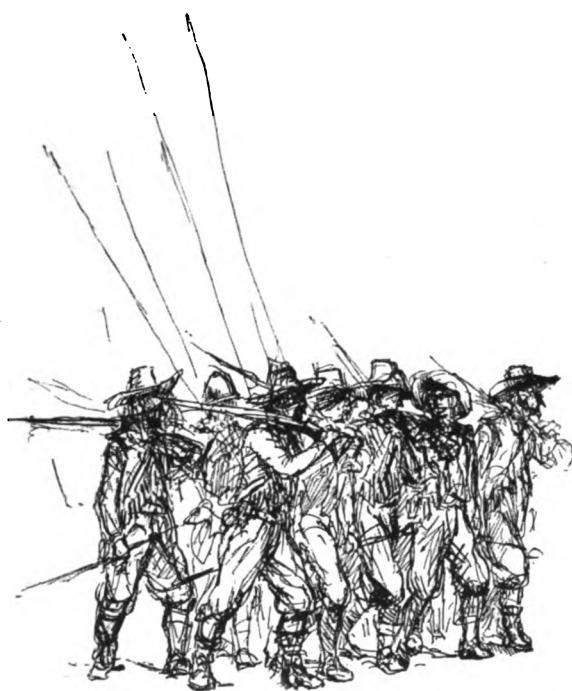
exception to the general rule. On the other hand, the work of Mr. Will H. Bradley loses little or not at all ; and it appears evident to us that many of his designs were originally designed for black and white, and have probably not appeared in colour. Be that as it may, they are excellent bits of decoration as they are now shown.

Wagner's Heroines. By C. MAUD. Illustrated by W. T. MAUD. (London : Edwin Arnold.)—Miss Constance Maud has followed up the success she attained last year by her book on *Wagner's Heroes* by a volume devoted, under the title of *Wagner's Heroines*, to the telling in plain but not undistinguished language of the stories of Brunhilde, Senta, and Isolde. The idea of telling the stories of the *Niebelungen Ring*, of the *Flying Dutchman*, and of *Tristan and Isolde* in such fashion as to centre the interest on the heroines of these three magnificent myths, and of telling them in language calculated to arouse attention and to appeal to the imagination of the younger folk, is an admirable one. The book is illustrated by W. T. Maud, and very well illustrated too.

to his sayings or "conversations," and from them it is not difficult to form a correct idea of his personality, and the nature of his inspiration. A large number of his pictures are illustrated by photogravure and process blocks, and the pages are plentifully besprinkled with reproductions from his sketches and studies. Those we are permitted by the courtesy of the publisher to illustrate give an excellent idea of the freedom of his pen lines. They appeal to us as being by no means the most insignificant evidence of his remarkable talent.



SKETCH BY MEISSONIER. FROM "MEISSONIER: HIS LIFE AND HIS ART" (W. HEINEMANN)



SKETCH BY MEISSONIER. FROM "MEISSONIER: HIS LIFE AND HIS ART" (W. HEINEMANN)

Meissonier: His Life and His Art. By VALLERY C. O. GRÉARD. (London : William Heinemann.)—An exhaustive account of the life and work of this great painter, which will delight his many admirers, both east and west of the Atlantic. Quite two-thirds of this bulky volume are devoted

The volume is well printed, and will doubtless be liberally drawn upon by future historians and critics.

The Evergreen. Winter Book. (Edinburgh : Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.)—This, the fourth volume which has appeared of this very original periodical, ends, we are told, its "first season-cycle." Unfortunately, we are also advised that it must now "sleep for a season," as the time for a new series is "not yet." This we feel is altogether to be regretted, for although the publication had some of the defects of youth, it had also many of its excellent and desirable qualities. Several artists of undoubted talent have been introduced to the public for the first time through its pages, at least in the capacity of book illustrators. Perhaps, however, the *Evergreen* is, after all, of deciduous growth, and although now, in these dark days of winter, apparently dead and lifeless, will as the sun gathers strength put forth fresh leaves and buds and blossoms. If so, none will more cordially welcome its reawakening than ourselves. We reproduce by favour of the publishers one of two excellent landscapes which appear in this number by Mr. James Cadenhead, R.S.W.



DRAWING BY JAMES
CADENHEAD. FROM "THE
EVERGREEN" (PATRICK
GEDDES AND COLLEAGUES)

The Lay Figure.

THE LAY FIGURE. SIGNS AND DESIGNS.

"PLEASE do not review the losses and gains of Art in 1896," said the Journalist.

"Indeed I will not," replied the Lay Figure. "Art needs no annual balancing of profit and loss, fallow years often prepare for fat seasons. No, for the moment the permanent poster pleases me."

"Permanent posters," said the Journalist; "would not that imply permanent hoardings? it seems self-contradictory, like permanent novelties."

"I mean," said the Lay Figure, "sign-boards and notices on warehouses, or over shop windows—the sort of things that at present make hideous the bird's-eye of a city."

"I dislike chiefly the scale of these advertisements," said the Man with a Quiet Voice. "I am told that in certain Continental cities no inscriptions are allowed in letters over a prescribed size. Surely a clear sentence in plain Roman capitals not over two feet high could be read as far off as the London atmosphere permits anything to be deciphered."

"But that would render sky signs impossible," said the Journalist.

"So much the better," he replied. "I feel that no one has a right to deface your view of a sunset, or ever-shifting miracles of the clouds."

"You would not object to the other inscriptions and pictures," said the Lay Figure, "if they were discreet and well-designed, would you?"

"No; I think all sign-boards and notices might easily be inoffensive, and some actually delightful," said the Quiet Voice.

"In short, you want advertisements to be decorative and obscure," the Journalist broke in. "O, foolish Lay Figure, who hath bewildered you? What advantage would advertisers reap by effacing themselves to make a city decorative?"

"I do not see that advertisements need fail to attract attention in better ways," the Lay Figure said. "Look at the possibilities of mosaic, sgraffito work, or coloured bas-reliefs turned to this purpose. We have seen even a poster not less a poster because it was a fairly beautiful placard."

"I think that sign-boards might be revived—swinging things I mean," the Journalist said.

"That would be quite charming," the Decadent Poet babbled. "I like the dear little squeak of a swaying sign-board crooning its cradle song; always endlessly rocking."

"Heaven forbid a gamut of squeaking signs

Signs and Designs

added to other street noises," said the Quiet Voice. "Besides, you must remember that the average tradesman's idea of an effective sign would be a gigantic model, gilded by preference, of something he deals in. A chimney-pot hat, a coffee-pot, or a ham resplendent in gold, all like 'properties' in the giant's kitchen of a pantomime. Please do not suggest permanent pantomimes as well as permanent posters, unless we all adopt openly the profession of clowning as the most serious Art."

"I do not want to suggest the impossible," the Lay Figure said. "But to abolish all gigantic lettering and to insist that all inscriptions should be in orthodox alphabets placed in horizontal lines ought not to be beyond the scope of a local authority. After all, neat level lines are far more readable than grotesque characters squirming about, or uncomfortably festooned as pleated ribbons."

"The advertiser adores eccentric letters," the Quiet Voice said. "I doubt if anything short of legal restraint would prevent his debasing the currency of the alphabet. I think that the gable ends of factories and such places would afford capital spaces for good decorative schemes in bold flat colours."

"But who would you choose to execute the decorations?" said the Lay Figure.

"Architects and designers, not painters," the Quiet Voice said firmly. "Do you remember a 'Beggarstaff' design for 'Pianos,' at the first poster show at the Royal Aquarium, or a hoarding in Oxford Street for some Electric Lighting corporation, or Mr. Heywood Sumner's sgraffito designs, or Mr. Greifferhagen's *Pall Mall* poster. The permanent decorations I want to suggest should be even simpler and broader than most of these: flat masses of colour, which a common artisan might apply according to a design supplied."

"I am glad you do not propose frescoes like those on Wagner's house at Bayreuth," the Lay Figure said, with a sigh of relief. "But I fear if the fashion obtained, the artist who decorates the placards of travelling circuses would be called in, and the last state of our cities would be worse than the first."

"You do not alarm me," said the Quiet Voice. "I saw a sign-board of ships with scarlet sails on a blue sea which an artist had painted for the love of it. Now, that sign would decorate a street corner. As it is, look at the huge gilded legends of the inevitable 'corner pub,' and see if anything could be worse. If everybody tried to impress tradespeople with the profitable value of good design, a great deal might be done to mend things."

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT



"AUTUMN" AND "SPRING"

DESIGNS FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

BY FRANK W. BENSON

(From the catalogue of the Penna. Academy of Fine Arts, by permission)



AMERICAN STUDIO-TALK

If one craftsman be permitted to show jealousy toward another, I maintain that the chronicler of the arts has a clear right of resentment towards the chronicler of the bartering world.

Our friends of *Bradstreet's*, compiling a summary of the year's progress in trade, definitely state that "six hundred million pounds of pork were shipped from Chicago in 1896 as against five hundred million pounds in 1895," and that "basing an estimate upon the shipment for the month of January the prospects for 1897 are that the coming year's product will show a gain of twenty per cent." But the writer of these notes, casting about for some data upon which to deduce a retrospect of the art of 1896 in America, and a forecast for 1897, finds no such definite statistics at hand, nor a recognized vocabulary

by which he may express degrees of progress, or state aspects of conditions.

It is hoped, therefore, that the reader will pardon the absence of such specific statements as: "There were two thousand portraits painted in America in 1896 as against twenty-seven hundred in 1895; judging from reports sent us from prominent artists, the market will be dull for 1897, with perhaps a slight rallying in the spring; if eighteen hundred sittings are given this year, in view of the general condition of all markets, this branch of the arts may be considered to have held its own. The only activity that is reported is in the decorative branch, there being a fair prospect for orders in mural painting; the price here, however, taking in account the outlay for the large canvases, assistants, and time of execution, cannot be said to be A1;" and that

American Studio-Talk

he will accept a looser characterization of the condition of affairs in the realm of Art.

Seriously to state the situation is to admit that conditions are deplorable. The sale of easel pictures has almost ceased; the receipts at the fall Academy were but \$4,000. Worst of all, there is evidence that this state of affairs has thrown a damper upon the inspiration of the artists; for it is not to be gainsaid that the fall Academy was no credit to American art.

The real gain to be recorded is in the field of mural painting, and the one residue that lies at the bottom of the artist's Pandora's box is the hope that the activity in the decoration of the Congressional Library, the Boston Public Library, and the several New York hotels may create a demand for decoration that will some day land him a commission.

It is a consummation much to be wished for that an impetus should be given our decorative art; patronage alone will do this. When, a decade ago, our illustrators were given a goodly amount of patronage, they almost instantly led the world; in that case, however, it was merely a matter of sustaining a branch of the fine arts, while, should the Congressional Library decorations (we believe \$300,000 will be expended for sculpture and paintings) be followed by more commissions, our national reputation would be at stake.

What was done at the World's Fair under such an incentive was a fair earnest of what we might expect if a universal decorative era be inaugurated; though the World's Fair, St. Gaudens' medal, the Low diploma, and our



"THE MIRROR"

BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

(From the Catalogue of the Penna. Academy of Fine Arts, by permission)

ized country on the globe, and it is a great pity that the designs of Messrs. Shirlaw, Blashfield, and Low, which are a step in the right direction, should be framed in the conventional gyrations of the ruling machine, that are thoroughly the antithesis of art. It is to be hoped that our future decorative art movement will not be confined to our walls, but may spread to every surface that is suitable for decoration.

The prize arena has been slowly augmented during recent years; a notable addition is the Carnegie set of prizes which was given for the first time at Pittsburgh this season. That perfect equity is rarely attained in the distribution of prizes goes without saying, and it may be that there were other canvases at the Carnegie Exhibition that divided honors with those singled out for awards, yet few will dispute the fact that the successful names in the following list represent all that is best in American Art. First prize,

recent currency designs—the Shirlaw \$10 and \$5 bills, the Blashfield \$2, and the Low \$1 bill—by no means indicate the ultimacy at which our designers may arrive, they do at least indicate that it is only due to official procrastination that we, as Americans, must apologize to the world for our mural decorations, our coins and stamps. It would, indeed, be difficult to estimate the influence on the public taste which would accrue if every letter received bore an artistic engraving, and every bill and coin that passed through the public's hands would have, plus its intrinsic value, a sterling quality as a medal or a print. It is probably true that our postage and money are worse than that of any civil-

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chronological medal and \$5,000 cash prize, given to Winslow Homer of Scarborough, Me., for *The Wreck*. Second prize, chronological medal and \$3,000 cash prize, *The Shipbuilder*, by Gari Melchers of Paris, formerly of Detroit. Medal of first class, *Lady in Brown*, by John Lavery, Glasgow, Scotland. Medal of second class, silver, *Notre Dame, Paris*, by J. F. Raffaelli of Paris. Medal of third class, bronze, *Emesta*, by Miss Cecelia Beaux of Philadelphia.

Postscript.—The announcement above was given to the public on the first awarding of the prizes; it now transpires that the trustees have rescinded their action of awarding the sec-

ond prize on the ground that the painting was not eligible, as *The Shipbuilder* was shown at the Champ de Mars, Paris, under the title of *Maitre Michel*, and it was one of the provisos of the competition that the pictures must "be works first shown at the Carnegie Art Galleries of Pittsburgh."

A summary of the prizes to be given in 1897 is as follows: At the National Academy of Design, the Clark prize, \$300; Hallgarten prize, \$300, \$200, \$100; Dodge prize, \$300. The American Water Color Society, W. T. Evans prize, \$300. Society of American Artists, Webb prize, \$300; Shaw Fund prize, \$1,500. Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Toppin prize, \$200, \$100. The Tennessee Exposition, for oil paintings, \$700 and \$400; for water colors, \$150 and \$100; and for sculpture, \$200 and \$100; in addition, three medals are to be given for oil paintings, and two for sculpture.



"ANGEL FOR A TOMB"

BY DANIEL FRENCH

(From the Catalogue of the Penna. Academy of Fine Arts,
by permission)

The death, on June 7, 1896, of Wyatt Eaton, was a sad blow to American Art. Mr. Eaton was one of the strongest draughtsmen that ever put a line on paper. His series of portraits of American authors, of Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, for *The Century*, were by far the most artistic portraits that have ever appeared in a magazine. His pen renderings from sculpture carry modelling and values as far as it is possible to go with pure line.

The year 1896 saw the decease of a large number of our American artists. The illustrating world will find that the place of William Hamilton Gibson, who died July 16th, and

Charles R. Rheinhart, who died September 4th, will not easily be filled. Theodore Robinson, who died April 2d, promised to become a colorist of exceptional force. Benoni Irwin died August 25th, and Wadsworth Thompson on August 28th. Olin L. Warner, the sculptor, died on August 14th. A timely article on this artist appeared in *Scribner's* for October, which did full justice to his ability.

It is one of the sad phases of the art life that a great light may suddenly go out in the æsthetic firmament, but no mundane flash of recognition of its brilliancy accompanies its extinguishing. We have seen no press tribute to the genius of Wyatt Eaton; it is to be hoped that *The Century*, for which he illustrated and wrote, will publish a proper memoir of him in the course of time.

The Great International Exposition at Brus-

American Studio-Talk

sels, under the patronage of the King of the Belgians, will open April 24th, to remain open for at least six months. The exhibition will include works of art, scientific works, and industrial and agricultural products of all nations. The United States Government has named two commissioners for the Exposition, Prof. J. H. Gore of Columbian University, Washington, D. C., and Prof. Thomas Wilson of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., and all applications for space, etc., should be addressed to these commissioners.

upon a key the pitch of which would surprise the water-colorists of forty years ago, who worked indigo skies and sepia shadows with stipple and cross hatching.

W. L. Lathrop may justly be admitted into the company of Messrs. Snell and Palmer; his *Edge of the Woods* (244) is charming in quality. Of a different class of pictures, but none the less fresh and attractive as essays in water-color, are the direct memoranda from nature of foreign or American vistas by Wm. J. Whittemore, C. D. Weldon, Wm. H. Drake, and John Redmond.



"THE FOUNDERS OF A STATE"

BY THOMAS HOVENDEN

(From the Catalogue of the Penna. Academy of Fine Arts, by permission)

NEW YORK.—The Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of The American Water Color Society is one of the best that has been held in years. A veritable allegro of tones pervades the exhibition; the cheerfulness of water-color—its radiance—has seldom been carried farther. The Evans prize goes to Irving R. Wiles for his *Green Cushion* (235). The picture shows great dexterity in the handling of wash, but we consider *The Golden Galleon* (428), by Ross Turner, more worthy of the prize. The former is the work of the technician, the latter the creation of an artistic temperament.

Henry B. Snell sustains his reputation with his *Citadel of Quebec* (356), and Walter L. Palmer, with the lightest touch imaginable, creates a snow scene—*A Winter's Dawn* (54)—

Mr. Whittemore also displays great seriousness in his *Portrait* (98), carrying water-color about as far as possible on paper, almost rivalling the amber-like quality of the ivory miniature. Mr. Smedley's illustrations are charming colored drawings, but when in the east gallery his *Lesson in Botany* (106) is hung almost in contiguity to Weldon's *Temple Court at Nikko* (105), we see how arbitrary is Mr. Smedley's color; and when we compare his *Rendezvous* (170) with the half-tone in the catalogue, and see how markedly false in value is the print of it—the hair and yellow foliage behind it coming much darker than in the original—we question whether the making of colored drawings for illustration is a praiseworthy practice, since they are neither well adapted to reproduction nor are they true painting in tone.

THE WAYSIDE PRESS, A
PRINT SHOP at the SIGN of
THE DANDELION, SPRING-
FIELD, MASS., U. S. A. *

*The Wayside Press aims to do careful, correct printing; to make something attractive and out of the ordinary. The work embraces every form of commercial printing such as announcements, catalogs, edition work for publishers, author's private editions, etc. Customers may have the benefit of a large selection of designs, borders, ornaments, initials, etc.

*The Wayside Press also publishes Bradley: His Book, an illustrated magazine devoted mainly to Art, Literature and fine Printing, Mr. Bradley's aim being to make it a high example of the printer's handicraft and the arts related thereto. Printed upon Strathmore deckle edge paper; size of page 8x11 inches. Subscription, \$2.50 per year. Single copies, 25 cents. *All work done at the Wayside Press is under the personal supervision of Mr. Will H. Bradley.



"THE SOURCE" FROM A
LITHOGRAPH BY HANS
THOMA

Hans Thoma and his Work

HANS THOMA AND HIS WORK. BY HANS W. SINGER.

THOMA lived and worked for thirty years unknown and unnamed by public and critics alike. When at length he found an apostle to proclaim his powers, when the public at last acknowledged his genius, the good fortune came too late in life to have any measurable influence upon his development as an artist. To the best of my knowledge, he does not belong to the class of painters who have suffered actual privations in consequence of the world's lack of charity; but his shortcomings are partly the outcome of lack of recognition, for, seeing that the world did not court him, a certain spirit of contradiction seems to have seized him, and persuaded him to hold even its just demands in contempt.

Hans Thoma was born on the 2nd of October 1839 at Bernau, a small village in the Black Forest. This region is famous for its watchmaking industries, and Thoma, as a child of poor people, was at first engaged in the business. He had at an early age disclosed a natural talent for design and colour, in consequence of which he was set to decorating the faces of watches and clocks.

During leisure hours he contrived to fill many sketch-books with landscape studies of the country thereabout, peopling them with the peasants and labourers among whom he lived. These drawings came by chance to the notice of Schirmer, who was at that time director of the Academy at Karlsruhe. During the first half of our century Schirmer was at the height of his fame as a landscape painter. Starting from Romanticism, he, under the influence of prolonged

Italian journeys, drifted gradually into the classic style, with its flowing lines and its absence of intimacy and feeling. Although to-day we do not rate his artistic impulses among the highest, he seems, nevertheless, to have been a good teacher, and was not blind to talent when it came his way. He recognised Thoma's talent at once, secured the Grand Duke of Baden's interest in the youth, and obtained for him admission to the Academy at Karlsruhe.

Thoma remained at this institution from 1859 to 1869, most of the time under Schirmer. I have never seen paintings of this earlier period by him, and do not believe that many are extant. Schirmer's influence upon Thoma was probably sufficiently strong for the time being, since it was through him that the student was actually made acquainted with the technicalities and primary



"THE WATER SPIRIT"

FROM A PAINTING BY HANS THOMA

Hans Thoma and his Work

principles of art. But this influence must have waned soon, and, indeed, when once beyond the reach of personal impression, there cannot have remained much to attract this vigorous son of the soil, sprung from a thoroughly Teutonic peasant stock, to Schirmer, whose artistic inclinations tended towards colourless, premeditated classicism.

Upon Schirmer's death Thoma came into contact with the painter Straschiripa, better known under his assumed name of Canon. Canon's inspirations were truly second-hand. Among others he imitated Rubens; but he imitated the letter and not the spirit. His colouring, in trying to vie with that of the old master, acquired a lustre which is best characterised by the word "stagey." Its richness is not genuine. Some of the earlier works of Thoma—the peasant woman and her daughter reading, Italian girl looking upon a lake, fruit pieces, &c.—seem to speak of the influence of Canon, for

in them the hard, inharmonious gamut of glaring colours recurs. The figures are over-modelled, and whether indoors or out, they are seen in a studio light. But fortunately such reminiscences occur seldom, and the less said about his Canon period the better.

At the end of the sixties, Thoma visited Düsseldorf for a short while—short, because he found no one there who could understand his disposition and further him. Then he went to Paris. The *paysage intime*, Rousseau, Corot, Courbet, impressed him greatly, and it was in the presence of works of this kind that his own individuality disclosed itself clearly to himself. Those artists were felt to be his real fellows; they too stood aloof from popular art, and what they produced was personal and subjective. He did not feel persuaded to imitate any one of them, but he felt that he must, like them, become true to himself.

His nature was such as could not profit by outside influence, and if he were to do anything at all, it must be done regardless of painters and public.

From Paris he returned to his native country, lived at Munich for a few years, and settled finally at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in which town he resides at the present day. The presence of a few intimate friends, as well as the close proximity to the country of his birth, attracted him to this town. He longed to be near the scenery with which his visions of beauty in art had become wedded from early youth.

At Frankfort Thoma worked industriously year after year, spending the summer either in the Black Forest or the Spessart, and latterly in the Taunus hills—all of them only a few hours' journey from this town. But he was hardly heard of, and never gained general approbation. With the exception of the few friends who appreciated his



"THE BANKS OF THE NIDDA"

FROM A PAINTING BY HANS THOMA

Hans Thoma and his Work



"RIDGE IN THE BLACK FOREST"

FROM A PAINTING BY HANS THOMA

work and hailed each new painting or drawing with delight, no one among his colleagues admitted him to be more than odd and queer. The general public could not pass any opinion at all, for jury after jury rejected his pictures, so that they were seldom to be seen.

Art, from being a Cinderella in the household of German culture, gradually rose to a position of superlative importance. In the incessant war between artists and public the former had heretofore suffered considerably, since they underrated their enemy and treated him only with contempt. The artist was above arguing with the public ; he was above trying to teach it. The public revenged itself by neglecting him, and forcing him to produce bad work, since it would not buy the good. But now art became a "movement." Instead of desultory production, artists united their forces to attack and subdue the common foe, to impress him to such an extent that he would confess him-

self a suitor and not a dictator. Waving the banner of naturalism, the phalanx of modern artists swept the public before them, forced it to see as they saw, forced it to own that the artist, and not the public, has a right to determine in what grooves art should proceed.

Naturally, the man who during this period would not enlist in the general uprising, who preferred quietly to wander along his own path, could not hope to attract attention. The single voice of Thoma could not be heard in the din of the battle. He soon refrained from raising it at all ; frequent disappointments brought him to the point of no longer sending his pictures to exhibitions. But he never ceased in his work.

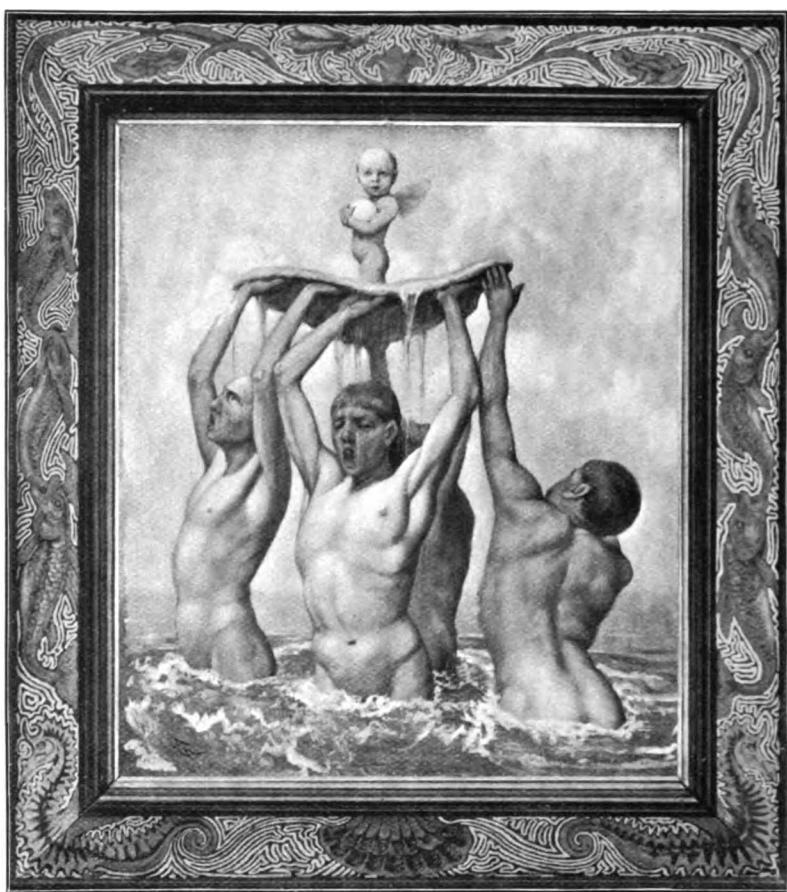
From the moment, however, that the artists had established their victory, the war cry of "naturalism," which had led them on to it, was heard no more. The personal, individual artist could then again enter upon his rights—if he found

Hans Thoma and his Work

any advocate for them. Thoma found such an advocate in the critic Thode, who was at that time director of the Picture Gallery at Frankfort, and is now a professor at the University of Heidelberg.

Artists sometimes entertain no very kindly feeling towards writers on art. In their just anger with critics, who arrogate to themselves the right of telling an artist how he should have done his work, they forget that the real writer on art, misnamed critic, has quite a different aim, and is their best friend. For he takes upon himself the duty of mediating between artist and public. Without him, we may say, the true artist is nowhere. True art (in opposition to painted illustration, chromos, and all vulgar practices to which colours and brushes are put) is a difficult matter to comprehend. When the public, composed of people whose daily avocations occupy almost all of their energies, is suddenly put face to face with a true work of art, it can no more form a just opinion of it, than it could if placed, unprepared, face to face with a phonograph. Just as the electrician must explain the working of the natural forces, so must the "critic" explain the working of the artistic forces which come into play in the production of a picture. True artists have become popular—as far as a true artist can become popular—only after the eyes of the public have been opened by some critic. Such artists as find no apostle to proclaim their creed, die unattended. Millet left his family in poverty; but after his death critics dwelt at length upon the beauties of his pictures, and then the public paid enormous prices for them.

I am sure that Thoma would have remained unknown to this day, had he not found so able a supporter in Thode. The public has not by any means been won altogether, but the Thoma community is increasing as time progresses, and there



"THE PEARL"

FROM A PAINTING BY HANS THOMA

is hope that final success will replace the disappointments with which his earlier years abounded.

The element of nationality is most strongly pronounced in Thoma's art. He is the genuine child of his soil; grown up with the sentiments, the thoughts and the longings of the men and women among whom he was born, among whom his intellectual life was gradually developed. He has never felt attracted by anything beyond his sphere. The marvellous technical achievements of Paris that have bewildered a whole generation of German artists, so that they forthwith strove to acquire them, have left him unmoved. The culture of other countries has not interested him to such a degree as to interrupt the consistency of his artistic conceptions. Antique art in its serene, majestic, stylistic beauty has never overwhelmed him, and he did not stray into the imitation of classic ideals. Even experiences of so concrete a nature as a visit to Italy, which remodels perhaps four artists out of every five, made no impression upon him recognisable in his works. He remains truly German and

Hans Thoma and his Work

incorporates one of the most distinctive and amiable traits in the national character, the love for the dreamy poesy of the household tale.

In our *fin de siècle* pursuit of intellectual pleasure, we have cultivated our nerves to such an extent, we have so subtly refined them, that the very act of enjoying is almost a strain. Our modern books appeal at times to an abnormally developed fancy ; at others, they analyse psychological processes in so delicate a fashion that to follow them leaves us almost exhausted. Then it happens that we long to breathe the spirit of those wonderful tales, written half for children, half for grown up folk, in which the stories of the unfortunate Melusine and of the beautiful Magelone, the sore trials of poor St. Genevieve, the adventurous lives of the four sons of Aymon, or of the Emperor Octavianus are told. In these tales heroes and fair ladies entertain no extravagant sentiments, and accept whatever turns fate may have in store for them in

a sober manner ; much as we might, if suddenly put in their place. To sit down by the fireside, amongst old and young unsophisticated people, and listen to such stories, affords us true pleasure. Here delicate subtleties are missing, the wings of fancy are somewhat cropped, and all extravagance is precluded. But what there is of the new and wonderful is made all the more convincing by its being so little removed from the real. There is no strain in this enjoyment ; it is simple and wholesome.

Thoma is the poet-painter of such hearths. To the folk that cluster around them he offers visions of beauty that harmonise with these tales. Pray, do not think, by any means, that his paintings stoop to the mere illustration of them. It is rather that his pictures excite in us the same sensations as those we glean from the books. *The Guardian of the Valleys*, *The Source*, *The Porter of the Garden of Love*, *The Pearl*, *The Archers*, are all cues to make us live again our child life and revel in wonders which



"THE WONDERS OF SPRING"

FROM A PAINTING BY HANS THOMA

Hans Thoma and his Work



"THE DAUGHTERS OF THE RHINE"

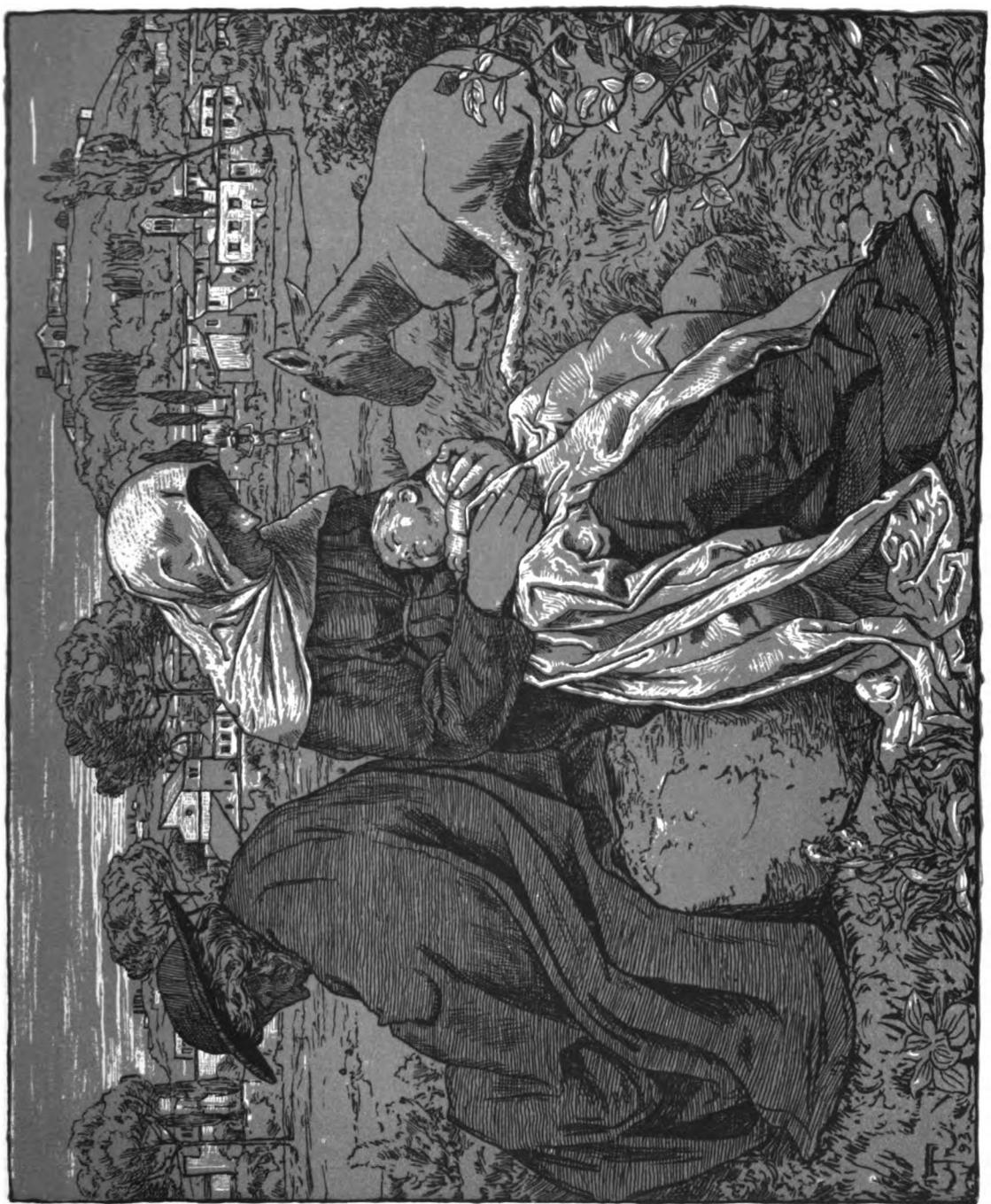
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY HANS THOMA

are barely more than nature—cues to make us delight in wholesome pleasures, adequate to a simple, sound mind.

The same straightforwardness and simplicity which characterise his conception are apparent in his method of painting. His technical skill is sufficient, but he does not parade it. The sentiment of his work is that which fills his own soul. He believes that wherever technical virtuosity exists it so encompasses the attention of the person who looks at the painting that he cannot go beyond it to the real core of the work. Living at a time during which the vivid presentation of reality came to be considered the principal object in art, he and his point of view were disregarded. One class of virtuosi followed upon the other, impressionists relieved *plein-airists*, and others relieved them in turn, all bent upon the one object of cultivating technique to a maximum grade of naturalism. They are the orators of the schools,

who carefully weigh each word, file sentence after sentence, until the very architecture of their speech makes us forget what they are trying to build up. Thoma represents the tribune, speaking a crude but straightforward and powerful vernacular. He contemns refinements of technical skill. He does not deem it important to paint a tree as like to a real tree as it could possibly be. He thinks it vital to paint it rather unlike an actual tree perhaps, but such as would excite in us the feelings we had as we lay under it, as we gazed into the deep sky through hundreds of restless, glittering leaves, whose rustle coaxed our idle thoughts into the realm of fancy.

Thoma has at times gone too far in his disregard of technical accomplishments. As I hinted at the beginning, the neglect which he suffered because he did not join the modern movement in art, may be the cause of this. Out of a spirit of opposition he not only despised virtuosoship, but even under-



Hans Thoma and his Work

rated technical ability altogether. Sometimes he draws badly ; it is not because he cannot do better, for there are plenty of instances which prove the contrary. But since all his contemporaries laid so much more stress on verisimilitude than they ought to have, he laid less. However, if too elaborate technique withdraws our attention from the real artistic qualities of a painting, imperfect technique will do this also. When we see misshapen extremities, ill-proportioned bodies, the possibility of our extracting the sentiment buried in the work is small.

This is perhaps the one drawback of Thoma's secluded life. Intercourse with fellow-artists would have probably shown him this deficiency more plainly, and would have induced him to perfect himself as a draughtsman. As it is, it seems that his early training did not provide him with sufficient mastery over form, and he did not in later years increase it. At any rate, his works are very unequal.

One failing, however, that appeared in his early work has vanished completely. He has cultivated a keen sense of colour. There is no longer any harshness in his paintings ; they are rich but har-

monious, and in addition he possesses an eye for that decorative colour combination rarely to be met with in Germany, though common enough in England and France. He will, for example, use two colours in a simple floral border, choosing the tints with such consummate skill that the very juxtaposition of the two is alone enough to give us pleasure. He has often produced works in which naturalism of colour is totally abandoned and all objects painted within an arbitrary chord of beautiful hues.

Some people have admired Thoma's versatility. He has indeed painted all manner of subjects, but I think it is because the subject, as a story, is nothing to him. Whether he chooses a *Flight into Egypt*, a *Temptation of Christ*, a *Group of Dancing Children*, an allegory of *Spring*, or a simple Taunus landscape, his one object always remains the same. He only wishes to raise in us the voice that calls us away to a distant land, where words hint at wonders, and where we enjoy, we know not how or why.

About four years ago Thoma began to do black-and-white work. At that time there was a general revival. Klinger and Greiner were beginning to be known,



"SINGING ANGELS"

FROM A PAINTING BY HANS THOMA

Portraits of British Artists

and showed us work far superior in conception and technical mastery to what was then produced by others in Germany. The achievements of foreign countries were also introduced. Parisian work proved especially interesting, as the prints of Carrière, Chéret, Lunois, Helleu, and the Estampe Originale demonstrated that beyond the Vosges, black-and-white art was coming to life again. The improvement upon earlier men was especially plain in the case of lithography. New artists had managed to obtain new effects and the technique of lithography was skilfully developed.

Extremes meet. Thoma chose lithography because it allowed of the greatest simplicity of technique. He remained true to himself and eschewed all subtleties here as in painting. He depended only on simple strong line and spare modelling. Some of his portraits—for instance, those of his mother, of Miss Sattler—are very powerful and good. Many of his lithographs, all of which appeared only in small editions, were afterwards coloured by hand and gave him an opportunity of displaying his splendid decorative taste. He lithographs borders of angels' heads, floral designs, and the like, which he pastes upon his picture frames and colours in this manner. The portrait of himself, now in the Royal Gallery at Dresden, furnishes a brilliant example of this. Lately he has experimented with algraphy (a process in which aluminium plates are used instead of stones) and with colour-printing.

Though beginning to be well advanced in years, Thoma is as active as ever, and we may therefore hope to receive many a fine new work at his hands, though none of them will probably alter the aspect of his artistic personality.

SOME PORTRAITS OF BRITISH ARTISTS AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON. BY LIONEL CUST.

ALL visitors to Florence are familiar with the galleries devoted to portraits of artists of all nations, painted by their own hands. The collection was commenced by Cardinal Leopoldo de Medicis, whose nephew, Cosimo the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany, built a special room in 1681 to receive this collection, which has been steadily added to ever since. The number of artists represented is very large, and at first sight it may seem to the spectator that the presence of an artist's portrait in this collection does not go very

far to establish a claim to a niche in the Temple of Fame. The portraits are, however, most interesting as a collection, and worthy of more study than can be given to them by the passing student. For obvious reasons a painter's own personality has ever presented a ready theme for the exercise of his art. Some may have painted their own portrait from mere vanity, some as a gift to a friend, some for a commission, like that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; others have done so in order to practise their art at a time when circumstances did not permit of the use of any other model. Anyhow, there are but few artists who have not, from some motive or another, registered their own features, and bequeathed them as autographs to posterity. Raphael, Titian, Bellini, Velazquez, Albert Dürer, Holbein, Hals, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, have all raised their own monument in this fashion; and in cases where such portraiture is not forthcoming, it is an assumption to say that it never existed.

When the long-looked-for opportunity came for the re-arrangement of the National Portrait Gallery in its new home by St. Martin's Church, special consideration was given to the collection of artists' portraits, in order that it might be seen whether there were enough of them to form a separate gallery. As it turned out, there was ample material for such a selection, although the majority of the portraits were not painted by the artists themselves. Still there remained about thirty-two portraits of artists, drawn or painted by themselves, and sufficient to form the nucleus of such a collection as that in the Uffizi, only, in the case of the National Portrait Gallery, strictly limited to artists of British birth or naturalisation.

Two of the earliest painters of known British origin are represented by autograph portraits in the Gallery, William Dobson (1610–1646) and Robert Walker (died 1660). Portraits by themselves are known of many artists, mostly of foreign extraction, who practised painting in England, such as Van Dyck, Mytens, Cornelius Jansen, Isaac Oliver, and Hilliard, the miniature-painter. Somewhere in Lord Fitzwilliam's house at Milton Abbey there is said to be an autograph portrait of George Gower, serjeant-painter to Queen Elizabeth, who obtained a special privilege for the painting of the queen's portrait, and yet has not left a single portrait authenticated by his name. With Dobson and Walker, however, the series in the National Portrait Gallery commences. Both of these painters have been most unjustly treated by the historians of art. Working as they did under the shadow of

Portraits of British Artists

Van Dyck, they have been ignored, and their work merged in that of others. The various portraits by these two artists in the National Portrait Gallery show them both to have been men of undoubted genius as painters, the portraits of Endymion Porter by Dobson and of Oliver Cromwell with a page by Walker being two of the most important pictures in the collection. They both show the

shop of Messrs. Peake, the print and picture dealers, the work of a painter which struck his fancy. This artist was Dobson, who through Van Dyck's patronage rose to be serjeant-painter to the king, and attended the court during its temporary residence at Oxford. His life, however, ended prematurely and unhappily. Of Robert Walker little is known outside his paintings. His chief claim to notoriety hitherto has been due to the various portraits of Oliver Cromwell and other Parliamentarian leaders, which it was his good fortune to paint. Their merits, however, have been but little recognised, so that it is to be hoped that the admirable portrait of himself in the Portrait Gallery, and the equally excellent one of William Faithorne, may go some way towards establishing his position as a painter.

In the same room as the portrait of Walker hangs that of a painter who is far better known to the world, Sir Peter Lely. Lely was a remarkably handsome man, and the number of portraits of himself which he painted may perhaps be due to a pardonable pleasure in contemplating his own features, although in his later days he had little leisure for such an occupation. There is no portrait of Lely's contemporary rival and successor, Sir Godfrey Kneller; but

W. DOBSON

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF

influence of Van Dyck, and yet both display a kind of Dutch fondness for subdued and negative colours. A portrait group of Dobson and his wife by himself is at Hampton Court, and a similar group was lent by Mr. C. T. D. Crews to the last Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy. Single portraits of Dobson by himself, like the one in this Gallery, are to be found in other collections. The story is well known how Van Dyck was strolling down Snow Hill to Holborn, when he saw in the

painters in the reign of Queen Anne are well represented by Jonathan Richardson, a sterling British painter, the merit of whose portraits is obscured in many cases by the dull and conventional character of the costume and favourite postures of the day. Richardson was a pupil of Riley, another English painter of great merit; and as Richardson was the instructor of Hudson, who in his turn imparted something of his art to the young Joshua Reynolds, the stream of British art may be said to have flown

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unbroken from Riley to Reynolds. A good honest old fellow was Richardson, thoroughly British, an exponent of the Bible and of Milton, and it is to be feared on this account occasionally an undoubted bore to Pope and other friends with whom he was wont to associate at the coffee houses. Both Richardson and his son of the same name were addicted to portraying themselves, and the portrait of the father by himself is a good example of his skill.

Next in order of date comes the famous little portrait of William Hogarth, seated in his studio and painting *The Comic Muse*. This charming little picture was sold by Hogarth to Lord Camden, and was purchased for the Portrait Gallery in 1869. Small as it is, it is almost perfect as a work of art, and has all the elements of a larger portrait about it. The light is beautifully managed, and the whole texture and handling is worthy of one of the best Dutch artists. A tribute to its merit has been paid by the eminent American wood engraver, Mr. Timothy Cole, who, on commencing a series of "masterpieces of British art" for *The Century* magazine, selected this portrait as the most admirable specimen of British art which he could find.

In the same room with the portrait of Hogarth hangs a humorous picture representing Francis Hayman, the jovial royal academician, showing off one of his paintings to the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. In this group Hayman has illustrated well the eager look of himself as artist and vendor and the genial dilettantism of the distinguished statesman.

The portraits hitherto mentioned find their places in the chronological sequence of portraits on the top floor of the new Gallery. On the first floor it has been found possible to group together the portraits of artists, Gallery XVII. being wholly, and Galleries XIX. and XXI. partially, given up to them. Gallery XVII. may be said to be the Florentine Gallery in miniature, and contains autograph portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Joseph Wright of Derby, James Barry, Sir William Beechey, Opie, Angelica Kauffmann, John Jackson, John Raphael Smith, Zoffany, Nathaniel Hone, Northcote, George Morland, and Mortimer.

First and foremost comes the well-known portrait of the youthful Joshua Reynolds, shading his eyes from the light, as he looks up towards it from his easel. This portrait, once in the possession of Mr. Lane, of Coffleet, is supposed to have been painted soon after his return to Devonshire in 1746. It is difficult to place it at a later date in

his life, yet the mouth shows a peculiarity in the form of the upper lip, which was due to an accident with which the painter met at Minorca in 1749, and which is very evident in all his later portraits. This peculiarity is not apparent in the small portrait of Reynolds presented to the Gallery by Lord Ronald Gower, which, even if it is not painted by Reynolds himself, is an attractive likeness of the painter in early youth.

Although the name of Sir Joshua Reynolds is inseparably connected with the Royal Academy, it is well known that he had a quarrel with that body, which ended in his temporary resignation of the presidency. It is curious that the painters whose autograph portraits hang in immediate vicinity to those of Reynolds in this Gallery, all found themselves, at some period of their career, in antagonism to the Royal Academy. On one side hangs the portrait of James Barry, whose strange misdirected genius and impulsive nature finally led to his actual expulsion from the ranks of the academicians; on the other that of Joseph Wright, (Wright of Derby), who was an associate for three years, but on being elected an academician in 1784 declined the proffered honour and withdrew altogether from the Academy. This refusal on the part of Wright seems to have been due to the bad hanging of his pictures in the Exhibition, and his annoyance at an artist whom he considered inferior to him, being preferred to him on a previous occasion. The portraits of both these painters, however, are successful tributes to their skill in their art. Barry, clad in a dark red-brown coat, turns to look round at the spectator away from his easel and a cast of the Vatican torso, by which two fellow students of his, Paine, the architect, and Lefevre, a Frenchman, are standing. Wright, clad in a remarkable coat of rather yellowish green, turns round also to look at the spectator, while he rests his left arm on a portfolio. Wright's portrait is a masterly study of light, in the reflections and cross-reflections of which he took a special delight. Both portraits show the painters in the prime of their youth, and, curiously enough, both painters have very similar pale-brown eyes. Near the portrait of Reynolds also hangs a small portrait of Gainsborough, not much larger than a good-sized miniature, very carefully and elegantly painted, and probably the small portrait mentioned by Fulcher as in the possession of William Clarke. It was acquired at Bath for Lord Ronald Gower, who presented it to the Gallery. In the later portrait of Gainsborough, which is in the possession of the Royal Academy, the same features can be traced.

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On the same wall hangs a portrait of John Zoffany, the Bohemian artist, and one of the most successful portrait-painters of the last century, whose merits as an artist are at last recognised. He owed much of his fame to Garrick and the theatre, and also to his sojourn in India. Zoffany cannot be classed in the ranks of genius with such artists as Reynolds and Gainsborough. His art does not appeal to the sentiments or emotions of the human heart. However, so excellent a painter of portraits was he, that it is a matter of regret not to find in the collection of national portraits better examples of his art than those

of the Earl of Sandwich, Sir Elijah Impey, and himself.

On the same wall also are to be seen two portraits, one by himself, of the parsimonious recluse, James Northcote, the pupil and biographer of Reynolds. Northcote, in addition to his innumerable sitters, painted several portraits of himself, apparently delighting to portray his pinched and nervous face, which, as Fuseli rudely put it, looked like a rat which had seen a cat. The profile portrait here is not one of his most successful renderings of his own features. Next to Barry hangs the bluff Irish face of Nathaniel Hone, in a weird blue



WILLIAM HOGARTH

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF

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coat, who had his own imbroglio with the Royal Academy, where he exhibited a picture which was said to cast a doubt upon the fair fame of the president and the lady academician, Angelica Kauffmann. Angelica herself hangs on a neighbouring wall, one of the many charming bits of vanity with which that over-written and over-rated artist strove to make herself immortal. It is indeed a winsome face, and, if not in any way so attractive as the well-known portrait of herself in the Uffizi, is yet a compensation for the acres of insipid sugary art which she diffused over society in her day.

On the same wall with Angelica hangs the large unfinished portrait of George Romney, by himself, which remained in the possession of his descendants until May 1894, when, through the kindly interposition of Mr. Agnew, it was secured for the nation. As is told in the biography of the painter by his son, Romney, when 48 years of age, began this portrait in the autumn of 1782, and afterwards gave it to Hayley. Hayley, however, carried the

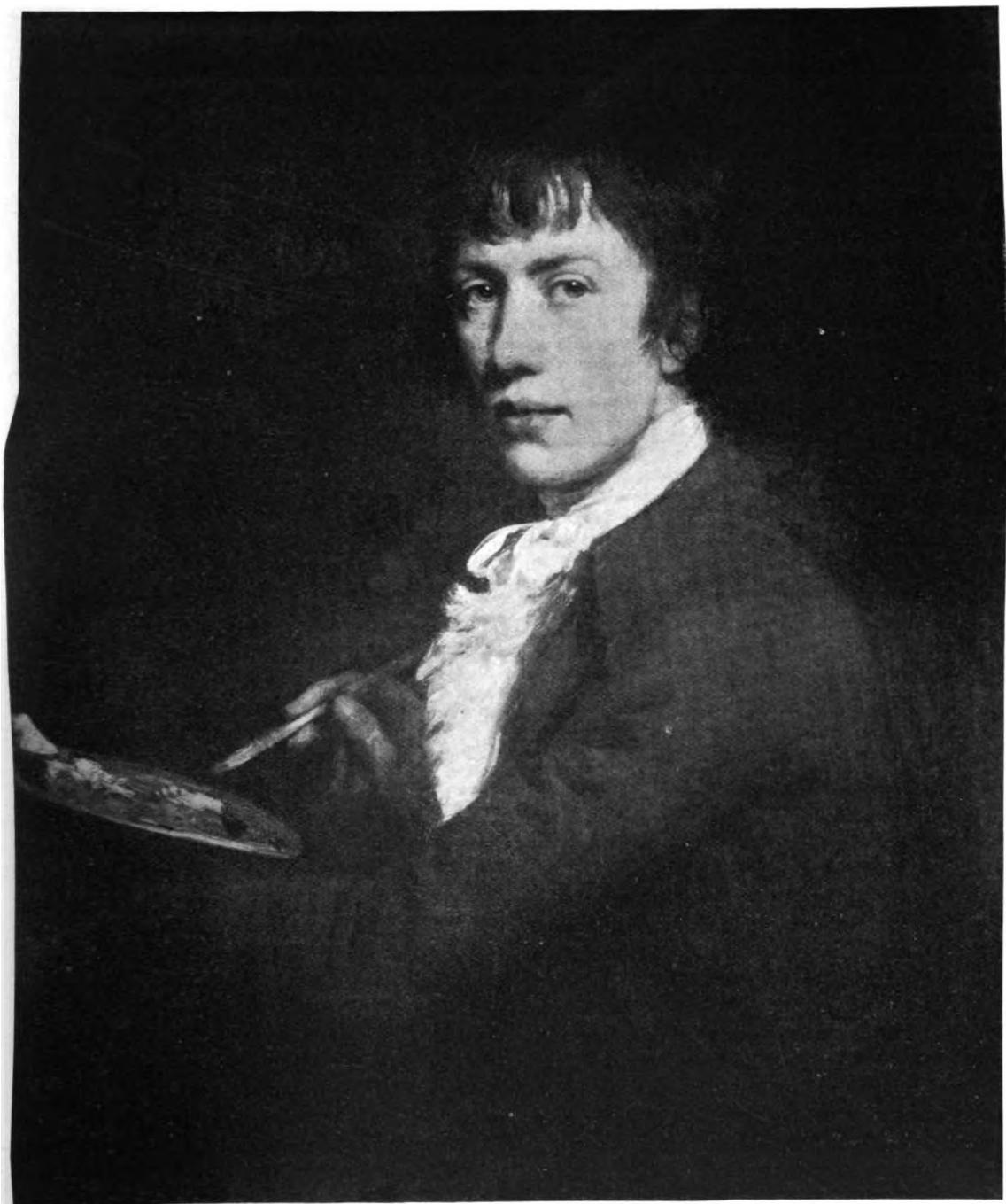
portrait off to Earham, and refused to allow Romney to add anything to it. This entrancing portrait is said to be extremely like the painter, and is full of character. The peculiar nature of the man is shown in every feature. Years afterwards his son wrote the following sonnet upon this picture, more remarkable, perhaps, for its filial piety than its poetic worth :

Semblance exact of Him, who erst had skill
To stay the wasting hand of Time, and save
The living form of life, while in the grave
The sad remains their destin'd lot fulfil—
When I behold thee thus, unchanged still,
In musing mood, and with an aspect grave,
I could almost with pleasing rapture rave
At the fond sight ; till sad reflections fill
My soul with grief. O hours of past delight
For ever gone ! When I beheld his hand
Dash on the canvas with creative might
Visions of fancy, as by magic wand !
Picture, nine lustrums now have quickly passed by
Since first I saw thee thus—Alas ! how chang'd
am I !

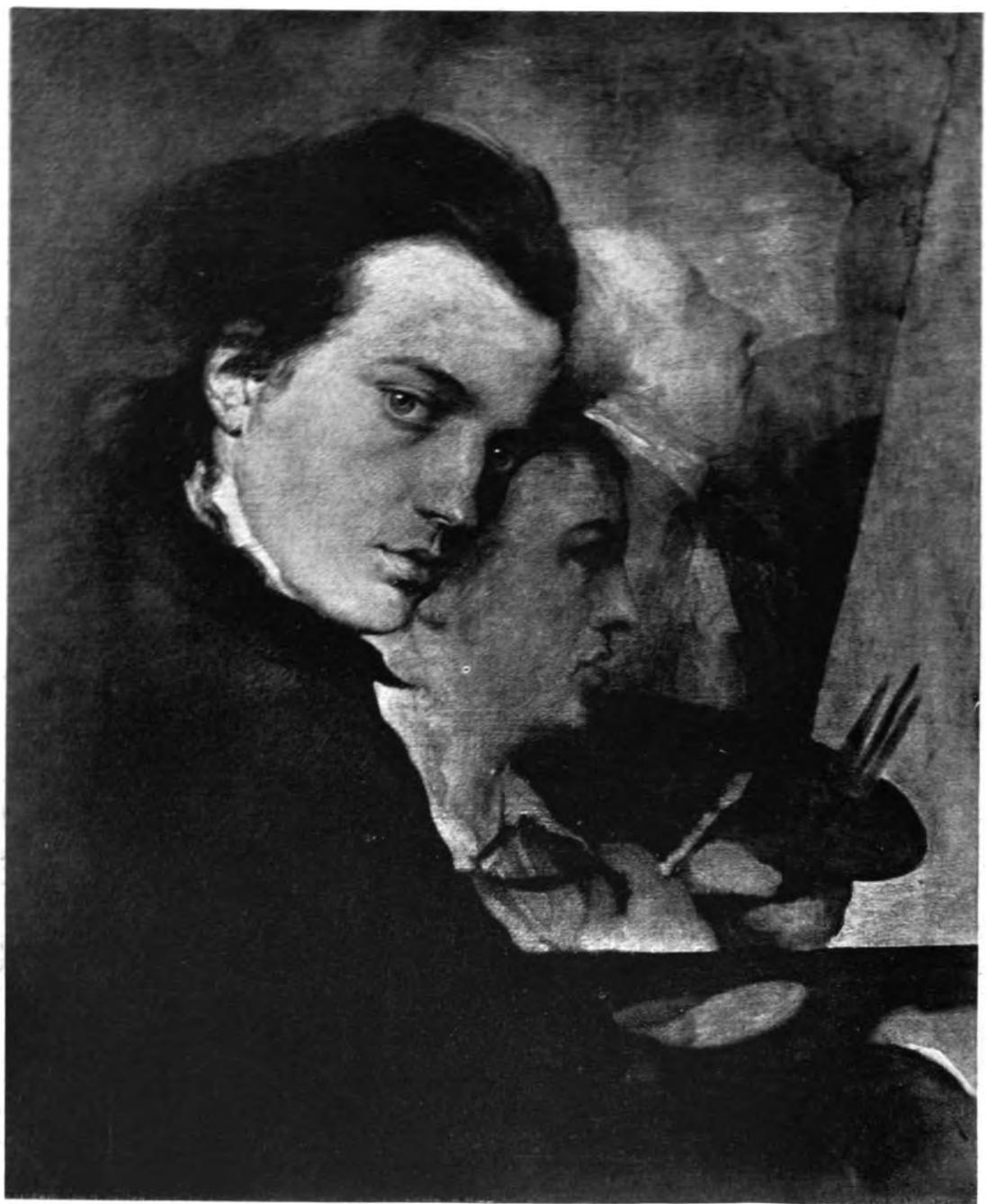


SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF



JOHN OPIE. FROM
THE PORTRAIT BY
HIMSELF



J. BARRY. FROM THE
PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF



J. WRIGHT OF DERBY.
FROM THE PORTRAIT
BY HIMSELF



G. ROMNEY. FROM THE
PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF

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The same wall also holds portraits by themselves of Sir William Beechey, the portrait-painter at Court, and John Jackson, R.A., both excellent portrait-painters, who, like Zoffany, are now beginning to come to the front in popular estimation. In the same corner is a good crayon by himself of John Raphael Smith, the famous draughtsman, pastelist, and mezzotint engraver. Crossing the Gallery the visitor will find a good portrait of John Opie, "the Cornish Wonder," painted by himself in 1785, when he was 24 years of age. Perhaps no painter has left so many portraits of himself as Opie. Over twenty are catalogued by his biographer, J. J. Rogers. It is probable that Opie, having a

strongly-marked, characteristic face, found it useful for his experiments in pigments. Here he shows himself in a green coat, not so vivid as that of Wright, with curling brown hair, and he gazes round as if proud to think that there are ten portraits of his painting in this Gallery, and that some, such as those of his wife and Mrs. Delany, are amongst the best-painted in this collection.

Close together hang a youthful portrait of George Morland, before debt and drink had ruined his honest features, and a double portrait of John Henry Mortimer, drawing at a frame with an assistant by him. Mortimer was one of those painters whose early promise seemed to masquerade

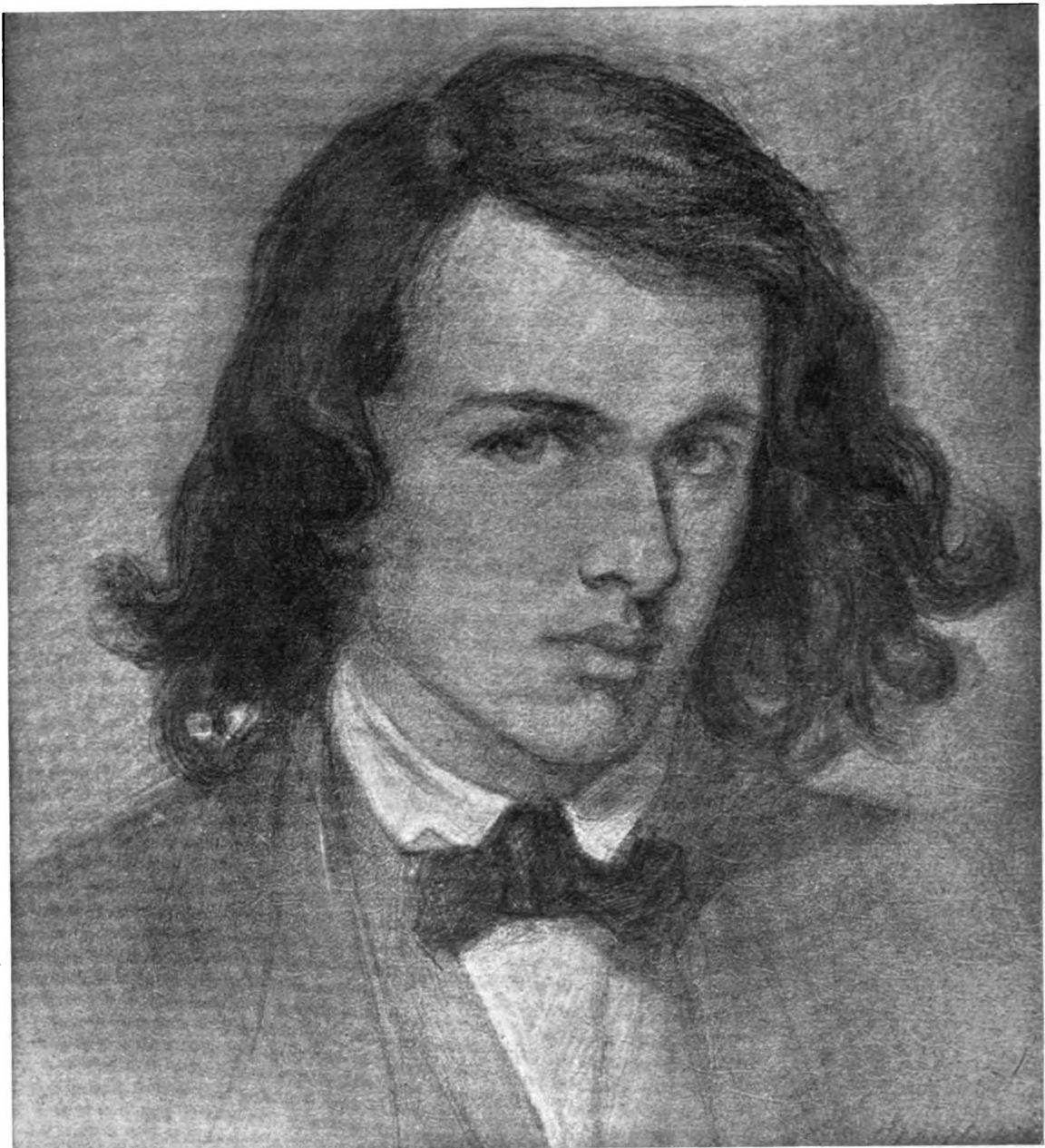
as genius. His premature death saved him from the neglect which is often the lot of a youthful prodigy in later life. A similar portrait of Mortimer is in the possession of the Royal Academy, in which the portrait of Joseph Wilton, the sculptor and Keeper of the Royal Academy, is introduced, looking over Mortimer's shoulder at the drawing on which he is engaged.

Leaving the Gallery in which the last-named portraits are exhibited, another collection of artists' portraits will be found in Room XIX. Among these are autograph portraits of Ann Mary Newton, daughter of Joseph Severn, the painter and friend of Keats, and wife of Charles T. Newton, the archæologist, a tender study in blue of the delicate, refined face of George Chinnery, who is best known by the drawings and paintings done during his residence in China and Macao, of which latter place apparently a view hangs over the chimney-piece behind his head; of James Ward, the animal painter, a downright old Englishman, in a spotted dressing-gown; and a small, painful sketch of the ill-starred Haydon. A portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., by



SIR D. WILKIE

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF



D. G. ROSSETTI. FROM THE
PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF

Portraits of British Artists

Richard Evans almost amounts to a portrait by Lawrence of himself, for it is carefully copied from a portrait, painted by Lawrence for the Royal Academy, and is the handiwork of a man whose long service as assistant to Lawrence rendered him a thorough practitioner in the style of that painter. A hand with palette and brushes was added by Evans to distinguish this portrait from that belonging to the Royal Academy, the transcript being so faithful as to render this distinction necessary.

In the screen-room, or Room XXI., will be found a few autograph portraits of artists on a smaller or slighter scale. A small oil-painting of Wilkie by himself is deserving of careful examination. There are miniatures of Gillray, the caricaturist, by himself, and of Richard Cosway, the dandified miniature-painter, also by his own hand. A drawing of Sir Francis Chantrey by himself, done at an early age, shows the future sculptor at a period when his particular vocation in art was not yet clearly marked out. A small drawing by himself of William Henry Hunt presents features familiar to all students of water-colour painting. One of the most unusual portraits is a drawing by himself of John Constable, the great landscape

painter, done in pencil, with highly tinted rosy cheeks.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting picture in this section is the early portrait of Dante Gabriel Rossetti by himself, drawn about 1846, when he was a student in the Royal Academy. In a recently published memoir his brother, Sir William M. Rossetti, quotes a description of the artist-poet's appearance at this date, given by Mr. Holman Hunt, his friend and contemporary Pre-Raphaelite. He is described as "a young man of decidedly foreign aspect, about five feet seven and a quarter in height, with long brown hair touching his shoulders, not taking care to walk erect, but rolling carelessly as he slouched along, pouting with parted lips, staring with dreaming eyes—the pupils not reaching the bottom lids—grey eyes, not looking directly at any point, but gazing listlessly about; the openings large and oval, the lower orbits dark coloured. His nose was aquiline but delicate, with a depression from the frontal sinus shaping the bridge; the nostrils full, the brow rounded and prominent, and the line of the jaw angular and marked, while still uncovered with beard. The shoulders were not square, but yet fairly masculine in shape." Such was Rossetti at this date, but the



THE TAKING OF EXCALIBUR

FROM A DECORATIVE PAINTING BY JOHN DUNCAN

(See Article upon "Mural Decoration in Scotland")

Mural Decoration in Scotland

long hair soon disappeared. Eventually the whole look gave way to the somewhat careworn features with the deep bar between the eyes, shown in Mr. Watts's somewhat idealised portrait in the same collection.

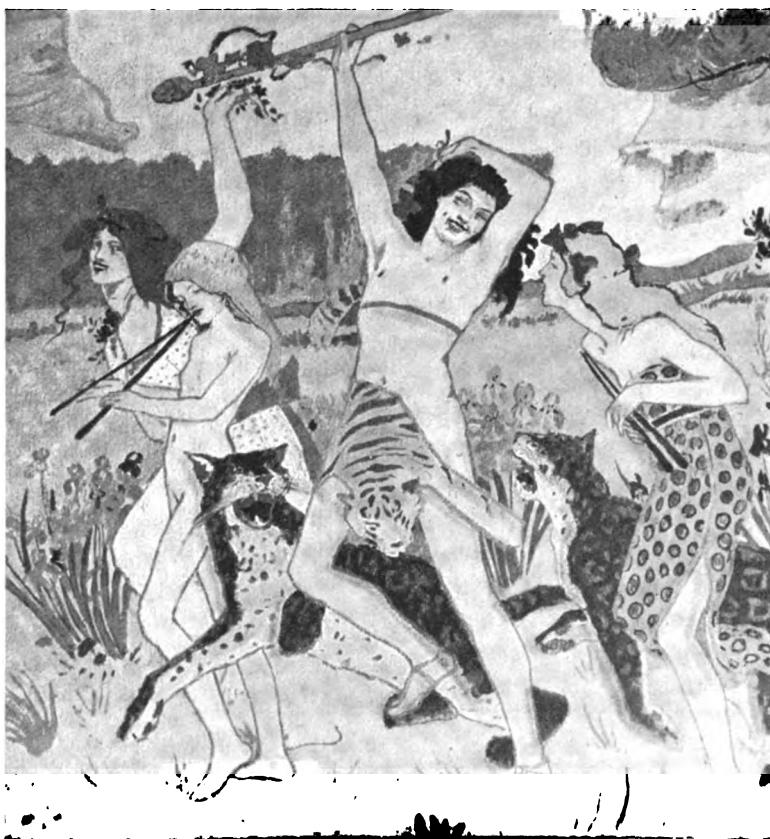
These few notes on an interesting collection of portraits may serve to show that there is material enough within the confines of the National Portrait Gallery to make a national Walhalla of art. Doubtless there exist among the portfolios of artists many studies of their own features. For the purpose of portraiture a mere sketch, such as that of Rossetti, is not unfrequently of greater value than a finished oil-painting. It is a difficult task to select among the numerous votaries of art those who have a claim to national eminence. To some it may seem that a few of those already enumerated are of doubtful worth in the national estimation. Lord Leighton is commemorated by a fine portrait, painted and given by Mr. Watts; but it is impossible not to feel a pang of jealousy that the collection in the Uffizi should possess so magnificent a portrait of Leighton by himself, and so convincing a

monument of his own skill as an artist. The same may be said of his much lamented successor, Sir John Millais, P.R.A. There may be still a Cardinal Leopold de Medicis in England who will make it his hobby to collect the autograph portraits of the artists who have been the chief ornaments of the British School.

MURAL DECORATION IN SCOTLAND. PART I. BY MARGARET ARMOUR.

THE march of intellect has wavered much in the world's history, but the march of art has wavered more. That a nation like ours, posing as the world's mental pioneer, can endure placidly the chaotic ugliness of its manufacturing towns, and the sordidness of its average street everywhere, is a striking proof of the fluctuating advance of æsthetics. Yet the instinct of beauty, though it often sleeps, never dies. From time to time the creative mandate, "Let there be light," goes forth, and what was without form and void resolves itself into ordered loveliness.

At present the architectural sense, lost so long, seems reviving in us. Many have begun genuinely to sorrow over the grotesque proportions, the stupid ornament, the heavy vulgarity that civic folly or the jerry-builder forces upon us, and to cry out, not only for beautiful lines, but for the old joy of colour as well. This joy of colour was one in which the peoples of *la bonne antiquité* revelled without stint. India, Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, painted their dwellings outside and in. The Romans were insensitive to art harmonies, but the barbarous nations who destroyed them loved and strove for gorgeousness of hue. Gothic architecture, by narrowing the flat wall-spaces, arrested for a time the development of mural decoration. But when the architectural craze was over, painting re-com-



BACCHANALIAN PROCESSION FROM A DECORATIVE PAINTING BY JOHN DUNCAN



DECORATIVE PAINTING
ILLUSTRATING THE STORY
OF "ORPHEUS." BY JOHN
DUNCAN

Mural Decoration in Scotland



DECORATIVE PANEL ILLUSTRATING THE
STORY OF "ORPHEUS." BY JOHN DUNCAN

menced, and the brush and the chisel worked inseparably together till the Renaissance. Then the brush sued for divorce. It wanted more scope, more independence than the old union allowed of. The high relief, the linear perspective indispensable to its ambitious realism, architecture would none of. And so the rift grew, until it became a gulf which, with the best will in the world, our artists to-day can hardly cross. The easel picture, originally just a portable bit of coloured wall, as it were, has so utterly lost any organic connection with building, that its only possible part in the architectural

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scheme corresponds to the view through a window, so that easel methods must be largely unlearnt, and other laws than those which concern painting alone must be sympathetically deferred to, if mural art is to live again among us.

Everybody knows what Puvis de Chavannes has done in France, and how adequately he has caught up and continued the best tradition. His frescoes in the Pantheon are not only beautiful in themselves and sympathetically just to the architectural plan; they are drawn to scale with the architect's conception, and impress with the same vastness as the building that contains them. Sir Frederic



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Leighton's frescoes of "Peace" and "War" at South Kensington, though on a different level, have identified a prominent name with the mural movement, and the decoration of St. Paul's by Mr. Richmond, and of the Manchester Town Hall by Ford Madox Brown, are public recognitions of this almost disused art.

But while the revival in France and England is watched with general interest, the public seem hardly to know that, in Scotland, Edinburgh is as busy making art history on her walls as Glasgow is busy making it on her easels.

"The grey old metropolis of the North" had been getting greyer year by year with freestone and slate, when suddenly, on the east slope of the Castle Hill, a bright-hued pile arose, shocking, with its red roofs and gilded spire, the devotees of drab. Professor Geddes, the promoter of the innovation, smiled from his heights, and well he might, for Ramsay Garden is now one of the town's chief show places. The site, the architecture, the function of the building (which is partly that of a University settlement, and partly of a residential *rendezvous* of choice literary and artistic spirits), have much to do with its vogue; but perhaps a more permanent and unique attraction than all these is the mural art which it now enshrines.

The first treasure secured was a frieze in the hall of Professor Geddes' home, by Mr. John Duncan. The subject is *The Evolution of Pipe Music*, portrayed in a procession round the four walls. Heading it is poor Syrinx, transformed into the reed with which Pan made shift to console himself, a fit beginning: sorrow and solace, song's root and flower. Then comes Pan as instructor of Apollo. And



DECORATIVE PANEL ILLUSTRATING "THE JOURNEY OF ST. MUNGO"

BY JOHN DUNCAN

so the wonder grows and spreads, until it is common to king and clown. In the next section of the frieze, the pipes swell through the glades of Arcady, and Corydon and Thyrsis attune them to youth and love. *The Crossing of the Red Sea* and a spirited Bacchanalian procession lead to the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*. The tragic note struck when "the door in the mountain-side shut fast," deepens to *The Coronach of Claverhouse*, where it dies away among the Highland hills. *The Bacchanalian Procession*, reproduced here, shows Mr. Duncan's genius for the blending of dramatic and decorative treatment. The colour in the whole series is very beautiful, the drawing able and full of style. The feeling for movement is wonderful,

Mural Decoration in Scotland

and the figures are most skilfully grouped. The forms are courageously conventionalised, and architectural claims admitted.

Mr. Duncan's next considerable work was the decoration of the Common-room of Ramsay Lodge University Hall. This was a much bigger undertaking, and meant the painting of seven large panels. The subjects are drawn from Celtic history. The first is *The Awakening of Cuchullin*. Cuchullin, the hero of an ancient cycle of Gaelic Saga, wakes refreshed from the fever and the wounds of battle after three days' sleep under the guard of his father Lerg, of Faerieland. The second is *The Combat of Fionn* (Fingal) with Swaran, the Scandinavian. The third is *The Taking of Excalibur*. This is one of the finest of the set, and is reproduced here. The picture tells Tennyson's story, translating the poetry of words into the poetry of paint. The colour-scheme is violet, pale green, lemon, yellow and red. Fourth, we have *The Journey of St. Mungo* (also reproduced here). St. Mungo is taking, to be buried at Glasgow, the

dead St. Fergus, in a waggon drawn by untamed bulls. The fifth panel is *The Vision of Johannes Scotus Erirena*, a weird presentment of the sage's vision of his own naked soul sweeping past him in a flame to perdition. The sixth and last of the executed panels shows *Michael Scot* translating Aristotle with that "maistre o' maistres" standing behind him. The last of the panels, still blank, is to be devoted to *The Admirable Crichton*.

Throughout this series Mr. Duncan has adopted an extremely ornamental method. He has conventionalised in the ancient Celtic taste of the *Book of Kells*. The borders, even more markedly in the same taste, are the work of Miss Helen Hay and other members of the Old Edinburgh School of Art, of which Mr. Duncan is director.

At present, Mr. Duncan is doing for Mr. James Beveridge, of Pitreavie Castle, Dunfermline, a series of mural decorations based on the story of Orpheus, as told by Henryson of Dunfermline, which, as far as they have gone, are most characteristic and beautiful.

Mr. Duncan's mural work is only slightly modelled—has, indeed, just about the same relief as that of Puvis de Chavannes. His arrangements are more ornamental than that artist's, and his ornament is more employed in detail. The tone of his colour, remarkably low and subtle in his earlier paintings, is similar, but less monochromatic.

But comparisons are the last thing suggested by Mr. Duncan. His charm is that there is nobody like him. He is thoroughly individual. Classic restraint marks his composition and technique, while the dramatic intensity of his treatment betrays the fervour of the Celtic temperament. His hand shapes and orders his phantasy, and his phantasy gives verve to his hand.

Mr. Duncan's twin star in the strikingly decorative departure on Castle Hill is



"O LANG, LANG MAY THE LADIES SIT"

DECORATIVE PANEL BY CHARLES H. MACKIE

Mural Decoration in Scotland



"THE CALL TO ARMS"

DECORATIVE PANEL BY CHARLES H. MACKIE

Mr. Charles H. Mackie. One is so accustomed to the haphazard landscape whose charms come often so much "more from luck than good guidance," that a reasoned and calculated landscape design brings one up with quite a shock of surprise—and pleasure.

Nobody with the slightest eye for art could be in Professor Geddes' drawing-room and miss Mr. Mackie's two landscape panels. The audacious forms and colour-schemes are justified by complete success, and, arresting as they are in themselves, they are perfectly harmonious with the room, whose artistic intention they catch and accentuate.

Less brilliantly coloured, but equally strong in their handling, are the series in the ante-drawing-room. Still another room in Professor Geddes' house has become a small art gallery

through Mr. Mackie's genius. From the numerous panels that decorate it one is reproduced here. It is a season pastoral, a delightful representation of early summer. The tone, as always with Mr. Mackie, is adapted to the colour of the wall, and the modelling flattened out of deference to the architectural lines; for the central idea of mural painting as one part of an organic whole has been firmly grasped.

Summer, of which an illustration is given on page 106, expresses charmingly Mr. Mackie's intense love of things youthful and fair, which makes him the playfellow of children and the comrade of the young year.

He sees life less as an ornamentalist than with the broadly human eye, and only after the poetry of a theme has appealed to him does he set his ordering hand to create for it a beautiful and significant rendering. Hence the sane and classic balance of all his work.

Originally a painter of easel pictures, and accustomed irresponsibly to assert his own vivid moods, he has now attained to the wider and more impersonal outlook of the decorator; and by yielding no point to the exigencies of the new art without testing the necessity by thought and experiment, he has worked himself into a style individual and distinguished, and has achieved a "grand manner" all his own.

Mrs. Chance's Studies of Cats

Mr. Beveridge of Pitreavie Castle will soon be the fortunate possessor of a considerable number of mural art-treasures, for, in addition to Mr. Duncan's *Orpheus* panels, he is now having some others painted for his corridor by Mr. Mackie.

The subjects are suggested by the history of the Castle, whose one-time owner, Lady Wardlaw, wrote the ballad of "Hardyknute," and had attributed to her that of Sir Patrick Spens.

Sir Patrick, as all versed in ballad lore will know, is sent on an embassy to Noroway.

The King has written a braid letter
And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway owre the faem,
The King's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis thou maun tak' her hame.

The ship goes down, and the end is a wail:



"SUMMER"

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DECORATIVE PANEL BY CHARLES H. MACKIE

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' the gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waitin' for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

A panel from the Sir Patrick Spens series is reproduced on page 104. *Hardyknute* gets two panels, *The Call to Arms* (page 105) and *The Battle*, and there are to be two more, illustrating the practical and devotional sides of Queen Margaret of Scotland.

Mr. Mackie's Pitreavie work shows a growth in ornamental treatment. The figures are unmistakably conventionalised, but so artfully as hardly to seem wrested at all from their natural forms; and the composition, though rigidly decorative, is alive with old-world romance.

It is curious how often from the ashes of a burnt-out tradition the best art springs. Who would have looked for such men as Charles Mackie and John Duncan from the school of Beattie Browns and McWhirters?

MRS. W.
CHANCE'S
STUDIES
OF CATS.
BY H.
STRACHEY.

Too often, alas, is the art of animal drawing given over to the Philistines. That great baby, the British Public, demands its toys, and cats and dogs are drawn for its amusement. Hence a style of art exists, the ingredients of which are kittens, puppies, babies, and children, and out of these elements are compounded the confections so dear to the hearts of the patrons of Christmas numbers. At the hands of some black-and-white artists popular in illustrated supplements and on Christmas cards, the dignity and beauty of the



LEAD PENCIL STUDY
OF A CAT. BY MRS.
W. CHANCE

Mrs. Chance's Studies of Cats

cat suffer grievous wrong, and, in fact, it becomes a different and a fabulous animal.

In this way of representing animals no account of the real nature of the creature need be taken. For do not the patrons of this kind of art demand



STUDY OF A CAT

BY MRS. W. CHANCE

at all costs *sentiment*? And by this they mean human sentiment. So the animal masquerades in a set of feelings it never knew. Thus unfortunately the drawing of animals often wanders from the right way; and by the right way I mean that the aim ought to be to represent the essential character and beauty of the creatures, and not to construct a fictitious *dramatis personæ* of talking beasts. Considering this, it is with true delight that one looks at such work as that of Mrs. Chance. These reproductions of her admirable pencil drawings show us that she has the true style of representing animals, the large cat sitting upright with its tail brought round its paws with a majestic sweep, is a perfect embodiment of the statuesque qualities which a cat at times seems so proudly conscious of. The firm lines of the fore legs give us the feel-

ing that underlying the apparent softness there exists strength and energy; a type of the unexpected changefulness to be found in cat nature. For a cat will lie apparently an invertebrate mass of fur basking on a hearthrug. Suddenly at a sound the whole creature is transformed into a savage beast of prey, every nerve and muscle on the alert, as seen in the brilliant drawing of the cat with paws and tail extended ready for the pounce. In such a change as this it is curious to remark that all the movements accompanying it are graceful. Sudden changes in dogs are usually brought about by movements as ungainly as those of Dr. Johnson, but a cat has an inalienable quality of beauty. Even when a mistaken sense of dignity leads a cat to the verge of being ridiculous, it somehow always manages to escape being contemptible by its decorative instinct. I remember once trying to photograph a splendid Persian cat on a cold December afternoon. Sometimes I was foiled by an apparent acquiescence, a sudden bound being taken at the critical moment. Sometimes after sitting in a beautiful attitude till all was ready, it would collapse into an amorphous mass of fur of impossible limpness. When the desired number of plates had been exposed—and spoilt—Christopher was released, and he then proceeded to show his displeasure at so tiresome a proceeding. His way of doing this was one that would have occurred only to a cat. Instead of taking his afternoon tea with the family (carefully waited on, by a warm fire) in the drawing-room, as was his wont, he chose to sit for the rest of that chill afternoon on the



STUDY OF A CAT

BY MRS. W. CHANCE

Mrs. Chance's Studies of Cats



STUDY OF A CAT

BY MRS. W. CHANCE

damp grass by the edge of a pond, his back turned to the drawing-room window, from which a protesting back view, like that shown in one of these drawings, could be seen. It was he who suffered, but at the same time the majesty of that ample back and splendid tail made me feel that an ill temper

their fantastic dignity ; and the pillars of a gateway are recognised as a fit pedestal on which to show their beauty against a background of trees. John Bellini knew the love of cats for a pedestal, and the decorative effect to be got out of it ; witness the background of his picture in the *Brera*. Before taking leave of the drawings it may not be amiss to point out how fully they come up to the conditions laid down at the beginning of this article, namely, that representations of animals, especially domestic animals, should be made without any attempt to introduce human sentiment.

H. STRACHEY.



STUDY OF A CAT BY MRS. W. CHANCE

such as that had at least something grand about it to be able to inspire such flowing lines and such a harmony of grey fur and December fog.

The medium of a soft pencil as used in these drawings seems to be just suited to the effect desired, though it is difficult to reproduce by process the delicacy of pencil as here used with the minimum of line. The technique of the large sitting-up cat is highly successful, the characteristic lightness of the fluff in the ears, the soft short fur of the head, the stiffness of the whiskers, and the brilliancy of the eyes, are all rendered in a most satisfactory way. Any one who knows the eternal capriciousness and restlessness of cats will appreciate the amount of patient study these drawings represent.

One characteristic of the cat may be fitly noticed in these columns. I refer to its apparent knowledge of decorative effect. I have watched successive generations of cats inhabiting the garden of an old house. They seem to consider the low wall of the Elizabethan terrace made for the display of



STUDY OF A CAT
BY MRS. W. CHANCE

SOME RECENT BOOK-PLATES,
MOSTLY PICTORIAL BY
GLEESON WHITE.

IF the modern pictorial "ex libris" has not quite realised the hopes it awakened a year or two ago, when a few artists first turned their attention to designing book-plates, it is, even at its average level, not without interest. No

DARTELL



The Decorative Art Movement in Paris



WRITING-TABLE, HANGING SHELF, AND SCREEN
WALL-HANGING AND CARPET

BY C. PLUMET
BY FÉLIX AUBERT

THE DECORATIVE ART MOVEMENT IN PARIS. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

THE decorative art movement in France, which unhappily means Paris alone, for it has no existence in the Provinces—Bretagne and Provence, Auvergne and Savoy, where so many delightful and varied industries flourish—has but lately entered on a new phase of activity, more practical than heretofore, and more generally accessible.

Since the date of that first Salon of the Champ-de-Mars in 1890, when it won its rights of citizenship among the higher arts, and ceased to be regarded as one of the inferior, French decorative art had been too particularly confined to what

adapting himself to the requirements of its pliability, or of its resisting power; to everything, in a word, which contributes to make up its real nature, its individual quality. To convince the public of these fundamental truths of decorative æsthetics were to inspire a hatred of all the shams and meretricious imitations which hitherto have held sway in the ornamentation of modern interiors.

One must not be too hasty in claiming a victory; still, the fact remains that in this particular direction the prospect has never seemed so bright as now. Evidence at hand, both in the shape of collective work and isolated effort here and there, justifies the assertion that modern decorative art in France is at last in the right way to compel the attention and the admiration even of the most

are known as *objets d'art*, and other "fancy" productions of high price. This of itself, of course, was something of a victory over the spirit of official routine and convention implanted in the mind of the public. But the goal had not yet been reached. It remained to impress upon the masses the fact that the market price, the money value, of an article, the material of which it is made, has nothing to do with its artistic worth. That for the same price as one would pay for the ugliest and most commonplace things, of no æsthetic merit whatever, it is possible to procure articles of practical utility, which, at the same time, are works of art by virtue of their strict conformatity to the needs for which they are intended, by their shape, and by the harmony existing between their purpose and the materials of which they are composed. It was necessary also, and is necessary still, to persuade the public, and make them realise that there is no such thing as an "inferior" material, if only the artist know how to utilise it suitably,

The Decorative Art Movement in Paris

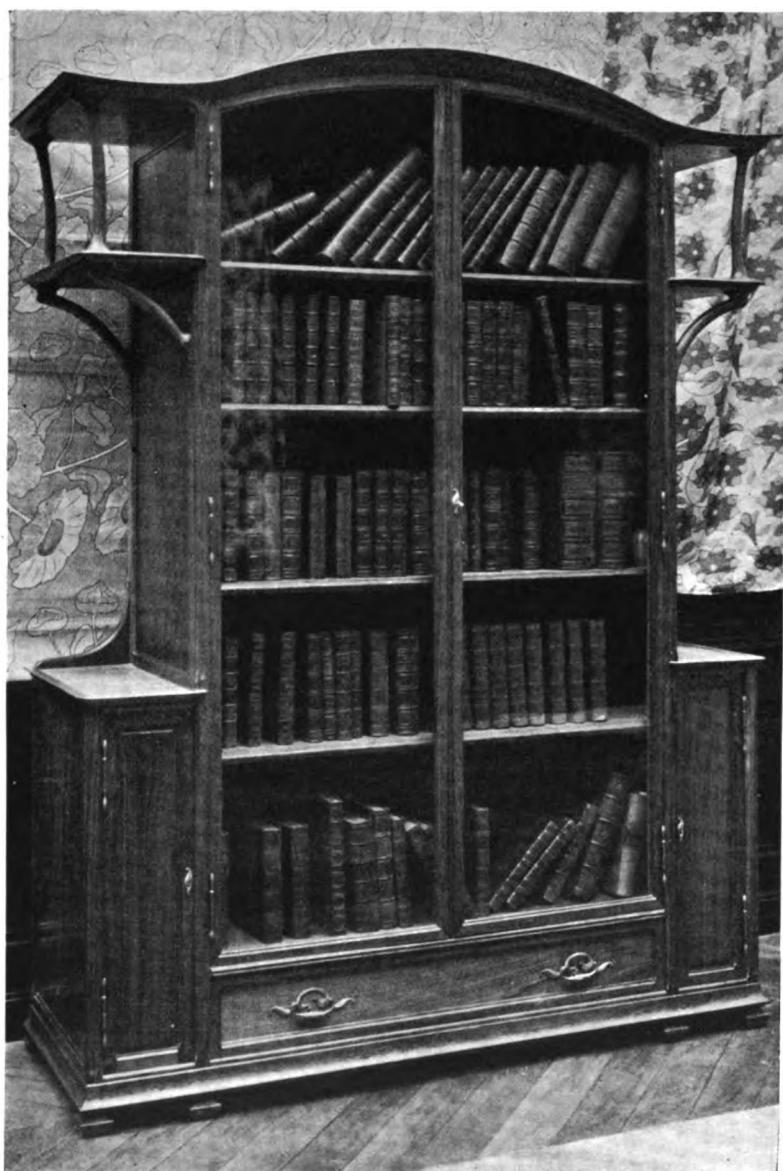
obstinate minds and tastes. And there is no impartial observer but must in all sincerity recognise how greatly the example of England has aided the efforts of our artists in this direction.

The recent display by a little group of five distinct personalities at the Galerie des Artistes Modernes, in the Rue Caumartin—an exhibition which will be repeated with increasing frequency in proportion to the extent of these gentlemen's productions—is worthy of special mention in this connection, for it produced an excellent impression on the sceptical, *blasé* Parisian. A success such as this, together with that of establishments like the

"Art Nouveau" and the "Galerie Laffitte," which are highly in favour with art lovers in search of novel work, is a further proof of the good-will of the public towards the decorative art of the day.

MM. Félix Aubert, Alexandre Charpentier, Jean Dampt, Henry Nocq, and Charles Plumet are the five exhibitors at the Rue Caumartin. They are united in their aims, in addition to being allied by community of ideas and mutual ambition. Their desire is to show the public work not designed to be unique, but such as can be executed in the ordinary course of labour—articles of everyday use, that is, within the reach of all. In this lies the chief interest their work inspires, and it were impossible to commend it too highly.

M. Félix Aubert in his decorative compositions in cretonnes, silks, printed velvets, and carpets, has the rare gift—rarer than one thinks, in these days when the majority of designers and manufacturers of these materials are content to copy, and disfigure, English patterns—of being able to retain his personality. His schemes are always simple and consistent, and confined to the rational use of floral forms, according to their nature and their colouring. At times, perhaps, they are rather too simple, if simplicity can ever be thought a defect; in that they are occasionally apt to appear hard and monotonous. This, for instance, is the case in his *Sunflower* patterns, which must be considered inferior to his *Iris* hangings and his *Lily* pattern velvet, the first a most successful harmony of line and colour, and the second a work of exquisite freshness, and both bearing the stamp of true decorative ability. The *Peacock* carpet is richly designed, and M. Aubert has succeeded in giving originality to an oft-

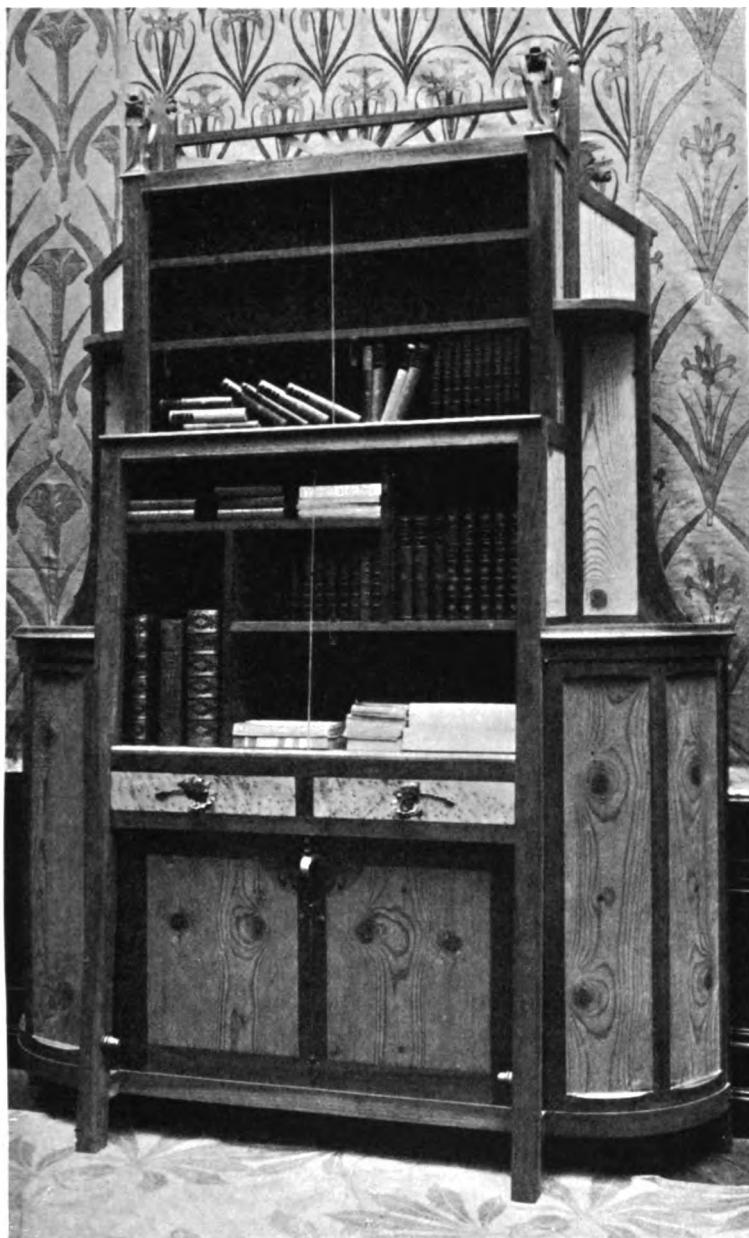


BOOKCASE

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BY CHARLES PLUMET

The Decorative Art Movement in Paris



BOOKCASE
WALL-HANGING

used *motif*. The same remark applies to his borderings and embroideries, the designs of which are very happily adapted to the requirements of the joining and stitching.

M. Jean Dampt is one of our most remarkable sculptors. He has the sentiment of the artists of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, together with their delicacy, their scrupulously careful workmanship and regard for effect; and like them he delights in studied elegance and in the bold

BY JEAN DAMPT
BY FÉLIX AUBERT

panels, ornamented only by their knots and natural grain, with just a slight violet tinting. At the next Salon of the Champ-de-Mars there will be shown a child's chair of most charming and delicate construction, designed and executed entirely by M. Dampt.

M. Charles Plumet is an architect, and the furniture exhibited by him recently in the Rue Caulaincourt gave clear evidence of this. I am far from disliking it on this account; on the contrary,

combination of rare materials. A craftsman of the first rank, he carves in wood and marble and ivory, and works on metals too. He is, moreover, a skilful enameller and blacksmith. His group, *La Fée Melusine et le Chevalier Raymondin*, exhibited in the Salon of 1894, was a gem in steel, ivory, and gold; and his silver bust of Dagnan the painter, in last year's Salon, if mannered, was still a work of great power, for, despite his subtlety, Dampt is an artist of strength and intensity. His bronze, *à cire perdue*, of M. Aman-Jean, has remarkable breadth of touch.

He has combined in one piece of furniture a *vitrine*, a bookcase, and a box for engravings. It is very plain in construction, its only richness consisting in its beautifully calculated proportions; for sculptor though he is, he has resisted the temptation to ornament it with decorative designs. Every detail, even the minutest, has its value, each having been thought out and executed by the artist himself. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance he avoids the customary overlapping of the windows in the *vitrine*, which meet exactly when closed; and the handles of the drawers, like that which opens the engraving case, are of wrought-iron, forged with his own hands. The framework is oak, with pinewood

The Decorative Art Movement in Paris

for it is constructed according to the strict and inviolable rules which form the basis of all art, and apart from which there can be nothing but confusion and discord. These productions have in no way hindered the display of their author's artistic personality, but have rather aided and developed it. M. Plumet's chairs and armchairs, sideboards and bookcases, his writing-desks, his tea and work tables, and his frames, show a decorative fancy, truly personal, with no trace of *bizarrierie* or affectation, and a rare gift of freshness and sincerity. There is no superfluous decoration; nothing but the plain wood, admirably worked with faultless delicacy; and that suffices. The sense of beauty it conveys springs entirely from the precision of the work, the justness of the various proportions,

INKSTAND

PEWTER WORK BY A. CHARPENTIER
EARTHENWARE BY DELAHERCHE

and their perfect harmony one with the other. All this is very far removed, happily, from the over-elaborated, illogical style of M. Gallé, of Nancy, whose furniture, like that of M. Carabin, must always be regarded as thoroughly characteristic of the bad taste into which the accomplished artist may sometimes lapse. However, there is no one but makes mistakes occasionally.

Never having seen it, I cannot say what the merits of M. Henry Nocq's sculpture proper may be; and I am therefore confined to discussing the works of applied carving displayed by him at the Galerie des Artistes Modernes. It takes the form of goldsmith's work and jewellery. We are shown once more the *Narcissus* mirror, which I wrote about some time ago when it was produced, and am very glad to see again. Then we have bracelets, a silver salt-



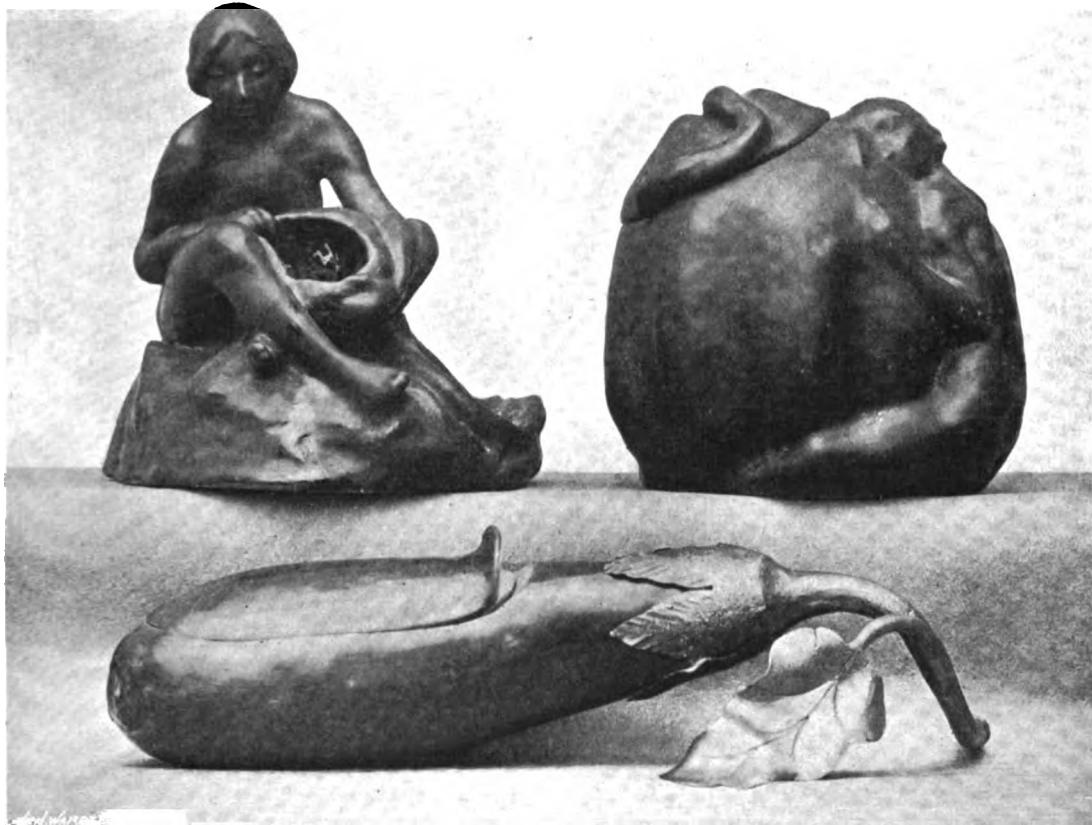
APPLIQUÉ-WORK CUSHION

BY FÉLIX AUBERT

The Decorative Art Movement in Paris

cellar, scarf pins, brooches, and buckles, all showing M. Nocq's taste for the jeweller's art, in which I wish him all success; in the first place, because he deserves it, his work, apart from the originality of its treatment, being full of genuine artistic sentiment; and secondly, because success in this direction might chance to rid us, for a time at least (for there is no everlasting fashion), of the vulgar, gaudy settings which have no value what-

I have kept my remarks about M. Alexandre Charpentier to the end; moreover, I have not much to say now, as these pages will shortly contain a full account of this remarkable artist's work. I will only remark that he continues to advance with the fixed purpose, as ever, of popularising industrial manufactures at prices within everybody's means—porcelain wine-jugs and cream-pots, door locks, gilded papers, &c. M. Charpentier is



EARTHENWARE INK-STAND, TOBACCO JAR AND COMFIT-BOX

BY F. R. CARABIN

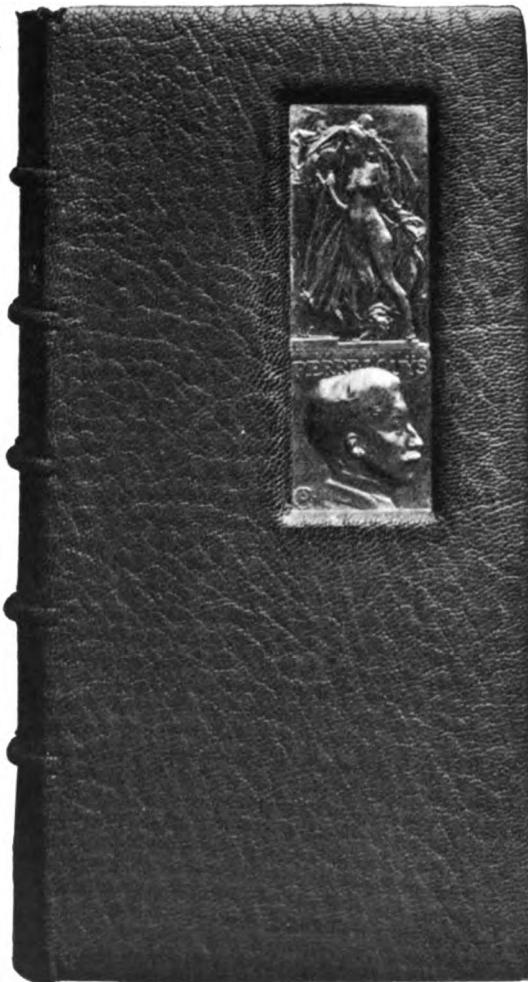
ever save for the precious stones themselves. It is no disparagement of M. Nocq's efforts to say that I fancy I can detect in his method of combining the stone with the metal, a certain similarity to that of which evidence was seen in the exhibits of the Guild of Handicraft and those of Mr. Ashbee at the last display of the Arts and Crafts. Even better than his jewellery, I like M. Nocq's lamp and his candlestick in bronze; the former particularly is charming in shape, and practical and simple at the same time.

the soul of the little knot of artists with whom I have been dealing. He was one of the first, it may be said, to have faith in this renaissance of industrial art of which he is the acknowledged leader. He had no hesitation in devoting to this purpose the highest talents as a sculptor, at a period when decorative art was despised, and looked upon in France as an inferior art. And that is not many years ago.

A most successful display of pottery by Bigot, at the "Art Nouveau," has just been held. The

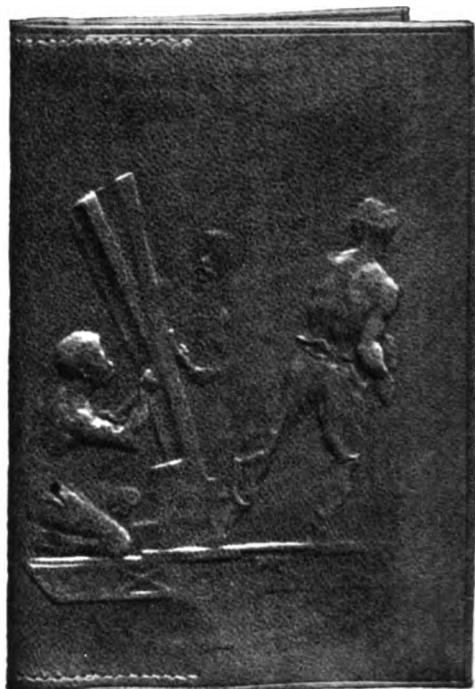
The Decorative Art Movement in Paris

stoneware, the tiles for walls and hearths—every-thing, in fact, coming from the workshop of the well-known ceramic artist, bears the imprint of true originality. I particularly like his simple application work, in which the material used is of itself of far more value than when the stoneware is em-ployed to reproduce a statue or some piece of work in high relief, or in *ronde bosse*, as it is utilised—to an exaggerated extent, I think—by M. Emile Muller, of the “Tuilleries d'Ivry.” In this direc-tion M. Delaherche seems to understand better the real æsthetic value of ceramics; and M. Molines shows the same taste in the set of everyday pottery, which he has had made by M. Carabin. The tobacco-jar in green stoneware, the *aubergine* com-fit-box, and the ink-pot in chestnut-yellow stone, by this artist, are certainly among the best things of their kind produced recently. If I mention in addition to this pottery the screen in coloured



BOOKBINDING

BY A. CHARPENTIER



POCKET-BOOK

BY A. CHARPENTIER

lithography by M. P. Bonnard, the lithograph fan on silk by M. Willette, and the polychrome wood-work, the bonbon boxes, and jewel-cases by M. Seguin, I shall, I think, have referred to everything that has appeared at the Galerie Laffitte.

M. Bing has given the following commissions in connection with the “Art Nouveau”: M. Brangwyn, two cartoons for carpets; M. Van de Velde, designs for cretonnes; and M. Ranson, models for velvets and cretonnes, which are shortly to be seen, and will be found most interesting. Madame Fritz Thaulow, wife of the great Norwegian land-scapist, has designed and executed, with delightful results, several decorative compositions for stamped and coloured leather, which are intended for a dining-room being constructed by the “Art Nouveau” associates.

M. Henri Sauvage, one of our younger archi-tects, is designing some stencil work for mural hangings, to be placed in a house in the Rue de Rohan; and the son of the distinguished writer and architect, M. Frantz Jourdain, is displaying considerable promise for the future in a series of decorative screens and fans.

Such is the present state of the decorative movement in Paris.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

Studio-Talk

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

PARIS.—The smaller Salons, or *Salonnets*, as they are termed, regularly open their doors at this time of year. Following the pastellists' display we have had the Exhibition of the "Women Painters" at Georges Petit's.

It will be readily understood that there is not much to be said about the Exhibition, which, as a matter of fact, is more a question of fashion than of art. The vanity of the exhibitors is more in display than their ability. It were infinitely better

that these ladies, since they seem anxious to devote themselves to serious work, should turn their energies to decorative art of a feminine kind, instead of painting the inferior portraits and insignificant bits of *genre* they so greatly affect. Needlework or embroidery would be far more interesting; but I suppose this would seem to them too much like woman's proper sphere, and it is well known how eager they are in the present day to go outside it.

In all this profusion of slipshod, childish work, I can only single out one name worthy of mention, that of Madame Fanny Fleury, whose strong and earnest ability I have mentioned before. Her exhibits console one somewhat for so much pretentious dulness and clumsy conceit.

The Cercle Volney and the Cercle de l'Union (*vulgo*, "L'Epatant") also sent out invitations to their annual Exhibitions. They may be summed up in two words—a mass of amateurish work by amateurs, interspersed here and there with the productions of some of the High Priests of "official" art. I have looked in vain for something that might be of interest to the readers of THE STUDIO. This is the kind of art that every one produces, that we have seen in every shop window, in every Salon for years past, and shall see for years to come. The critics as a rule like this kind of display, which enables them to say nice things of important personages, who honour them in return with their gracious recognition. I must be excused therefore from saying any more on the subject.

The "Union Comtoise des Arts Décoratifs" has opened its first Exhibition in Durand Ruel's Galleries. It contains plenty of painting and sculpture, but unfortunately—notwithstanding its title—very little in the way of decorative art. The exhibits number 200, and include pictures which we had seen before by the best known of the Franche-Comté artists — MM. Chartran,



TEA-TABLE

CARPET AND WALL-HANGING
PORCELAIN WINE-JUG

BY CHARLES PLUMET

BY F. AUBERT

BY A. CHARPENTIER



FIRE-SCREEN

PORCELAIN CREAM-JUG

(See "The Decorative Art Movement in Paris")

BY CHARLES PLUMET

BY A. CHARPENTIER

Dagnan-Bouveret, Girardot, Machard, Pointelin, Prinet and Gérôme. It was a pleasure to see once more M. Eugène Lomont's *Femme à sa Toilette*, a reproduction of which was published by THE STUDIO in the article on the Salon des Champs-Elysées of 1896. But the *clou* of the Exhibition is found in a set of works by Gustave Courbet, whose masterly skill creates even more impression than usual here, among so much that is for the most part commonplace and inferior. His *La Cascade*, his *Trou Noir*, his *Cerfs sous Bois*, and his two seascapes fully reveal their author's power, his force of touch, his passionate love of Nature in all her aspects.

I have often referred in these columns to M. Le Sidaner, a landscapist of rare and delicate sensibility and very original gifts. The Exhibition of his works recently given at the Mancini Gallery in the Rue Taitbout was a great success. Want of space prevents me from dealing with it as it deserves, but I shall certainly refer to the display later on, for M. Le Sidaner claims attention. He is an artist of strong conviction, sincere and forceful.

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Among the notable posters that have appeared lately are Mlle. Atché's design for the "Job" cigarette papers, Grür's *Au Violon*, a most comical and animated design, and that by M. Maxime de Thomas, to announce the 13th Exhibition of the Impressionists and Symbolists at Le Barc de Bouteville's.

M. Carrière is proceeding with his series of lithographic portraits of celebrities. After Alphonse Daudet, Verlaine, Edmond de Goncourt, and Henri Rochefort, comes Puvis de Chavannes. Notwithstanding his undoubted ability, it seems to me that he has not been quite happy in his two last-named subjects. They are more like phantoms, seen in moments of dreaming, than human beings. Technically, however, from the point of view of workmanship, the lithography is superb, for M. Carrière handles this method with extraordinary power.

L'Image, a new monthly review, has recently appeared for the first time, published by Flourey. The magazine is under the control of the French



BRACELET AND BROOCH

BY H. NOCQ

(See "The Decorative Art Movement in Paris")



WOOD ENGRAVING BY
DUPLESSIS AFTER A
PASTEL BY JULES CHERET.
FROM "L'IMAGE"

Studio-Talk

Corporation of Wood Engravers, which means, of course, that wood engraving is the only process encouraged in its pages. And there is cause for satisfaction in this, for this beautiful work has been somewhat neglected of late years. Except for the too plentiful display of drawings by M. Mucha, the general standard of the new magazine is distinctly high. Special mention may be made of the wood blocks by MM. Beltrand, Jeanniot, and Florian ("after" La Gandara) who with MM. A. Lepère and Lucien Pissaro are fully qualified to lead the art of wood engraving into its proper and legitimate course. The number also includes illustrations by MM. Fournery, Moulinié, P. Renouard, Christy and others, while M. Eugène Froment contributes an engraving in six colours of a curious piece of work by M. E. Grasset, in which one may note the faults as well as the undoubted merits of the illustrator of the *Quatre Fils d'Aymon*. In the second number of the magazine there are some excellent reproductions of work by M. Jules Cheret, one of which, through the courtesy of the publishers, we are able to illustrate on page 127.

M. Henri Rivière, whose talents are well known to your readers, has lately presented at the "Chat Noir" another of the coloured series of *ombres chinoises*, of which he is the inventor. The *Marche à l'Étoile*, the *Enfant Prodigue* and *Sainte Geneviève de Paris* all displayed rare imagination; and now his *Clairs de Lune* come even closer to nature, and offer a truly enchanting spectacle.

M. Ch. Houdard has just published a most interesting etching in colours, called *Soir sur la Meuse*, very effective in point of tone, and full of poetic feeling. A fine lithographic portrait of Tolstoï by M. H. Lefort has recently appeared. The rugged and characteristic features of the author of "Peace and War" are reproduced in truly striking fashion.

The firm of Pilon, Huet and Rigotard has lately brought out a new decorative cretonne by M. Félix Aubert. It is very subdued in colour, with most delicate effects of pale greens, milky whites, and dull—almost violet—pinks, and represents a field of lilies and iris, with intermingling leaves forming the background. Nothing more charming could be imagined.

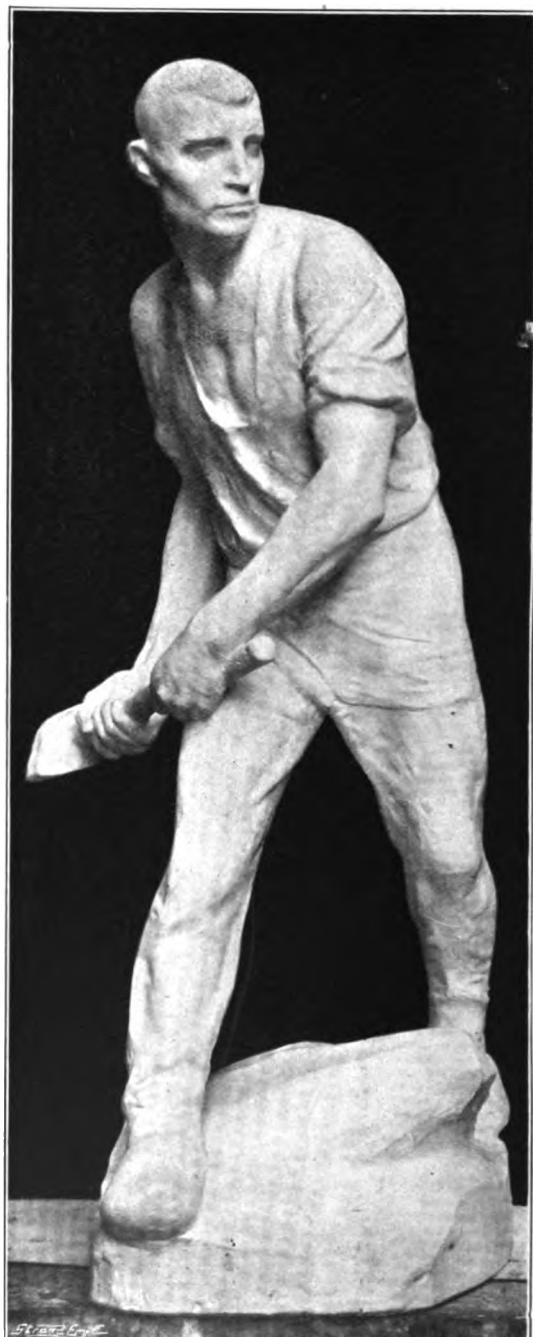
G. M.

BRUSSELS.—The fifth exhibition of the "Cercle pour l'Art," which was advertised by a poster by M. Ciambellani, was open at the Musée de Bruxelles from January 16 to Feb-

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ruary 15. Unquestionably the most prominent exhibitor was Mr. Antonio de la Gandara. He sent several big portraits, a delicious little canvas called *Un coin des Tuilleries*, and a large series of dainty pastels, done on greyish paper, and very slightly relieved by light colouring.

M. Storm van Gravesande, who is well-known as an engraver of the highest ability, showed him-



"LE CARRIER"

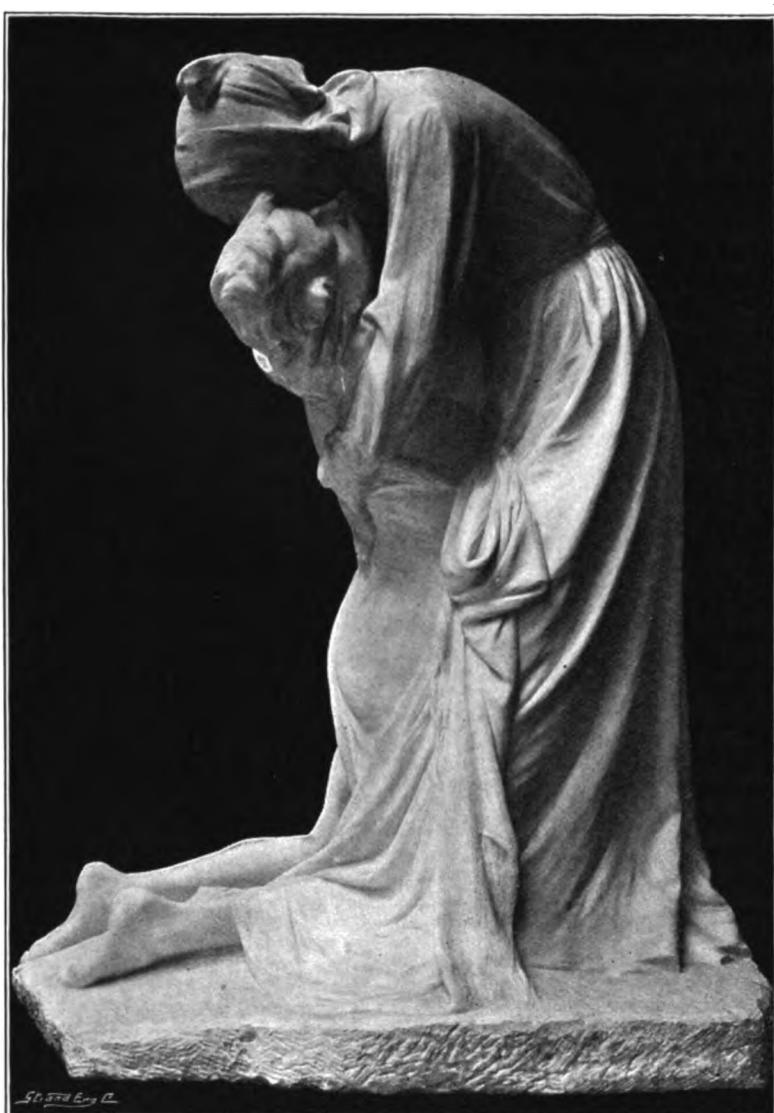
BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

Studio-Talk

self on this occasion to be a lithographer of equal skill. Several of his plates are masterpieces of their sort, and from a technical point of view it would be very interesting to compare his treatment of the same effects of nature, first with the dry-point and then with the lithographic pencil. M. Alf. Verhaeren proved himself the same powerful colourist as ever, and MM. Omer Coppens, and Hannotian continued their varied series of scenes from Bruges. MM. Ciamberlani, Duhem, and Ottevaere—the latter showing great progress—sent work noticeable for its rare distinction of style.

The sculptors represented were M. F. M. Taubman (whose exhibits in the "Arts and Crafts" Exhibition were illustrated in the January number of *THE STUDIO*), who sent a powerful group, and a delicate little figure; M. Victor Rousseau, with a fine piece of low-relief, lofty in idea and of most admirable workmanship; and M. P. Braecke, who displayed a bronze medallion very ingeniously oxidised. His marble group, *Le Pardon*, was recently placed in the Musée de Bruxelles.

The Brussels publisher, M. Becker-Holemans has just issued the first of a very interesting series which he is bringing out. His idea is to collect, in as complete a manner as possible, the work of some of the best artists of to-day, as has been done in the case of the old masters. As the work is being published in Belgium, M. Becker-Holemans has decided—without, however, confining the scope of the undertaking to Belgian art—to publish first the productions of some of our native artists, and the opening series is consequently devoted to the painter-sculptor, Constantin Meunier, who has executed a *repoussé* leather binding for the publication.



"*LE PARDON*"

BY P. BRAECKE

By means of the photograph of *Le Carrier*, reproduced here, one is able to gain a very fair idea of Meunier's characteristic style. It is in the ordinary manifestations of the work-a-day world that he discovers the great essential forms which constitute real works of art.

M. Jan van Beers' exhibition at the Clarembois Gallery, and that of M. Sinet at the Cercle Artistique have had the full success they deserved. M. Van Beers displayed several fanciful works, marked by brush-work of extraordinary *virtuosité*; and M. Sinet showed in addition to numerous "Society" portraits, several delicate little sea-pieces.

Studio-Talk

The club known as "La Libre Esthétique" is in the habit of devoting one of its galleries to a collection of the works of some one artist. Last year it was Carrière and his monochrome paintings, so full of inner meaning. This year the artist selected is Albert Besnard, a painter of almost pyrotechnic style, with all his effect on the surface. A greater contrast could not be imagined.

For the rest, the chief attraction in the Applied Arts section will be a suite of rooms constructed, furnished, and decorated by the architect Horta, who hitherto has never taken part in any exhibition. In former years the arrangement and the ornamentation of these apartments have been entrusted to M. G. Serrurier, of Liège, and some time ago THE STUDIO reproduced a series of his charming interiors.

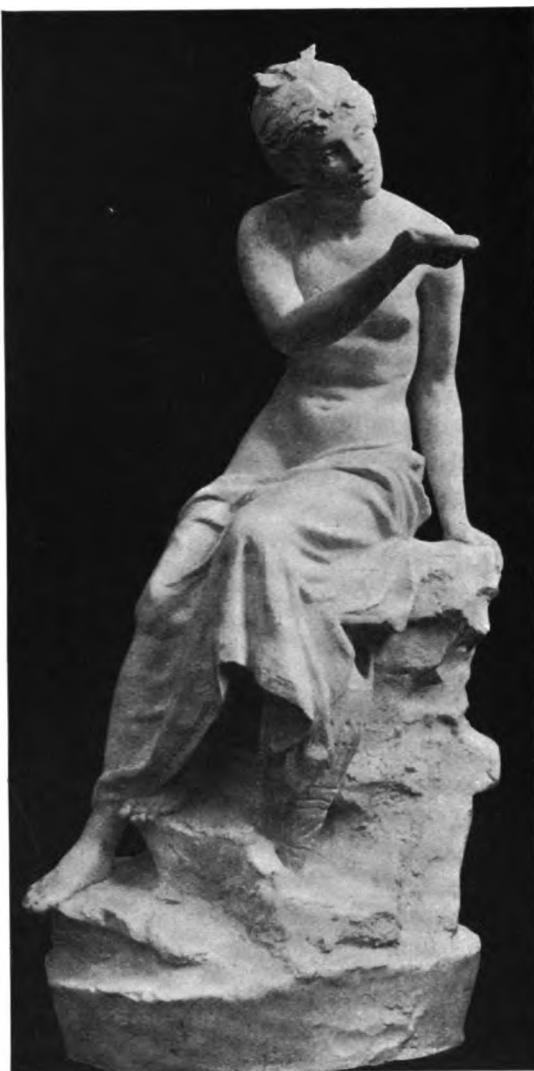
The reorganisation of the Sculpture Gallery in the Musée de Bruxelles has been completed, and it no longer wears the cold and monotonous appearance once so justly urged against it. The bronzes and terra-cotta works have

been placed among the marbles; splendid Brussels tapestries of the sixteenth century form a sumptuous decoration for the walls, and two large china vases, in *cloisonné* work—the gift of Madame de Rongé—placed at either end of the gallery, in the centre of a *parterre* of foliage, add the finishing touch to a most harmonious arrangement.

It is sad to think, when admiring one of the most remarkable productions in the Museum—M. P. de Vigne's marble statue, *L'Immortalité*—that the creator of this noble work, so fine in workmanship, and so pure in style, is lost for ever to the world of art: for a lamentable malady has completely destroyed the delicate genius which was deservedly the pride of the Belgian school of sculpture.

F. K.

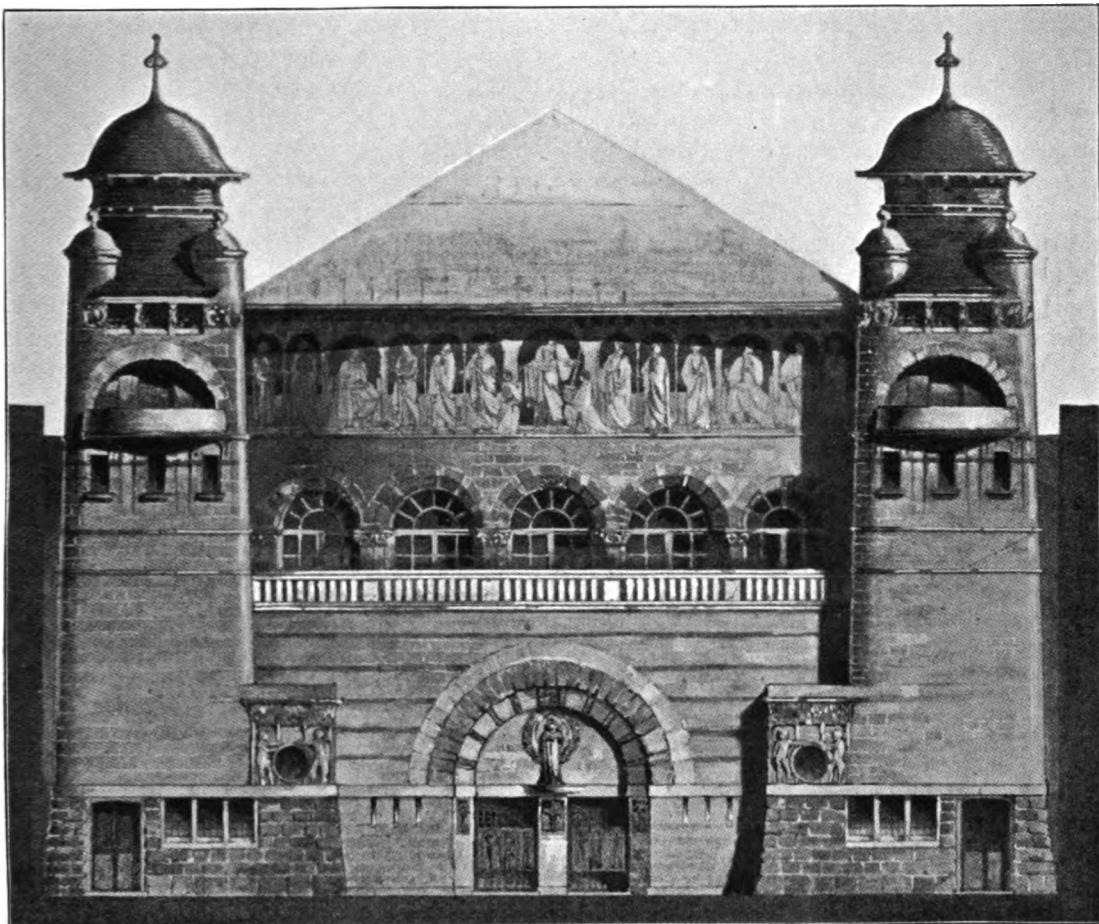
LONDON.—The Whitechapel Picture Gallery, of which we give an illustration, is intended to provide a permanent home for the exhibition of pictures which has been held for the last seventeen years in Whitechapel, and to house that nucleus which it is hoped will gradually swell and grow into the "National Gallery" of East London. The illustration is from the pastel and *guache* drawing shown last year at the Royal Academy, but naturally loses much of its effect when translated into terms of black and white. For evidently the idea of Mr. C. Harrison Townsend, the architect, has been to regard his building as a



"HEBE," MARBLE STATUE

(By permission of the Art Union of London)

colour-study as well as from the purely architectonic point of view. To this end serve the warm yellow tone of the exterior wall work, the bands of Cipolino marble in the centre portion, the reddish-yellow and white marble of the central doorway, and the green slates of the flanking towers. As a matter of fact, the hipped roof, necessarily shown on a design which is elevational, would barely assert itself at all



THE WHITECHAPEL PICTURE GALLERY

DESIGNED BY C. HARRISON TOWNSEND

in reality. It has at the eaves a projection of, we believe, some three or four feet in front of the wall-face, principally with the view of affording protection to the huge mosaic frieze, sixty-five feet long and seventeen feet high, occupying the upper stage of the building. As ultimately designed and carried out, this would be the work of Mr. Walter Crane, whose intentions and methods seem to point him out to many as specially fitted for mosaic work. A building that attempts to strike its own note, to be personal, and to speak 1897, not 1797 or 1597, should be interesting in these days when, for instance, a foreign Government thinks it worth its while to send its emissaries to England to examine and report upon the attempt on the part of some English architects to be honestly themselves rather than, imitatively, something or some one else.

By the courtesy of the Art Union of London, who are the owners of the work, we are able to give an illustration of a very delightful marble *Hebe*, recently

finished by Miss Ruth Canton, several of whose statuettes of a similar nature have appeared from time to time in the pages of *THE STUDIO*.

The following sonnet is from the pen of the Rev. Canon Rawnsley :

AT THE WATTS EXHIBITION IN THE
NEW GALLERY.

THE EVE OF PEACE.

There in Arts' Palace hall I found portrayed
Time, Death and Judgment, mute Oblivion,
Strong Love that led the frail life gently on,
And one to whom glad homage all men paid ;
There at Life's house, his wide wings sorely frayed,
Stood Love at fence with Death, but tho' Death won,
By forceful forward step, dominion,
He could not cast Love wholly into shade.

There kingly souls looked out from noble eyes,
Each speaking clear some individual word,
There while Hope sang beneath a single star
And Eve repentant wept in Paradise,
I saw a grave knight lean upon his sword,
And golden twilight brought the end of war.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

Studio-Talk

BIRMINGHAM.—The annual exhibition of works by the students of the Municipal School of Art opened on February 8, at the rooms of the Royal Society of Artists. These rooms are quite filled by a selection from the year's work, and the average level of such a mass of material is unusually high. The activity of the School, which was formerly so largely devoted to black and white, is now beginning to turn in other directions, and this year a rather larger proportion than usual of works in colour or relief are shown.

There is plenty of excellent modelled work both in clay and in gesso. Among the latter class, caskets by Miss Nellie Brightwell and Miss Edith Cowell, and medallion portraits by Miss Harrison, call for special attention. Much very promising drawing from life is shown in the collection of small sketches and time studies, and among the best of these is a set of vigorous drawings by Walter Sherwood, one of which is reproduced here.

Very little has been added to the excellent exhibit of embroidery shown by the School at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Wood-carving, too, and metal work, are rather at a standstill; but there is much good enamelling to be seen. One of the most hopeful features of the Exhibition is the amount of good design coming from the branch schools, thirteen of which are scattered over the city. It is work done entirely at night, and mostly by very young students, who are employed in other ways during the day. The model of a child's head by J. W. Sleigh, of which a reproduction is given here, comes from a branch school. Illustrations are also given of a design for stained-glass by Mary Newill, and a model of a head by Martha Onions.

HOLLAND.—Amsterdam had two interesting exhibitions last month. At Messrs. van Wisselingh & Co.'s William Estall showed, in about fifty oil and water-colour paintings, a delicate, subtle feeling for landscape. His work is neither grand nor imposing, but shows a refined painter, who, although slightly influenced by the great French painters of the middle of the century, and by some modern Dutch ones—still has a personality of his own. His subjects are for the most part sheep and cattle in quiet corners of landscape, very sympathetically treated in soft, subdued colours, in pale pinkish greys, and mellow, tender greens.

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At Messrs. Buffa & Son, Theo van Hoytema exhibited a great number of his recent drawings. Some years ago a couple of his original lithographs for *The Ugly Duckling* were reproduced in THE STUDIO. Since that time van Hoytema has practised a close observation of nature, and has made some important studies and pictures in water-colour of parrots, owls, cockatoos, flowers, plants, &c.

The *Kunstkring* at Rotterdam has had a very remarkable exhibition of applied arts. Here a good idea could be had of the very genuine and personal talent of our great decorative artist, Colenbrander. This extremely talented man was the director of the Rozenburg earthenware factory in its best days, and has been for many years the moving spirit of the decorative arts in Holland, but, as it so often happens, his talents have not, up till now, been fully appreciated.

The *Kunstkring* at the Hague, having now a beautiful house of its own, and a large exhibition-hall in prospect, has been showing a very interesting collection of water-colour sketches by Jongkind, that remarkable Dutch painter who lived and worked in Paris, where his brilliant qualities of *luminist* opened up a new path for the landscape painter, and were of considerable influence in the development of the neo-impressionists, like Sisley, Pissarro, Monet, and other painters of that group.

PH. Z.

FLORENCE.—Some little way outside the Porta Romana stands, amid flowering trees and shrubs, the studio of the two American sculptors, Messrs Ball and Couper. Mr. Ball is just finishing the last of the colossal figures for the new Washington monument in course of erection in the United States. Mr. Couper's work is of a different kind. His room contains first of all a number of very delicate bas-reliefs: reliefs so low that the full effect is obtained from the translucency of the marble, and the subtle lighting thus achieved gives an air of ethereality to the whole production. Since his stay in Paris, however, he has undertaken larger works, modelling more broadly and boldly. The last of these, which is, I believe, to go with the artist to America, is one of the most thoughtful, conscientious, and beautiful pieces of sculpture I have seen for some time.

The subject is simple. A maiden sits on the battered capital of a broken column wreathing the



MODEL IN PLASTER

BY MARTHA ONIONS



SKETCH

BY WALTER SHERWOOD



DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS

BY MARY NEWILL



MODEL IN PLASTER

BY J. W. SLEIGH

RECENT WORK AT THE
BIRMINGHAM ART-SCHOOL

Studio-Talk

wreath of wild olive that is to crown the brow of the victor in the Olympic Games ; and on the marble runs the legend *Beauty's Wreath for Valour's Brow*. The figure is characteristic and not over idealised ; the face especially, while retaining the type required by the subject, is modelled with a firmness that renders it distinctly individual. The pose of the head gives a good opportunity, which has not been lost, for many details in the front of the neck ; and the forward extension of the arm gives scope for delicate relief in the muscles of the shoulder-blade. The drapery is perhaps, somewhat too massed behind ; but the folds give no sense of heaviness, and it forms a most admirably arranged setting for the very graceful line that runs from the shoulder to the point of the outstretched foot. The hardness of the angles of the capital is taken off by the tiger's skin on which the girl is sitting. This cannot be seen in the photograph.

As regards cutting, this statue may vie with the antique. Mr Couper was fortunate enough to



BAS-RELIEF

BY MR. COUPER

find a block of marble in which the creaminess of the reflections already give an appearance of age ; and he has taken advantage of his good luck. He worked at it with his cutters for

eighteen months ; not resting until he had brought out every most delicate detail in the modelling of the flesh, and until the drapery had become a soft, clinging web. Truly artistic is the combination of highest finish with apparent unfinish ; the latter heightening the effect of the former and occasioning the most admirable chiaroscuro. The cutting of the capital must have been a considerable trial to the workman. He had cut it to perfection : as smooth and finished as alabaster ; and had then under Mr. Couper's special supervision to work with hammer and file till it was as uneven as if it had been long exposed to the weather. Simple as is this statue in conception, the thoughtful conscientiousness of its working out, the truly artistic feeling which breathes from it and is visible in even the mechanical details of the execution, make it live in the memory as a thing one is the richer for having seen.

I. M. A.

DRESDEN.—The Verein Bildender Kuenstler has opened an exhibition at Arnold's Galleries, which offers fresh proof of the fact that Dresden promises to regain its art prestige of former times. There are no representative "gallery" pictures, but only sketches, studies, and smaller works. Bantzer, the head of the group of younger artists, has contributed a fine landscape. Besig shows some landscapes, the *motifs* of which are taken from the village and surroundings of Goppeln, where many artists spend the summer. F. Rentzsch has sent some excellent combinations of embroidery and painting, one, with iris flowers, being particularly noteworthy as an excellent solution of a combination which is seldom satisfactory. E. Walther's studies of flowers are very fascinating. He is as successful when he treats them naturalistically, as when he rearranges them into decorative head and tail pieces, or into patterns for wall papers. Unger shows some excellent landscape sketches of Bornholm, the Danish island, where he pursued his studies this summer. In addition, he contributes half a dozen etchings which show him to be steadily improving in the art. I think he will in time become one of Germany's best masters of the point. He belongs to the few who have learnt from English etchers what the value of line means, and who does not seek, like most continental artists, to imitate the tone effects of painting when he etches. R. Müller's spirited and careful animal drawings should be mentioned, as well as the fine river landscape by Ritter, and



Studio-Talk

the work by Pietschmann, Müller-Breslau, and others. The show is important as being a trial of strength of the local artists—and a very successful one.

Upon the first of May the first International Exhibition of Fine Arts will open its doors here. With it Dresden enters into rivalry with Berlin and Munich. A good attendance and the patronage of the public alone will not support such an enterprise. Unless the local artists, whose work is the fountain head of such an exhibition, show themselves to be capable, no city can expect picture shows on a large scale to thrive.

English amateurs and students who spend the winter in Dresden often find it difficult to pursue their art studies here, for the state institutions are not easy of access and are not open to women at all, and, moreover there has not been much opportunity for private instruction. It is pleasant to note that at least the latter difficulty is now removed. Mr. Robert Sterl has opened a class for ladies, which is already well attended, and Mr. Simonson has opened a private academy. Among the staff of instructors, there is Mr. Fischer for the department of decorative design. This, especially, meets a requirement. If they did not mind trouble, foreigners could always manage to find teachers for figure drawing and

figure-painting; but they could not heretofore get any hints with reference to applied arts, the graphic processes and decorative designing.

The designers of the two posters published in your last number, Fischer and Behrens, are both Dresden men. In justice to Dresden, I want to make note of this fact, for the designs having appeared as part of the Berlin Studio-Talk might lead readers to think that they had originated in that city.

H. W. S.

BERLIN.— There can be no doubt that an essential difference of principle underlies the action of the Government in purchasing old, as distinct from modern, works of art. As regards the former, the cosmopolitan principle is applied in its fullest extent. Just as the Louvre in Paris, and the National Gallery in London contain, side by side with native works, some of the greatest productions of the Italian and Spanish and German and Dutch schools, so in Berlin, as every one knows, the opportunity is always seized to im-



"BEAUTY'S WREATH FOR VALOUR'S BROW"
MARBLE STATUE BY MR. COUPER
(See Florence Studio-Talk)

port pictures of dead and gone painters from abroad.

It is different with respect to modern productions. It may be said that, as a general rule, the galleries confine themselves pretty strictly to

Studio-Talk

the art of their own land. Among the collections I know from personal observation, that of the Luxembourg in Paris forms a happy exception to the rule, including, as it does, a few well-chosen examples of modern foreign work. In Berlin, however, the authorities have hitherto abstained from acquiring pictures from other countries, as in influential art circles there has ever been a very marked prejudice against the "modern movement," *plein air* painting, and other developments of the last few decades. Since Professor Von Tschudi, whose evolutionary progress (he is looked upon as an eminent judge of Renaissance art in its widest sense) especially qualified him for the position, was placed at the head of our National Gallery—the depository of nineteenth-century art—this one-sided state of things has been completely altered. The majority of the purchases at the last exhibition had indicated the direction which was to be followed in the future; and this was still more strikingly emphasised by a number of acquisitions made in the course of the year. These fresh possessions of the National Gallery have recently been displayed to the public in a separate room, and they are destined to form the basis of a collection the steady development of which is heartily to be desired.

Prominent among the new purchases are two pictures by Constable. An extensive view over a landscape scene reminds us of an "old" picture, and in its *technique* and colouring we find traces of the tradition of the last century. In his small canvas, *The Water Mill*, the manner is broader and more robust, the treatment of nature more modern. Until his day no one had succeeded so well as Constable in reproducing the characteristics of a real, palpable landscape. Much interest attaches also to the artist's little sketch-book, dated 1819, the leaves of which are covered with pencil-drawings and water-colour sketches. His painstaking *technique* reveals a thorough perception alike of the immediate surroundings and of the limitless space beyond. If we consider the influence—and it cannot be over-estimated—which Constable's art has exercised over France and her painters, and its effects upon the development of German landscape painting, the acquisition of these examples of his genius must be regarded as eminently satisfactory.

The delicate insight into Nature, as illustrated particularly by the Glasgow school, is seen in several new canvases, notably a large water-colour,

An Autumn Landscape, by Nisbet, and an excellent little work by Lochhead, *A Village Street*—pictures which bear the impress of distinction, whether seen in public exhibition or in the privacy of the home. Subdued as they are in treatment, they attract the eye at once by comparison with the works surrounding them, however loudly the latter may obtrude themselves upon our notice; for while intensely realistic, they preserve a most harmonious *ensemble*. "Distinction" is the only term—and one is compelled to employ it again and again in writing of this school—adequately to describe the *Portrait of a Lady* by Lavery, in which, with no extraneous effects whatever (the subject, attired in plain black, is pensively resting), the most striking results are obtained.

The modern note is still more prominent in the pictures of the French school lately purchased. A small Courbet—a dark mill-stream rushing down a weir, framed in the bare rocks around—suggests, but hardly enables one fully to realise, the master's great power. Manet's celebrated *La Serre* might well be acquired for the Gallery. The accompanying illustration of it is published by the courteous permission of Herr Spemann. It should be observed that the effect of light in an enclosed space is reproduced with strict fidelity, in all its inevitable crudeness, and yet the harsh impression appears artistically softened—thanks to a well-chosen arrangement of colours. Of Manet's friends and followers, one, Fantin Latour, is represented by a striking *Portrait of a Lady*; and another, Claude Monet, by a river landscape, in which the water really seems to flow and the air to quiver.

I must pass over a number of excellent works—among them pictures by Thaulow and Zorn, Gari Melchers, and Maris—in order to add a few words about the sculpture, isolated examples only, but exceedingly well chosen, such as Rodin's bust of the sculptor *Dalou*, and the powerful *Catilina* by Vinçotte, beside Meunier's small group, *The Prodigal Son*. The healthy realism of the first two works, in conjunction with the exquisite sense of style in Meunier, who on a small scale has created a composition of intense force, will, I hope, exert a beneficial influence upon our young artists.

Yes; assuredly these splendid creations of foreign art must have their due effect in time; and it only remains for those in authority in the world of art—



"LA SERRE"

(By permission of Herr Spemann)

BY MANET

those who have the means of seeing for themselves all that is being done outside the Fatherland—to preserve us henceforth from the Chauvinism which, till now, has proved so formidable an obstacle in the path of artistic progress.

G. G.

SYDNEY, N.S.W.—In the matter of good taste and judicious selection Sydney has long taken the lead among Australian National Galleries. It now promises further to outrival them all in the matter of a splendid building for its collection of pictures. A grant of £12,000 has already been made as one instalment of the £60,000 to be expended on the new building during the next three years. The amended designs of the Government architect have been approved by the governor, and the work is now being put in hand.

The new Palace of Art will be 105 yards long and from 40 to 50 yards deep, broken up internally into twenty-five large and small rooms of varied size to permit of the classification of works according to their different countries, and the proper balancing of them in proportion to their scale. Every room opens into the neighbouring one, and

thus permits of good vistas, much on the plan of the Royal Academy. The building when completed will certainly form the most capacious and admirably designed gallery "south of the line," as the favourite Australian phrase runs.

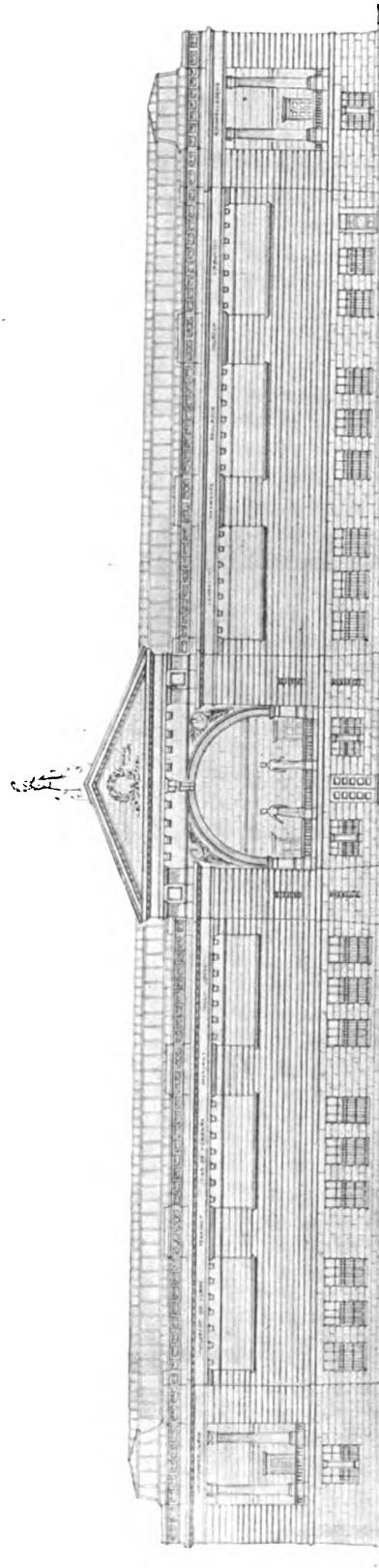
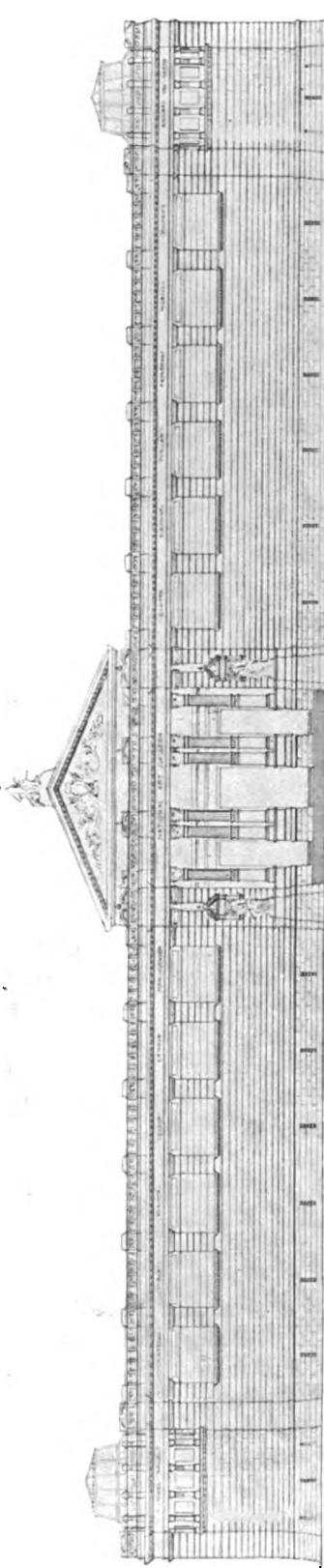
The pictures for which the Gallery is to be built, with rare exceptions, are entirely modern, chiefly English, but with select examples of the French, German and Netherland schools, extending in a few cases to Italy, Russia, and Spain, and one or two examples from the brushes of Australian artists. The rare collection of British water-colours with which the Gallery started, and which

it has always steadily increased, would be a credit to any gallery in Europe. They certainly do honour to the aged father of art in Sydney, the guiding spirit of the collection, and the director of the Gallery, the venerable Elias Levi-Montefiore, who died two years ago.

As showing the rapid increase of the Sydney National Collection it may be noted that when it was opened it contained 44 oil-paintings and 33 water-colours, of the value of £11,300, with sculpture and various works to the total value of £14,000. It now comprises over 250 oil-paintings, nearly 200 water-colours, about 250 works in black-and-white, 100 pieces of statuary, marbles, bronzes, and so forth, and other miscellaneous works of art to the total value of upwards of £100,000.

Among its chief treasures are such notable works as Leighton's *Wedded*, Millais' *Captive*, Fildes' *Widower*, Colin Hunter's *Salmon Fishers*, Vicat Cole's *Arundel*, Seymour Lucas's *Gordon Riots* and his *Armada*, Jacomb Hood's *Triumph of Spring*, Stanhope Forbes' *Ever-shifting Home*, Marcus Stone's *Stealing the Keys*, and Poynter's *Queen of Sheba*. The last new pictures purchased, and now on the water, are Arthur Barrington's *Bribe*, *The Judgment of Paris* by Maurice Greiffenhagen, and

ELEVATIONS OF THE NEW
PALACE OF ART, SYDNEY



Reviews of Recent Publications

The Ambuscade by Vereker Hamilton. Few new pictures are likely to be added for the next two years during the progress of the new building, but at the end of that period Sydney is likely to be in the market again with a full and liberal purse.

J. L.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Saga of the Sea-swallow (with the story of Greenfeather, the Changeling) told by MAIDIE DICKSON, and illustrated by J. D. BATTEN and H. FAIRBAIRN. (London: A. D. Innes & Co.)—

"Stevenson," says Mr. Barrie, "was the spirit of boyhood, tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours;" and even those of us who are won to Stevenson by deeper and wider complexities than the mere gaiety of boyhood, must admit that to adjudge any fairy tales for boys and girls as one in which "R. L. S." would have delighted, is to crown the author with high praise; while to add that the illustrations would have enhanced the "master's" pleasure, is surely to do the utmost that any critic can, in heralding a new story-book. After reading these beautiful "Saga," the temptation to some such *obiter dicta* proved a strong one, notwithstanding it is a foolhardy presumption to pronounce for the dead or the absent when they are such royal masters of

the craft as the *raconteur* of Scotland and Samoa: but at least it may be written of these stories, as was said once, in his own story, of his own *Catriona*, that they are "as clean as hill-water;" no light commendation perhaps in these days of mawkish introspection and grovelling sentimentalism. The author, Miss Maidie Dickson, is a worthy comrade of the great Hans Andersen; and of Mr. J. D. Batten it was well said by a more competent critic than the present reviewer, that in illustrating Miss Dickson's tales, he had "surpassed himself," while the other illustrator, Miss Hilda Fairbairn, holds her own with a certain modest distinction even in the very presence of Mr. Batten himself.

H. W. Mesdag: *The Painter of the North Sea*. With Etchings and Descriptive Text by PH.



DRAWING BY J. D. BATTEN FROM "THE SAGA OF THE SEA-SWALLOW"

(A. D. INNES AND CO.)

Reviews of Recent Publications

ZILCKEN. The text translated from the Dutch by CLARA BELL. (London : Cassell & Co.)—It is perhaps premature to write a life of Mesdag. In English art-biography we hear of a painter who took no share in public life, who kept aloof from society and knew no changes except a few changes of residence in his native country, and now and again a foreign tour ; an artist who, howbeit strictly economical, took a handsome house in a handsome street of his country's capital, and, having at an early period of his career, by industry and thrift, attained complete pecuniary independence, worked in freedom from any money-pressure, yet with astounding rapidity. It is needless to say here that the man who has been thus described was Turner. The time came for writing Turner's life, and it has been written. The case is somewhat different with Mesdag. The time has hardly yet come for writing his life, howbeit it has been written. The time has, perhaps, hardly yet come for drawing parallels, yet what is written above has been the result of drawing a parallel. To the writer of this review there appear to be many meet-

ing points in the lives and characters of the great departed English painter and the great living Dutch painter. When a quite unbiased life of Mesdag is written, this matter will perhaps be set in fuller light. Then, too, perhaps, will be set forth the fact that, while regarded as men, that is to say, that, while viewed from the circumstances of their lives, and from certain marks of character, Mesdag and Turner must be allowed to offer some striking similarities, the case alters greatly when they are considered as painters. It is then seen that, excepting their phenomenal industry, they have very little in common. This is the more remarkable because both are renowned painters of the sea ; seen by Turner first from Margate sands and by Mesdag perhaps first—and certainly last—from Scheveningen sands. The explanation of the difference between the sea-paintings of Turner and those of Mesdag seems to lie in the circumstance that the sea painted by Turner is that which was described in Genesis, *the deep with the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters*, while the sea painted by Mesdag is that which was described by Walt Whitman in his poem "After the Sea-Ship." That poem, as readers of Walt Whitman will know, is a quite masterly performance. There is only one objection that it would be possible to raise against it, that it is more like beautiful prose than beautiful poetry. Something similar is true of Mesdag's pictures, there being many who will not like them less on this account. Mr. Zilcken's exquisite black-and-white reproductions of them, together with his helpful running commentary, should make the North Sea painter well-known and well-loved on both sides of the Atlantic.

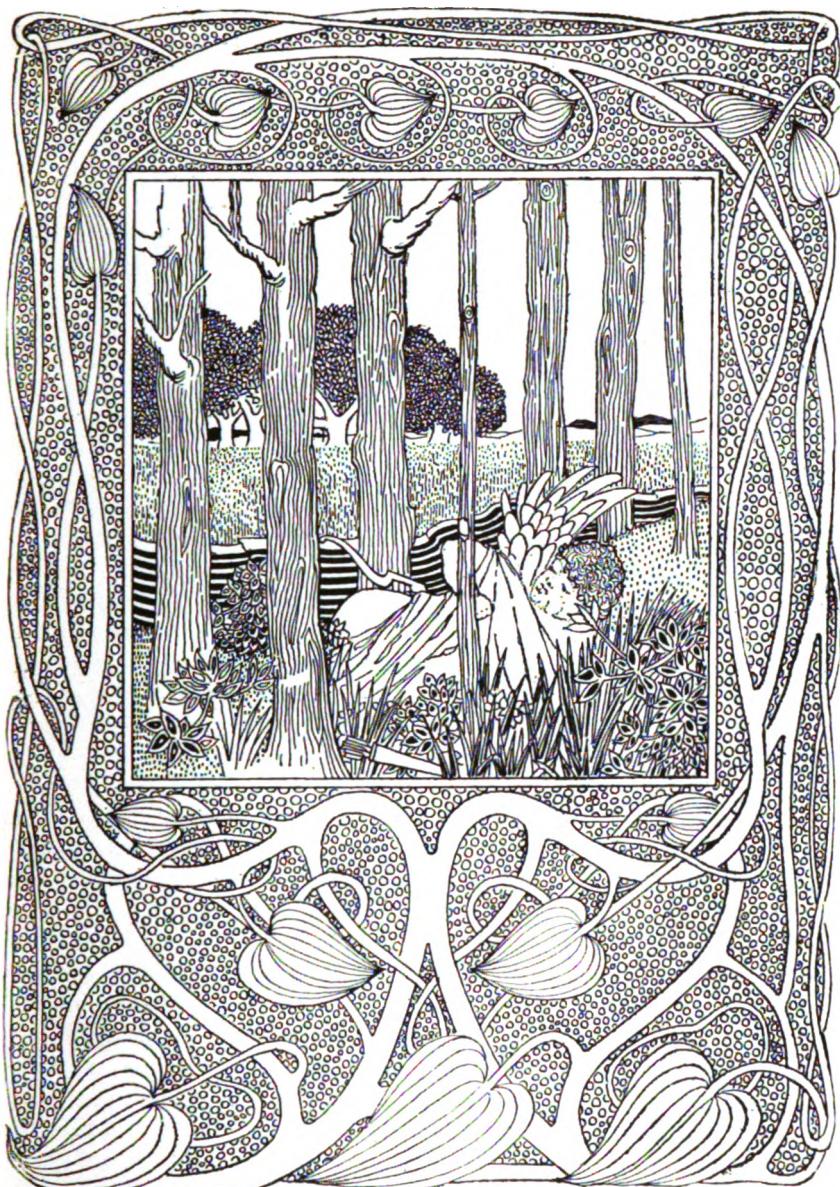
In the Garden of Peace. By HELEN MILMAN. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. (London and New York : John Lane.)—Lovers of flowers and birds and old gardens will welcome this charmingly-written little book. Mr. New has drawn some appropriate and pleasant illustrations with which to decorate its pages. But they are almost a superfluous adornment, for the author's chapters are in themselves vivid and beautiful word-pictures.

Der Bunte Vogel von 1897. By OTTO JULIUS BIERBAUN. (London : H. Grevel & Co.)—This quarto really demands the adjective "quaint;" one dislikes to employ even rightly a word so ill-used, but if the designs by F. Vallotton scattered through its pages are not "quaint," it only remains to call them "primitive." To be quite honest, one is sorry that so very capable a designer did not try to be more himself; but there is a certain naïveté in the little grotesques that is not without charm. The



DRAWING BY E. H. NEW FROM "IN THE GARDEN OF PEACE" (JOHN LANE)

Reviews of Recent Publications



DRAWING BY W. B. MACDOUGALL FROM "SONGS OF LOVE AND DEATH"
(J. M. DENT AND CO.)

letterpress is introduced by a long preface, written in a vein of very heavy humour, with lengthy reasons for the publication of the work. The author also expounds his views of the artistic production of books, which would be more impressive if the specimen before us did not suffice to prove their complete fatuity. The original poems and stories are mostly poor; but Herr Bierbaum, who published a monograph upon each of the two painters years ago, discourses pleasantly enough of Fritz von Uhde and Arnold Boecklin. The best number in the book is a prettily told märchen entitled "Lobetanz."

Songs of Love and Death. By MARGARET ARMOUR. (London : J. M. Dent & Co.)—A charming little volume of verses illustrated in a decorative manner by W. B. Mac Dougall whose work is most quaint and modern in character. The example here reproduced by permission of the publishers is an excellent specimen of the artist's style.

Ex Libris. Essays of a Collector. By CHARLES DEXTER ALLEN. (Boston and New York : Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)—Price \$3 net. The author has succeeded in making a most readable book. French, English, and American bookplates are in turn treated upon in a chatty, pleasant style, and the work should be an extremely popular one among amateurs of this particular form of art. The publishers are also to be congratulated upon the tasteful appearance of the volume. Letterpress, illustrations, and binding, are alike excellent.

The Photographic Salon, 1896. (London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)—21s. The eighteen excellent photogravure reproductions of photographs in the recent Salon Exhibition, which constitute the contents of this handsome portfolio, form an acceptable memento of the show held last autumn in London. Especially noteworthy are *Requiem*, by A. H. Hinton, *A Dutch Girl*, by A. Maskell, and *The Mall*, by E. Callard. It is to be regretted, however, that the work does not include at least one example by Mr. Craig Annan, the excellence of whose work at the Exhibition was especially noticeable.

The Lay Figure at Home

THE LAY FIGURE AT HOME.

"WHY this depression," said the Journalist, "especially as both your favourite daily papers are on your lap?"

"That is just it," said the Lay Figure. "I have avoided the lady decorator of the penny fashion papers, and the snippet journals, but here she is rampant in two of the most widely-read morning papers. In this one she says, 'oak furniture stained green is "coming in" again.'

The Journalist laughed. "Why not? surely if you still admire it you will be glad that Suburbia may soon be awakening to its beauty also."

"Coming in again," said the Lay Figure bitterly, "that is the point; not that it is beautiful, or useful, not that it is comely and unpretentious; you are not asked to appreciate it on its merits, but to look on it as the mode of the moment to be dismissed as lightly six months hence."

"What does it matter?" the Journalist said, "these anonymous lady journalists do but provide what their editors believe the public demands."

"If that were all, it would be bad enough," the Lay Figure protested; "but here is a column of an interview with a lady decorator who says 'for good designs we have to go to the past, and I suppose that must always be the case.' This confession mind you, after long paragraphs puffing her own taste and prattling of her 'adaptations of old Italian drawings for a Renaissance room modified so as to suit present ideas of comfort.' One can imagine those adaptations and those modifications? Altarpieces, 'adapted' for over-mantels; choir stalls, 'modified' for cosy corners. It makes one despair."

"Why be hard on lady decorators, they are no worse than the average firm," said the Journalist. "They both talk art, and follow fashion."

"I would not mind," the Lay Figure went on, "if they would be honest, and say 'we know what the average person likes, and it is easier to please him than to educate him.' But under pretence of raising the standard of taste, they do much the same as the most sordid man of business would do."

"But does not your lady decorator formulate any standard?" said the Journalist.

"This one," said the Lay Figure, dismally referring to another paper beside him, "says 'I had some lessons in "style" from a first-rate man; there are also good books on the subject.' So runs the self-confessed record; no articled pupilage, no grinding at schools of art, no academic training on the one hand, and on the other no bold plea of starting anew, and carrying out fresh ideas. This

is surely making the worst of both methods. Trusting to precedent with a mere smattering of knowledge, eschewing innovation because of a self-imposed formula, such as 'for good designs we must always go to the past.'

"But surely there are men, by the dozen, who practise the various crafts, without better equipment," said the Landscape Painter. "I have heard you praise illustrators who could not draw, decorators who could not paint; you said their 'feeling' or their 'naïve convention' atoned for lack of technical skill. Perhaps these unknown ladies possess those indefinable qualities."

"It is easy to see you know little of their deadly work," said the Lay Figure. "You have not seen designs boldly set forth as 'original,' which were the feeblest adaptations of the faults of a style that was worth imitating at its best; you have not fathomed the real contempt for all that we hold important, implied in the phrase 'coming in again.' But there is a deeper depth. In the papers I have quoted, the worst things are probably honest efforts to provide "home gossip," even at the cost of art; but in the lesser papers the whole thing is often an advertisement of some shopkeeper's goods, with scarce a shadow of disguise. One correspondent wishes she were a Rothschild, or an Astor. To buy masterpieces of any kind? Certainly not! Merely to invest largely in 'sale time' horrors, which she illustrates, lest you might suspect that her taste was really better than its yearnings suggested."

"But what can mere men do?" said the Journalist. "You cannot tell a woman that her taste is abominable. It is the prerogative of the female; she will forgive you discounting her learning, her experience, or her memory; but if you suggest that her taste is not far above all petty rules of art, she merely smiles at your presumption, or says you are jealous of the superior subtlety that a woman can bring to bear on furnishing and decoration. I agree with you, that if the lady decorator means to stay, one active example can do more actual harm than a whole exhibition of the Arts and Crafts could hope to set right again."

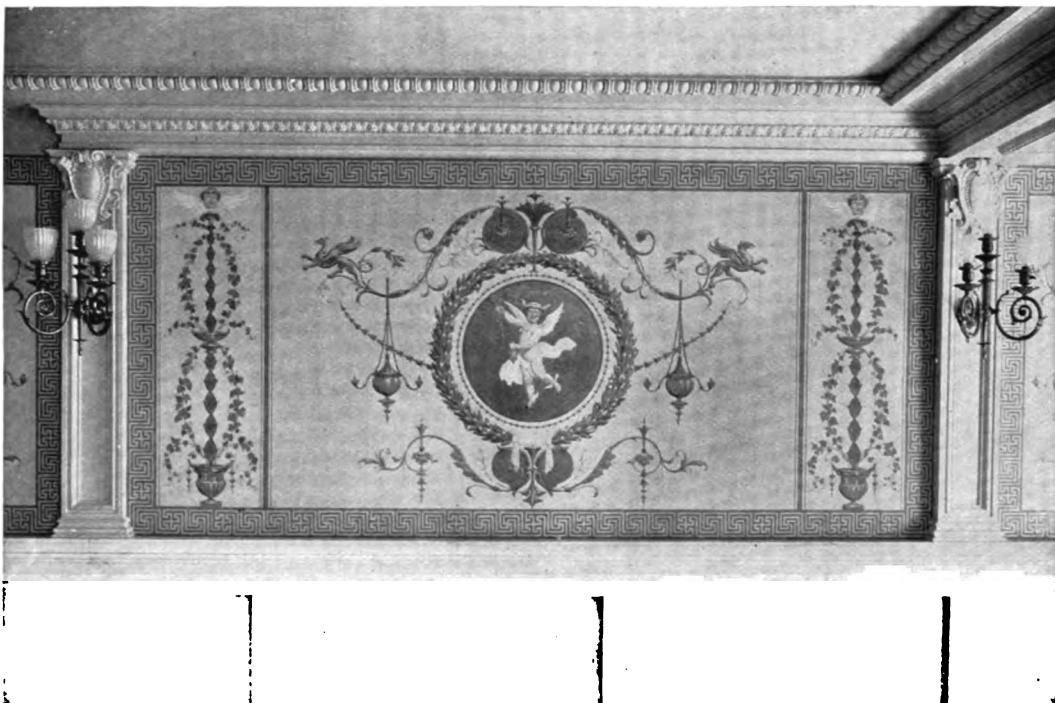
"Do you mean to infer that there are no artists among women?" asked the Decadent.

"Of course I do not," said the Lay Figure. "There are lady-artists, and there are women with consummate taste. Some have even written books on the subject, and good books they are, but the principles of decoration, which your 'sweet Anonyme' sweeps aside with a smile, still perplex a mere man."

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT



MURAL PAINTING IN ENTRANCE HALL OF A NEW YORK RESIDENCE

BY FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD

(From the *Architectural League catalogue*, by permission)

AMERICAN STUDIO-TALK

IT is the aim of The Architectural League of New York to interest the public in the allied decorative arts, and this aim was handsomely achieved in its recent twelfth Annual Exhibition. The managers did not intentionally refuse any work that was decorative in character. The most ambitious façade, in plaster model or pen rendering, had no more prominent position in the galleries than the wax model of an ink-well, a book-plate or a poster. The colossal model for a bronze door was placed vis-a-vis with a simple lace-curtain or a wrought-iron door-knocker. One almost felt, on entering the gallery, that the Renaissance had come again, with its broad brotherhood of artists beautifying everything. There was a healthy

earnestness about the work, a "done for a purpose" quality, that is often lacking in our painting exhibitions, where many of the young men, under the inspiration of technique for technique's sake, paint, as a kitten plays with its own tail, from mere youthful exuberance.

There is, too, a peculiar satisfaction in viewing work that has been accomplished. There are no sales made at the "League" exhibition, and most of the sketches represent plans for work that has been executed. We spoke last month of the artist's hope of a mural commission. It is true that his prospects are but prospective, but there is a general field of interior decoration that is less problematical, a certain tangible market. The sky-scraper, however wide of the

American Studio-Talk



STUDY FOR THE FIGURE OF AMERICA IN THE DOME OF THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON. BY E. H. BLASHFIELD
(From the *Architectural League catalogue*, by permission)

mark it may be of artistic entirety, is at least a factor in our art progress. In piling up its masses of cornice and windows, that rise in attenuated sequence, as did Alice in Wonderland when she came out of the chimney of the rabbit's house, the architect, to avoid barrenness, must break his façade with caryatides, and ornament his cornice; as a fireproof quality is necessary, mosaic has come to be used almost universally for floor covering, so that now the mosaicist and sculptor may be said to be in demand in America. We heard the other day that Mr. St. Gaudens has a sufficient number of orders to occupy him for the rest of his life.

The first room this year was devoted principally to mural decoration. Messrs. Kenyon Cox, Shirlaw, Blashfield, Warner, Dodge, and Barse, exhibited their Congressional Library decorations. Kenyon Cox's group of studies

appeared the most complete, a description of which will suffice to give a good idea of the method of arranging an artist's work. We have the inception of the decorations sketched in oil, the pencil studies of the principal figures in the nude, next the drapery on the figures, sometimes the drapery by itself, if an intricate pattern is to be drawn. The second colour study shows the design in a more completed form. Then we have a photograph of the wall, including some of its surrounding architecture, while larger photographs show us several of the groups. Mr. Cox is an extremely conscientious workman. His dash begins and ends in his first sketch. His successive studies are as careful as the "concur" work in the art schools. His life and drapery studies are done in pencil with an "École des Beaux Arts" finish. On the other hand, Mr. Shirlaw's drawings are the actual size of his decorations. They are veritable cartoons. He is robust where Cox is finished. We publish one of Mr. Shirlaw's drawings, which gives a good idea of his method of

work. He was early apprenticed to the American Bank Note Engraving Co., and learned design from the artisan's point of view; but he later went to Munich and imbibed much of Piloty's method of modeling. His swing of outline and forcing of form is thoroughly German. His design for the ten-dollar currency notes hung near his mural studies.

Few of our artists determine upon a type of beauty with as much sureness as does Mr. Blashfield. He is convincing where others falter. When the exhibition opened, he showed only drawings and photographs of his decorations, but later he added a study in colour for a section of the dome of the Congressional Library. This contained typical figures—a Mary-Anderson-like figure for the Middle Ages, symbolizing literature; a true Renaissance figure for Italy, the arts; and a man for Germany, printing.

American Studio-Talk

His study for America gives a fair idea of his beautiful figures. The wonderful refinement of Mr. Blashfield's work is something Americans may congratulate themselves upon.

Mr. Crowninshield is a decorator of the old school; he employs the meander and fret, the scroll, the wreath, as Pompeian decorators did; he never strives to outdo the past. Our illustration gives a good idea of his method of treating an expanse of wall space; but in his ceilings and stained glass, figures often play more important parts.

F. S. Lamb is frequently not as virile in his lines as he is tender in his conceptions; there is an earnestness about his work that is in perfect harmony with his religious motives, which cannot be said of much of the work of the younger artists, which is frequently so distinct an echo of the latest Parisian fad that it jars upon our sense of the appropriate. We are shocked when the features of a Parisian ballet girl are given to us second hand in the form of a madonna. Mr. Lamb avoids such incongruities.

John La Farge shared honours with his son, Bancel La Farge. Their exhibits seemed tamer than the art we associate with the name of the senior La Farge.

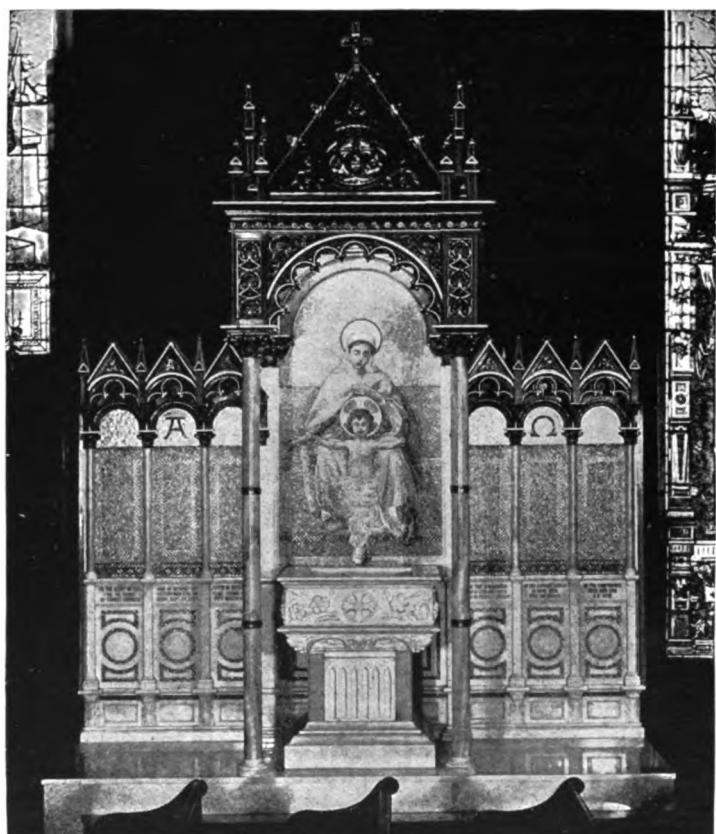
The model of a memorial to be erected in honour of Mr. William M. Hunt, who was first president of the League, was one of the attractions of the exhibition. It was far more satisfactory than most monuments of its kind. The architecture, by Bruce Price, and the sculpture, by Daniel French, harmonize admirably. It will be placed in Central Park, opposite the Metropolitan Museum, facing Fifth Avenue.

The large door for the Congressional Library, by Mr. Warner, is wonderfully successful in its grouping. Mr. Warner's death interrupted his work, but he had already finished the sketch of the second door, which Mr. McMonnies will complete; the latter will also model the third door from his own design.

It is true that the exhibition did not show any great progress in any particular direction. Twelve, ten, or six years ago there might have been an example of any of the arts that excelled the present representations thereof. American art is delightful, because of its tendency to be novel, its willingness to be experimental; but there is no marked propensity to take hold of an art and develop it along its legitimate lines.

Our young artists fairly jump out of their swaddling clothes into the mantle of the artistic Elijah without any intermediate growth. Such metamorphoses win applause, but are not always beneficial to normal development. There is ample opportunity for the younger men to do to-day what John La Farge did a few years ago for stained glass. Almost any of the arts might be developed as he developed window decoration.

We sometimes feel that the League might be more stringent, and admit only that which makes for the best. One's artistic sense is hurt at run-



THE ROBINSON BAPTISTRY, CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, LOUISVILLE, KY.
DESIGNED BY CHARLES R. LAMB

(From the Architectural League catalogue, by permission)

American Studio-Talk

ning against a pillar that looks like the mould of the dregs of a house-painter's pail, but is labelled "artificial marble"! It would have been far better to have borrowed the Jessup Collection of American marbles from the Museum of Natural History, and shown what our natural mineral resources are, than to encourage such an anomalous industry!

NEW YORK.—At Avery Art Galleries, an exhibition of George Du Maurier's pen and ink drawings was held from March 8th to 22d.

At the recent Annual Meeting of the Water Color Club, the following officers were reelected to serve for the ensuing year: Mr. Henry B. Snell, President; Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Vice-President; Mrs. E. M. Scott, Recording Secretary; W. Merritt Post, Corresponding Secretary. New members of the Board of Control elected are: Mr. Rudolph F. Bunner, Mr. Will H. Drake, and Mr. Ben. Foster. The Treasurer's report of the last exhibition shows quite a substantial profit and gain over any previous exhibition of the Club.

At Wunderlich's, an exhibition of engraved portraits of Women of Celebrity, Beauty, and Fashion was held in March.

A lecture on *French Art in the Two Salons* was recently given by Mr. W. A. Reaser before the Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Art Students' Club.

The Maison Ad. Braun & Co., 257 Fifth Avenue, have published *The Prado Gallery at Madrid*, in two hundred and seventy-two carbon photographs, taken direct from the original canvases.

At the Gallery of William Macbeth, 237 Fifth Avenue, an exhibition of paintings by Robert C. Minor was held from March 6th to March 20th.

When, in the Spring Academy, somewhere in the eighties, one H. Siddons Mowbray, then unknown among most artists, exhibited his canvas, *Altar of Roses*, he made one of the most successful debuts ever made by an American painter; his picture was neither large in size, *outré* in treatment, nor "important" in motive, but its wealth of colour made it a *pièce de résistance* of the exhibition; seen to-day in his collection of paintings shown at Knoedler's in February it still holds its own as a refined massing of colour, with a scholarly arrangement of composition that is characteristic of all Mr. Mowbray's work, and none of his succeeding work is done in better taste.



"THE CRESCENT MOON." DECORATIVE DESIGN IN PASTEL. BY
WALTER SHIRLAW

(From the Architectural League catalogue, by permission)

Continued from second page of cover.

PHILADELPHIA.—The School of Illustration founded last fall in the Drexel Institute of Art, Science, and Industry, held an interesting exhibition of Howard Pyle's drawings illustrating the Life of Washington.

The School of Industrial Art has just been augmented by valuable additions of casts, photographs, books, and prints, including two hundred and seventy-two reproductions of drawings by masters in the Louvre.

The recent Sixty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which closed on February 22d, was markedly successful. It contained representative work of our best painters; through the courtesy of the secretary we published several selections from the catalogue, in our notes last month. The unfinished painting, *The Founders of a State*, by Thomas Hovenden, was fitly shown in Philadelphia, as the artist, though born in Ireland, received his art education in that city. If there is any alleviation for the sorrow of death, it is the memory that the departed responded to his last call in an hour of bravery. Thomas Hovenden was killed on August 14, 1895, at Norristown, Pa., in his attempt to save a child from being run over by a train, a grand ending to a very sincere life. Though he studied in Paris, Mr. Hovenden was never an imitator of the frivolous Parisian art, but sought the highest motives in American *genre* subjects.

SAN FRANCISCO.—At the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, California Street, the San Francisco Art Association will open its next Annual Exhibition on the first Monday in April.

DENVER.—School District Number One, of Arapahoe County, Denver, Col., has issued a pamphlet, entitled *Drawing and Art in the Schools*.

INDIANAPOLIS.—The Indiana School of Art, Monument Place, exhibited the Work of Home Artists from February 10th to 17th; the exhibition of the Western Artists' Association was held from March 15th to 19th.

WASHINGTON.—Besides the permanent exhibition at the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Society of Washington Artists will have an exhibition in the rooms of the Cosmos Club, March 25th to 27th, and April 5th to 10th.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The Women's Exposition of the Carolinas, of Art, Science, and Industry, managed by the women of Mecklenburg, will commence May 1st and close June 1st. Artists of all branches are invited to exhibit. It is not a money-making scheme to enrich individuals, but the general aim is to create a Purpose Fund for the Y. M. C. A. Paintings will be collected in New York during April. Three diplomas of equal value "will be awarded in each art section—oils, water-colors, and pastels—as follows: For the best landscape, *genre*, and portrait, one each."

BOSTON.—We acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet, by Walter Gilman Page, Artist, and Member of Boston School Committee, entitled *Interior Decoration of Schoolhouses*.

There was a loan exhibition of one hundred pictures in aid of the Boston Art Students' Association, in Copley Hall, Boston, on the evening of March 5th.

On February 12th, there was an exhibition, in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, of drawings by artists of the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries, belonging to the J. W. Randal collection.

CHICAGO.—At the Art Institute, 202 Michigan Avenue, an exhibition of the "Works of Artists of Chicago and Vicinity," paintings, sculpture, drawings, etc., and a special exhibition of drawings for Newspaper Illustration remained open until February 21st. From March 2d to 21st, Annual Exhibition of the Chicago Architectural Club. Opening about the middle of April, Annual Exhibition of American Paintings in Water Colors; and from June 18th to July 18th, the Annual Exhibition of work of students of the Art Institute.

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The International Studio



for *MAY.*

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By BYRE CROWE, A.R.A. With illustrations from sketches by the author. Printed from type on handmade paper. Edition limited to 1,020 copies for America and 200 copies for England. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Eyre Crowe is probably of all the survivors of Thackeray's friends the one who had the most intimate association with him, and he has here brought together an account of the haunts and homes of Thackeray such as no one else could have prepared.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME.

Contents for May, 1897.

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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO SUPPLEMENT

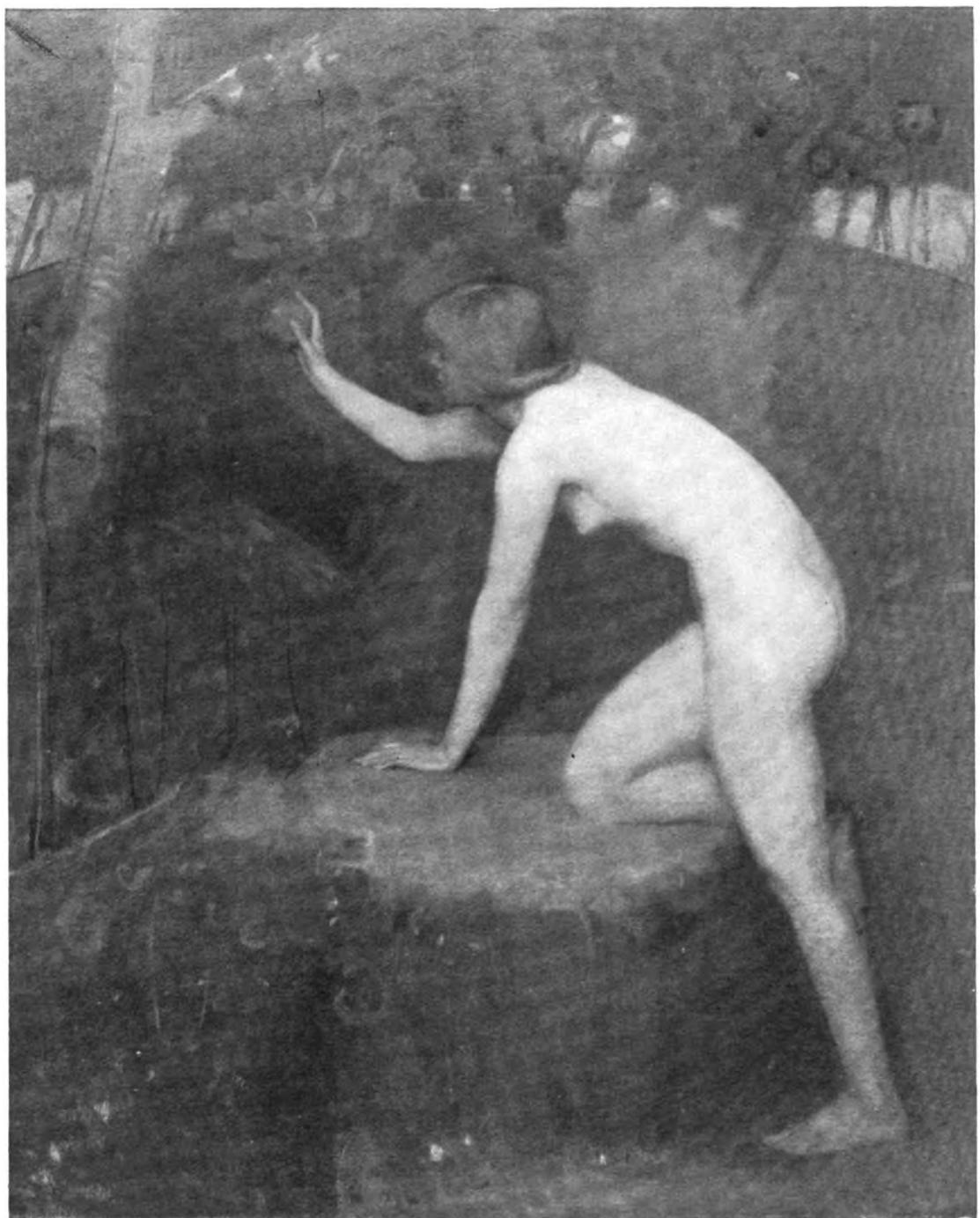
(CONTINUED.)

NEW YORK. In this city we record exhibitions and events as follows: William Macbeth, from April 1st, six old paintings, including works by David Teniers, Van Goyen, Bosh, and others.

At the Lotos Club, "Tonal" paintings, ancient and modern, March 27th. George Inness's *Storm on the Delaware*, Huysmans de Malines' *Entrée de Forêt*, G. Metsu's *Interior*, Valasquez's *Portrait of a Lady*, and H. W. Ranger's *Golden Autumn* were the notable canvases shown.

The Educational Alliance, May 1st to 23d, holds its third annual loan Art Exhibition, in addition to which the committee expect to provide a course of illustrated lectures to be given prior to and during the exhibition, which will be held in the amphitheatre of the Society Building, East Broadway and Jefferson Street.

Continued on third page of cover.



"EVE." FROM AN UNFINISHED
PAINTING BY T. MILLIE DOW

The Work of T. Millie Dow

THE WORK OF T. MILLIE DOW. BY NORMAN GARSTIN.

MR. T. MILLIE Dow began his commerce with the world in the office of his father, who was a writer in a Fifeshire town. The splendid uncertainty as to which eggs in a nest will bring forth singing birds, and which barn-door fowl, is one of the things that help to make the world interesting. If we could be as sure of breeding a poet or a painter as a racehorse, something of the mysterious wonder of art would be gone. Doubtless, chance does not rule it either, for we are told that, "the dice of God are always loaded." But to our eyes the straight rod is bent in the pool, when an artist of extreme delicacy and feeling emerges from a solicitor's office.

To him, thus sleeping, came fortune in the shape of a small legacy. He was then in Edinburgh and had nearly completed his legal training, but he flung it all to the winds, and set out for Paris to study art. He went to the Beaux-Arts and worked all day at the antique; at night he studied at a very Bohemian class kept by an ancient called Suisse, who used to read aloud *Le Petit Journal* to the students. The studio was on the island at the corner of the Pont St. Michel, and was also the house in which Samson the executioner lived; one cannot help feeling grateful to this State functionary for thus distinguishing this house by the Seine; M. Suisse reading the little journal aloud is also a pleasant note. However, Mr. Dow worked with such good effect that Gerome gave him a ticket for his studio, where he studied for two sessions.

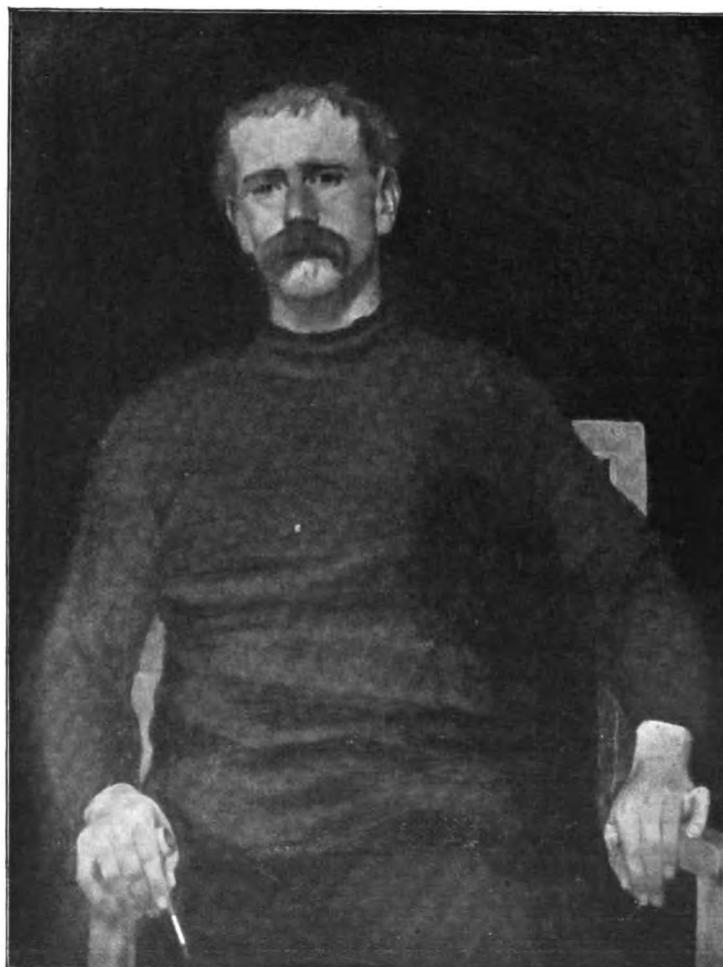
"Gerome," says Mr. Dow, "was certainly the best teacher I ever had. I positively love the man, he was so severe and at the same time so sympathetic with earnest endeavour."

Dow was also at Julien's and then came to Carolus-Duran's. The writer of this paper was studying at Carolus' in those

days of the early eighties, and, indeed, it was more friendship for some of the men collected there than for any great sympathy with the master that led Mr. Dow to our studio on the boulevard Port Royal.

After leaving Paris Mr. Dow crossed the Atlantic and spent a winter on the banks of the Hudson with his friend Abbot Thayer. A winter in Tangier, a few winters in Italy; Scotland, and Cornwall in all seasons, these are the backgrounds of his life. And finally—if one may ever use such a word—Mr. and Mrs. Dow have settled in St. Ives by the Cornish sea, in a charming flower-girt house, sometime the property of Mr. Leslie Stephen. From his windows the blue bay of St. Ives is seen curving in a gracious bow towards Godreevy, which at night sends its warning beam over the water glittering with points of light from the fishing fleet.

Mr. Dow's association with that brilliant band



PORTRAIT OF T. MILLIE DOW

BY WILLIAM STOTT OF OLDHAM

The Work of T. Millie Dow

of workers who make Glasgow their home must not be omitted from the shortest record of his life ; but his work, except in the matter of originality, or, more strictly speaking, on that very account, hardly fits into the limits of that or any school.

It is not the purpose of this paper to criticise Mr. Dow, but rather to present him to the reader.

In a criticism a writer examines his subject from his own, the writer's, point of view. But in a presentation of this kind an attempt is made to show you the man, and the window as it were, through which as an artist he looks upon the world. Therefore all the greater is the difficulty and responsibility, because the critic says (or ought to say), "This is how it seems to me." And whether the critic does his work well or ill, whether his utterances are wise or foolish, there is nothing at which one can reasonably cavil, because his first and last words are, "This is how it seems to me."

But when one deliberately professes to translate the untranslatable, to give in precise terms the unknown quantity of another man's artistic soul, then indeed a heavy responsibility must weigh upon one's conscience and a hopeless sense of inadequacy dull one's perceptions.

Let a man know all his friend's best work, let him rummage in his studio amongst the suggestive inspirations of sketches and studies, let him talk his friend's limitations over with other friends after the comforting manner of studio *causerie*, and still he must feel that he has no words, no formula

that expresses or encloses in a full measure the peculiar effect upon his mind that this work gives him.

Yes, even when the artist tries to explain himself it is not much better, perhaps not so good ; because there are men, who to paraphrase the epitaph on Noll Goldsmith :

Can paint like an angel,
Yet talk like poor Poll.

No one can fully describe a picture ; the man with the deepest insight and the widest vocabulary cannot entirely show even a slight sketch ; he can give the motive but not the personality that rendered it. He may tell you the words of the song, but you cannot hear the voice of the singer.

Man is a corporation of senses which, although not unfriendly, are, nevertheless, so self-engrossed and occupied each with its own business, that they have scant time for communion one with the other. With what words can a traveller tell us of the flavour of some tropic fruit ? What colours can paint

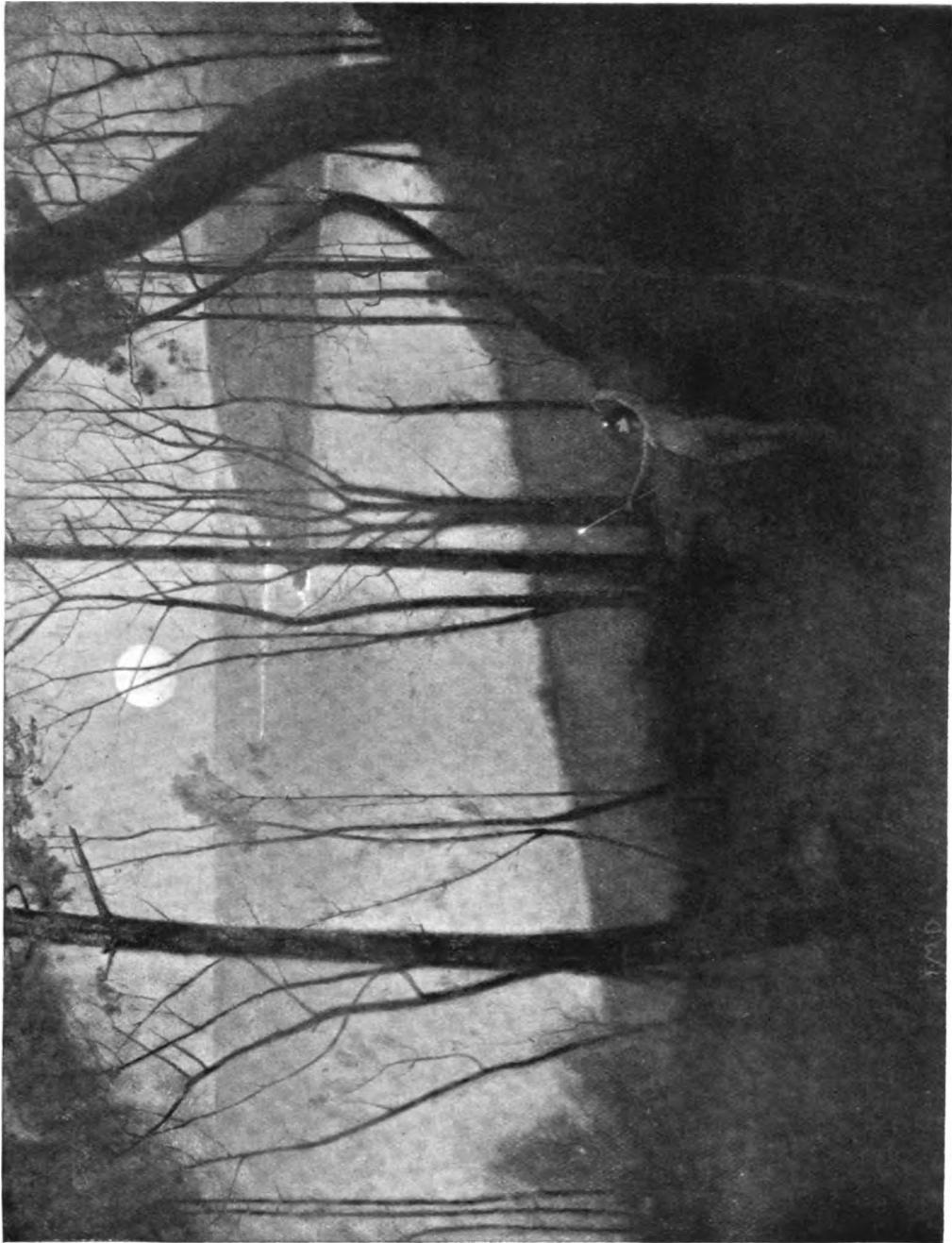


DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS

BY T. MILLIE DOW

a melody ? What melody can give the perfume of the violet ? The painter conveys to us through our eyes something which charms us almost in direct proportion to the inadequacy of words to express it. Directly we feel that we do the artist ample justice when we admire his drawing or painting, we may be sure that the spirit is absent which sanctifies work and should hold us unobservant of such technical matters as have gone to the making of the picture.

These generalities must be excused by their



“THE ENCHANTED WOOD.”
FROM A PAINTING BY
T. MILLIE DOW

The Work of T. Millie Dow

appositeness to the subject of this paper. Mr. Dow, as a painter, is peculiarly difficult to present to the world in any terms other than his own art, and this even he is not anxious to exhibit.

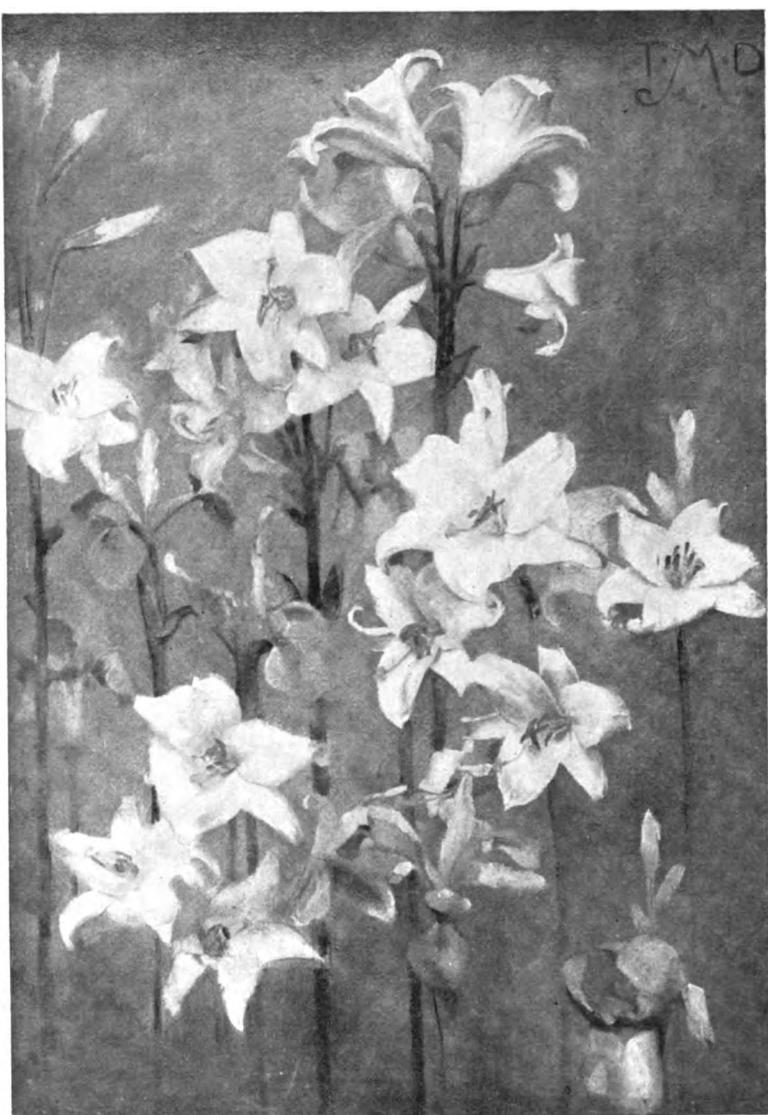
There is a sedateness about his work that refuses to consort with the swash-bucklers and roystering canvases that elbow themselves into the chief places of our commercially conducted Exhibitions. So that except in one or two northern galleries where he is known, and in Munich with the Secessionists, he is rarely seen. It must not be thought that this artistic reticence is due to any lack of virility discoverable in Mr. Dow's work. It will be found that his pictures insist upon their individuality in any Exhibition, and that the eye hails with pleasure the relief to be found in these restrained creations of an artist whose preoccupation is wholly with beauty.

Mr. Dow sets himself problems in which cleverness has but little to do. He feels too deeply the decorative motive of his work to care much about the brilliancy of his technique; nevertheless, in his sketches he produces the greatest effect with the least apparent labour, and what is this? He finds surprises for us, not so much however, in dexterous habile touches as in unusual and withal charming motives of colour and design; and these harmonies of colour remain with us, thrilling us with that plaintive pleasure which is the last gift of all beauty. His pictures touch us as a summer evening touches us, as a melody heard over still water.

It is a vice of human nature that we continually desire to classify; we would group geniuses in genuses, and perhaps it is an artist's strongest claim to merit that his work should hold aloof from such cataloguing, for is not this distinction? It

is hard to find any one whose work produces at all the same effect as Mr. Dow's. William Stott of Oldham strikes, in his landscape, notes that have some of the same qualities of unexpected truth, as of nature caught in an aspect full of tender associations, flooded with delectable colour, and yet withal novel, because no man has presented it to us thus before.

Mr. Dow's distinction has no aid from eccentricity; it is not the result of any artful caprice, but is due entirely to an absorbing passion for all things beautiful and dainty and tender, for colours that dwell together in harmony, for truths that are abiding and not transient, and, in a superlative degree, for effects that have appealed to him



STUDY OF WHITE LILIES

BY T. MILLIE DOW

The Work of T. Millie Dow

through his own senses, and not filtered through the eyes and hands of any school or group of workers whatever. The old masters sit enthroned in his memory no doubt, but only in a certain

art as a whole must move on, striking new conventions out of the mints of fancy. The conventions of a period are nevertheless its limitations; they are the confessions of a more or less articulate man



PEONY ROSES
BY T. MILLIE
DOW

aloofness from things common and everyday does one perceive their influence. He is quite modern, in the sense that all good work of every period must be modern.

To imitate past masters is not only to confess one's inferiority, but it is an admission of sterility. The day that imitation takes the place of invention and evolution, the birth of the arts is stayed—witness architecture.

Here and there an artist, moved by a certain passion for some past conventions, may make from out these ancient materials things beautiful and interesting; it is dangerous to say what an artist with a sincere love of his work may not do, but

that he cannot entirely express his meaning; they are the marks that stand for the illiterate's signature, accepted in default of more precise particulars.

These conventions may be rendered beautiful by the artists that employ them, and in their natural surroundings possess a charm and naïveté that touch us as the lisplings of a child touch us—oftentimes more strongly than the most cultivated eloquence of maturity, but the lisplings of a grown man are absurd affectations; we may admire Chaucer and we may admire Pope, but we do not admire Pope's imitations of Chaucer.

Mr. Dow has many dealings with the supernatural—I do not use the term in any occult sense;

The Work of T. Millie Dow

but he oftentimes depicts fancies that take upon themselves bodily form, yet holding aloof from gross reality. To do this successfully is a supreme effort of art, for in a fanciful subject absolute realism destroys that mysterious quality which is its chief reason for existence. The imagination is cheated of its share by the completeness of the statement of facts. Here is the great power of a convention—it does not state facts absolutely ; you know what is meant, but at the same time you are not for a moment deluded into thinking that you see everything the artist means to express, and

are no passport for us into this realm : we must procure our own credentials, we must prove our own identity.

Mr. Dow seeks to present his imaginative subjects with all the craft of a modern workman. He trusts to his refinements of perception as to a winnowing fan that shall separate those grains that he would keep from the light chaff of irrelevance that would obscure his subject.

In landscape Mr. Dow's artistic divinations are perhaps at their happiest, because his colour sense is so delightful ; and the beauty of landscape is



A CORNER OF
TANGIER. BY
T. MILLIE DOW

your mind bravely busies itself filling in the blank spaces.

The very unlikeness of the work to everyday nature is its passport beyond the realms of everyday nature, but the conventions of our ancestors

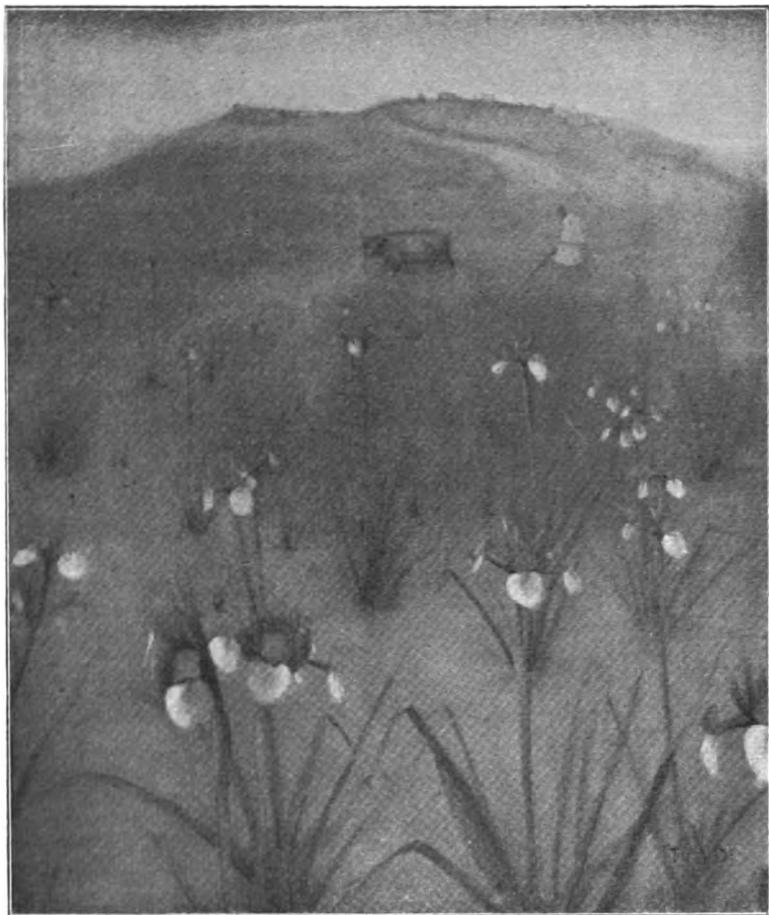
after all chiefly a matter of colour. Mr. Dow is not occupied with the topographical facts of landscape, except for his own purposes of design, but each picture portrays some exquisitely seen scheme of colour and effect, some opalescent morning,

The Choice of Simple Furniture

some evening of amber and gold, some twilight of shimmering blues and violets.

Of flowers, and indeed all dainty things, Mr. Dow is a lover. Cut flowers do not, as a rule, fill us with any sentiment beyond the feeling that they are pretty, and so the painting of them in a manner that calls upon us for sympathy is rarely accomplished; but Mr. Dow, out of the abundance of his great love for them, does really translate into very charming pictures these frail ephemeral creatures of beauty. The making of stained glass in contradistinction to painted windows is also an art in which Mr. Dow takes a great interest. He holds that the leadings should convey whatever simple drawing the design may require, and by this means would be avoided any opacity and obscuration of the translucent colours, which he rightly maintains is the true beauty of such a window, which can never be a picture, and should not so aspire.

NORMAN GARSTIN.



"IN THE FIELDS, MOROCCO"

FROM A PAINTING BY T. MILLIE DOW

152

N THE CHOICE OF
SIMPLE FURNITURE.
BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.

THOSE who have read that exquisite "Gossip on Romance," by Robert Louis Stevenson, may remember how he shows that the aim of the writer of fiction should be to fit to a particular place its appropriate story to make the right thing happen in the right place, and so satisfy the imagination of the reader; and he goes on to describe in quaint and beautiful language how this has been done by the great writers of romance.

To the architect a somewhat similar task presents itself. He must first use the divining power of his imagination to discover the particular kind of house which his site demands, and try to express in bricks and mortar the spirit of the countryside; he must then, having built the right kind of house to harmonise with a particular site, finally complete his task by furnishing this right kind of house with the right kind of furniture.

For it is not enough that furniture should possess intrinsic beauty, unless it also possesses this further quality of exquisite appropriateness to its position and to its use. It should appear almost to be a piece of the room in which it is placed and in absolute harmony with its surroundings.

It is in this respect that the various kinds of fixed furnishings become of especial value in the effect of a room, filling the gap between the house and its furniture, and thus giving an appearance of unity and harmony. The fixed seats to the ingle-nook, the mantelpieces and bedroom fitments, all appear as part of the structure itself and so form a connecting link between the movable furniture and the house.

The essential point then in the choice of furniture may be said to be not so much the

The Choice of Simple Furniture



"THE HERALD OF MORN"

FROM A PAINTING BY T. MILLIE DOW

individual merit of a particular thing as its relation to everything else in the room. The furniture should appear to grow out of the requirements of the room, to represent the finishing touches of a scheme which had its inception when the first stone of the house was laid, and not an alien importation from the upholsterer's of spick and span suites, at war with themselves and their surroundings.

The usual method of huddling together indiscriminately a variety of articles which have no possible relation to each other, will prove merely an expensive advertisement of the bad taste of the owner, and will suggest nothing more homelike than the cabinet-maker's shop.

Perhaps when we have begun to learn that the artist may be better employed in refining and simplifying the surroundings of home-life than in producing an infinitude of mediocre pictures, something may be done towards regaining some of those qualities which seem to have been gained so easily and so inevitably in an earlier age. Till then one can only deplore the immense amount of ignoble and misdirected labour which has resulted in the making of so much that is vulgar and base. If we con-

sider what an incalculable amount of true pleasure both to craftsman and purchaser might be gained in the making and keeping of rightly designed work, and if we imagine such work, carried out in something of the spirit which inspires that description by Rudyard Kipling of the attitude of the true artist worker :

Who, lest all thought of Eden
fade,
Sends Eden to the crafts-
man's brain,
To Godlike muse, or his own
trade,
And manlike stand with
God again.

If we compare with such a picture the mechanical drudge of the modern workshop, we must conclude that the cheapest of educations will hardly atone for the loss of the traditional knowledge of generations of workmen, or for the substitution of a bare

commercialism for the old craftsman spirit.

The furniture of the average modern upholsterer will be quite out of the question for those who wish to possess a tastefully furnished house. It is not implied that the commercial article is necessarily too cheap, or that better furniture would be necessarily more expensive. Many people appear to imagine that they cannot afford to have artistic surroundings, whereas the wonder is that they can afford so much expensive ugliness. For the vulgarity of most of the furniture of the shops has been painfully acquired at the expense of much misdirected labour, and if shorn of its so-called ornament it would often be at least inoffensive.

There is the dining-room suite in black oak, the whole character of which seems to be summed up appropriately in the one word "antique," and which the purchaser, unmindful of a great gulf fixed, fondly imagines to have all the effect of old work. It would be difficult to find anything more debased than these solemn caricatures, and yet they are often to be found in the houses of cultivated people. Some simple designs for dining-

The Choice of Simple Furniture

room furniture are shown among the illustrations to this article. The side-board in plain oak on page 155, and the rush-bottomed chair, on page 156, would be suitable in a small house; while the upholstered chair on the same page would be appropriate to a rather more ambitious establishment.

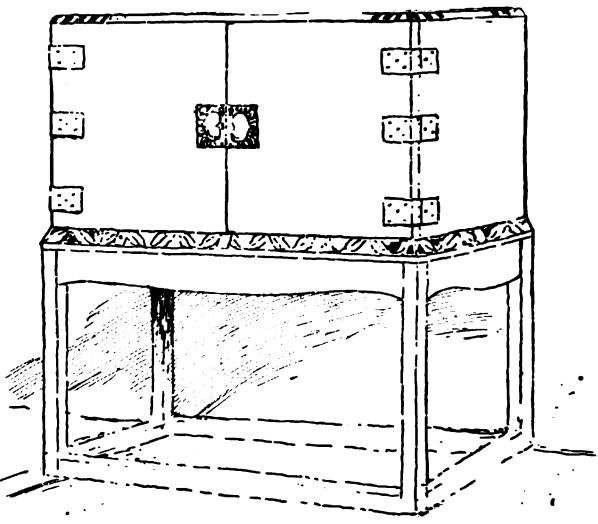
In the average drawing-room we find Art in capital letters everywhere, and the use here of this prefix may be generally taken to signify the absence of any real artistic merit.

The art of the drawing-room! What a medley of painted milking stools, and mirrors, chip-carved tables, trays and photograph frames the term suggests, what a fatal tendency to decorate the most inappropriate things in the most inappropriate places with the most inappropriate designs. To carve the surfaces of tea-trays and tables and to paint on mirrors and chairs! There seems a great need for some kind of directing intelligence to the enormous amount of industry displayed in the various minor arts which are now so much practised. If we take art needlework alone and examine the numerous specimens to be found in such profusion in the average drawing-room, will not the resulting impression be a feeling of sadness that so much industry has been so much misapplied? And then, on looking closer, we find everywhere under the silk the blue lines of the bought design—

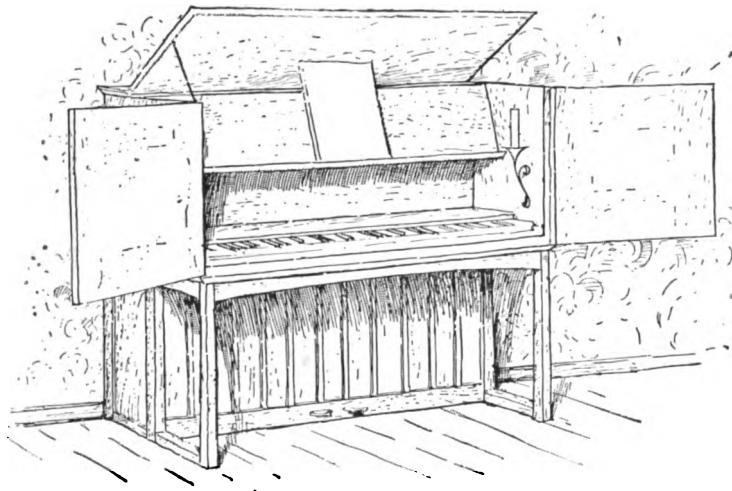
ness of the stitches and the general neatness and accuracy of the work.

Perhaps one of the most curious manifestations of the art of the drawing-room is to be found in the hand-painted mirrors in plush frames, which have been so much in vogue.

It would be difficult to find anything more



CABINET, STAINED GREEN, WITH WHITE METAL MOUNTS
DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT



COTTAGE PIANO

DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

the naturalistic spray of flowers or fruit. The importance and possibilities of design are quite underrated or ignored. A "design" is something bought at a shop which may or may not be "pretty," and that is all. On the other hand, an immense reverence is paid to technique, the fine-

hopelessly illogical than this mode of decoration, because if we wish to look at the painting we are dazzled by the mirror, while the mirror itself entirely loses its *raison d'être*, so that painting and mirror contrive to frustrate and neutralise each other in the most charming way. Amongst the drawing-room furniture which is illustrated in this article mention must be made first of the cottage piano on this page which has been carried out by Messrs. Broadwood.

This represents an attempt to realise something more artistic than the ordinary type of case, in which the keyboard projects as an excrescence from the main body of the piano. It was felt that in order to obtain a satisfactory result the keyboard should be incorporated in the case, and with this object the sides and top of the piano have been

The Choice of Simple Furniture



CLOTHES-PRESS

DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

extended to the front line of the keyboard. The removal of the candles to a position where they will light the music without dazzling the eyes of the player, and the substitution of a long shelf with sloping back for the usual inadequate music rack, are both practical improvements on the ordinary type of piano, while the projecting sides and top act as sounding boards, and so immensely improve the acoustic properties of the instrument. This case has been carried out in oak, stained a dark rich green, with hinges in white metal.

The essential novelty is, however, the form of the case, which would lend itself readily to many kinds of decorative treatment.

Some few other examples of drawing-room furniture are here illustrated also. The small secretaire (page 157) may be carried out in oak, with metal work of *repoussé* copper. The cabinet on page 154 may be finished in the green and silver scheme which has been mentioned for the piano.

Although we may occasionally find a dining-room or even a drawing-room furnished in an artistic way, it is rarely that art penetrates so far as the bedrooms. At this stage the wearied and jaded householder accepts with a passive despair the suites of the upholsterer. They are generally in birch, and the wardrobe has a broken pediment secured with glued blocks, while on each side of the mirror are carved panels finished with mechanical precision. Were it not for disfiguring the pages of a magazine set apart for artistic work, it might be instructive to reproduce here some of this furniture in order to illustrate the above remarks by actual examples.

A few simple designs for bedroom furniture are illustrated. The wardrobe on page 157 may be carried out in oak, with wrought iron hinges. The washing-stand on the same page may be finished in white enamel, with tiles and jug in blue and white; while on this page is shown a clothes-press, which perhaps makes a more satisfactory piece of furniture than the ordinary chest of drawers.

The bed itself is generally either in badly designed cast iron or in coarsely moulded brasswork. If it is to be in metal, it seems a pity that so little has been done towards arriving at a good design; and there certainly seems here a field for the use of simple wrought iron work or delicately moulded brass. It should, if possible, be placed in a recess, or at least in some position where it appears as a part of the room. In carrying out the furnishing and decoration of the bedroom it may be suggested that each should be named after and decorated with some particular flower.

Thus the poppy bedroom might have these flowers symbolical of sleep introduced in the wallpaper and furniture, and if suitable motives were added, such a scheme would have a very unique effect. Other flowers such as the rose and lily may also be suggested.

One of the main faults in modern furnishing is overcrowding; and just as it is thought artistic to



SIDEBOARD IN PLAIN OAK

DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

cover every square yard of our walls with ornament, so we do not consider our houses furnished till the floors are covered and cumbered with useless furniture.

Most of this exists apparently but for one object,

The Choice of Simple Furniture

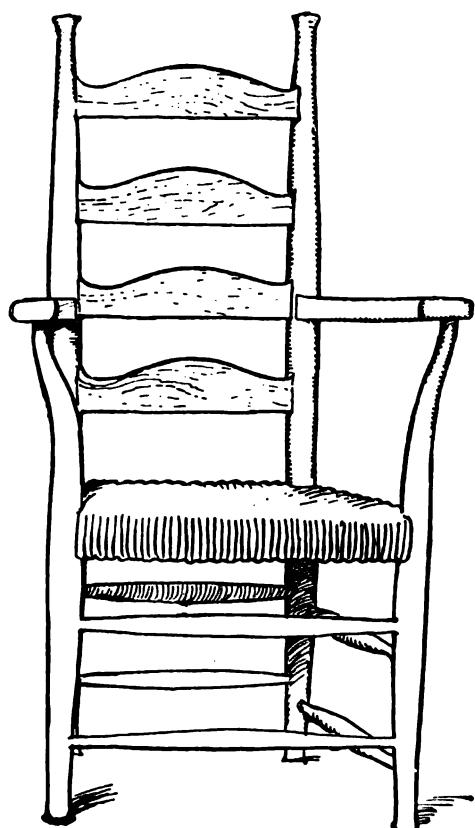
to be kept clean, and so to afford an outlet for those vigorous and misapplied energies which are the mark of the British housekeeper.

The most reasonable basis from which to start in furnishing is obviously the actual practical requirements of the particular family, and the wisest course to pursue will probably be to acquire gradually, as they are needed, the necessary articles of furniture, without reference to conventional ideas or the dictates of fashion. Instead of crowding as many things together as possible, it will be better to remove everything which is not essential, and to aim at having a few choice things rather than many inferior ones.

It is rarely that the artistic value of economy is appreciated in the furnishing and decoration of the home. In most cases it is a deplored necessity, preventing the full realisation of an artistic ideal which sees no possible perfection but that of costly magnificence, and which tests the artistic value of every article by its price in the market. The necessary restrictions imposed by a limited purse often prove to be the best safeguards against vulgar extravagance; and so to those who can

appreciate the beauty of simplicity and restraint, necessity in this case may become a virtue indeed, and instead of trying to emulate the splendours of the palace, so often vulgar, so seldom comfortable and homely, we may accept gladly the limitations which suggest a more cottage-like home. And in this way we may be happy in realising Mr. Ruskin's description of a country home, which may be quoted here as a fitting conclusion to this series of articles.

"And in actual life let me assure you in conclusion, the first 'wisdom of calm' is to plan and



RUSH-BOTTOMED CHAIR
DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

156

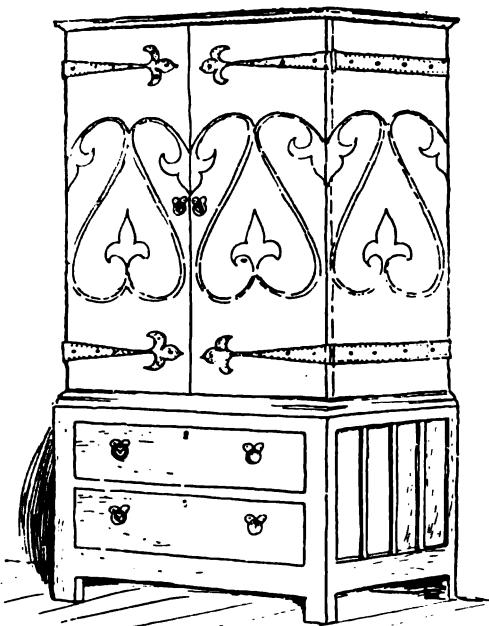


UPHOLSTERED ARM-CHAIR

DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

resolve to labour for the comfort and beauty of a home such as, if we could obtain it, we would quit no more. Not a compartment of a model lodging-house, not the number so-and-so of Paradise Row; but a cottage all of our own, with its little garden its pleasant view, its surrounding fields, its neighbouring stream, its healthy air, and clean kitchen, parlours, and bedrooms. Less than this no man should be content with for his nest; more than this few should seek; but if it seem to you impossible, or wildly imaginary that such houses should ever be obtained for the greater part of the English people, again believe me the obstacles which are in

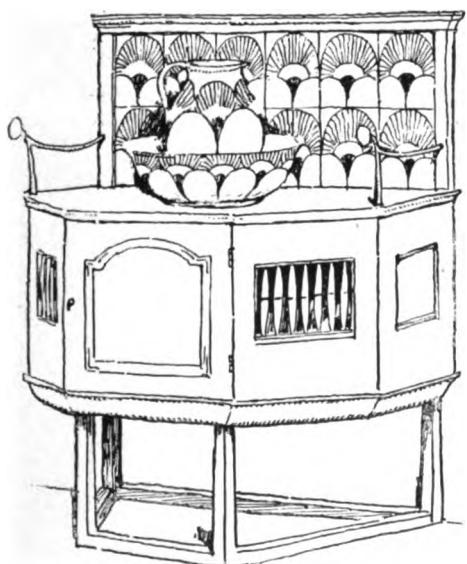
A Decorative Modeller



OAK WARDROBE, WITH WROUGHT IRON HINGES
DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

the way of our obtaining them are the things which it must be the main object now of all true science, true art, and true literature to overcome."

M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

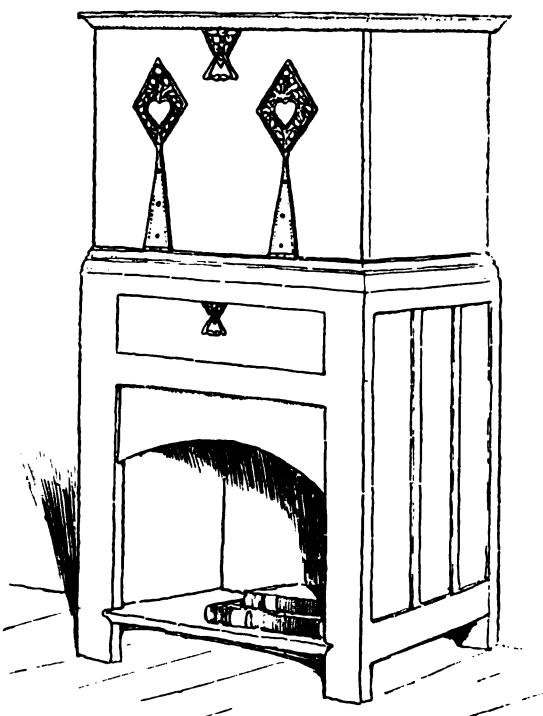


WASHING STAND IN WHITE ENAMEL. TILES AND CROCKERY IN BLUE AND WHITE
DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

The illustrations accompanying the above article are from sketches made by the author.

DECORATIVE MODELLER :
ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER.
BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

A AMONG those of the French artists, both sculptors and painters, who have resolutely associated themselves with the modern decorative movement—their number is unfortunately all too few—one must accord a foremost place to M. Alexandre Charpentier, in justice to the rare merit of his work, and in recognition of a very distinguished personality. In the prime of life, in the full force of



SECRETAIRE IN OAK, HINGES IN REPOUSSE COPPER
DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

his strong and vigorous maturity, Alexandre Charpentier stands out as one of the men who, in the class of work referred to, has produced the freshest, the most agreeable and the most original results.

In the noblest and fullest sense of the word an artisan, he knows all the secrets of his craft. By dint of incessant and serious labour, added to great natural gifts, he has contrived to create a style which is altogether his own, and adds distinction to everything he touches. Before becoming a sculptor he was an engraver of medals, thus acquiring the art of low-relief before that of *ronde-bosse*, or full-relief. This *bas-relief* work he practised with great freedom of execution, and with a most original sense of effect.

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A Decorative Modeller

Then little by little he enlarged his scheme, ever striving after new forms of expression, ever eager to "say" more than any one had said before, ever anxious to keep fresh his view of things, and make it more expansive, more live, and more decorative. At the present time, as he says with satisfaction, the sculptor within him is vanishing, and the decorative artist flourishes instead. He is no longer interested in mere piecemeal excellence, in "art for art's sake," so to speak. Every detail of his work must contribute to the general harmony, the beauty, the synthetical rhythm of the whole.

Hence spring the unity of his work, the special charm and beauty of his conceptions, to which must be added the dominant feature of his genius—namely, his intense feeling of modernity. Before everything else, he is, and must be, modern; by temperament, by unconscious impulse, by inclination, by reflection, by study and by profound knowledge of all that concerns the manners, the dress, the particular mode of living and thinking in this present day. Modern he is certainly, less in respect of externals than in a certain characteristic way he has of seeing the things around him, and translating and expressing them by means of the most original combinations of line and shape.

From this it must by no means be imagined that he neglects or despises the art of bygone days, or scorns to follow its teachings; for such is not the case. Is not the past the eternal source where one drinks in the love of all that is best and freshest? Did not the painters of other times extract the very essence of their own day, as it lay before their eyes in all its various manifestations? Did they not impress the very spirit of their age upon their canvases, in their statuary, in their furniture, in all the familiar objects of daily life around them? This is the teaching of the past that has been too much neglected. Artists have confined themselves to the strict and slavish copying

of the works of art transmitted to us from past centuries; whereas it was the spirit of ideality in this art which should have been imitated. The object should have been to bring to bear upon the aspects of our modern existence the same simple ardour, the same independence of vision shown by the artists of the Grecian epoch, or the Middle Ages, or the glorious times of the Renaissance, towards their respective periods.

There are few artists in France to-day more capable than Alexandre Charpentier of proving, not by theory only, but by their work itself, the truth of what I have just stated. And a glance at his varied productions fully bears this out.



EMBOSSED DESIGN

BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

DESSIN GAUFRE
BY ALEXANDRE
CHARPENTIER

CHITKARA
INSTITUTE OF
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MANAGEMENT

A Decorative Modeller



LA FILLE AU VIOLON. EMBOSSED DESIGN

BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

Everything he has produced, from his *Tireur d'arc*, in the 1879 Salon, and his *Jeune mère allaitant son enfant* in the Salon of 1883, down to the series of gaufred lithographs in colours (*En Zélande*) which he is now publishing—as it were, a sort of note-book of a travelling artist,—bears the imprint of complete simplicity and intense naturalness, rendered in æsthetic form. Where many another painter would become mannered and complicated, would lose himself in a mass of trivial effects, he never fails, for he has the great gift of being able to treat his subject equally well, whether it be in a work of large dimensions, or in some little knick-knack. In his monumental *bas-relief*, the *Boulangers*, intended for the Maison du Peuple, in Brussels—an allegorical idea, illustrative of primordial Labour furnishing nourishment for the masses—which he is carrying out in polychrome enamelled brick-work, in the style of the *Frise des Archers* in the Louvre, just as in the medals he has designed in commemoration of the construction of the Eiffel Tower and other productions of the kind, one finds the same successful realisation, the same regard for decorative effect. In each and all one recognises a lofty desire to interpret life in its broadest and yet in its most delicate aspects. As with his *p'aquettes*, so

with his medals of Edmond de Goncourt, Puvis de Chavannes, Léon Hennique, and Meissonier, all executed with truly admirable power. They are a real triumph of the medallist's art, and something more, for in their freedom of treatment and breadth of touch we discern effects which only the master hand dare attempt.

Up to the present Charpentier's chief production in the department of applied art is his *fontaine-lavabo*, or wash-hand-stand, in the Musée Galliera, wherein his mature and logical style is seen in its fullest development. To the cursory observer this work will appear to be strangely influenced by the eighteenth century; and in general *contour* it certainly recalls the decorative taste of that period. But this is nothing more than an intentional, unaffected reminiscence, as though the artist would wish to show what effects he can produce in the manner of the lovely examples of bygone days. On this traditional groundwork he lavishes a delicious growth of poetic fancy—a veritable water poem. On the lid are seen the Danaïds, the rain, the storm, the torrent, and the spring; while, bending over the limpid stream is Narcissus, seeking his reflection in the peaceful waters. The purely ornamental portion of the work is composed of water plants and

A Decorative Modeller

flowers, and the tap is in the form of a salamander grasping a frog.

Despite the abundance of detail, there is perfect unity in the whole composition, and the artist's absolute sense of proportion and values gives to the work an air of complete harmony. Everything is carefully thought out, according to the artist's own ideas, nothing being left to chance, and, nevertheless, it all has an air of spontaneous freshness, and is full of charming surprises, thanks to the cunning suppleness of the modelling. The secret of the whole thing is that, apart from the fancy and

he has adapted his modelling effects to catch the play of light.

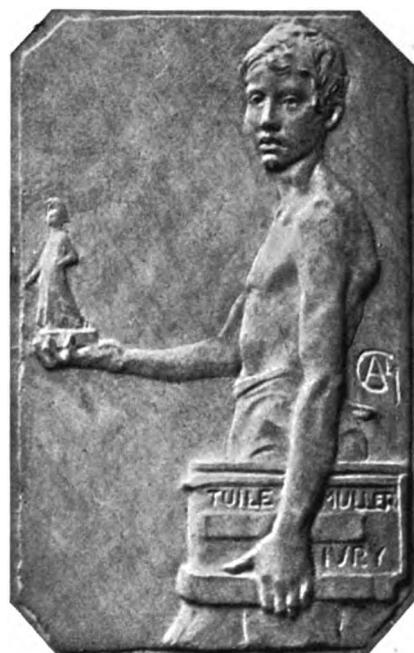
We find the same evidence of fanciful originality



BAS RELIEF

BY A. CHARPENTIER

the imagination he has put into the work, the artist has not disdained to follow the eternal principle of decorative art—namely, to remember the practical object of the article, and the proper employment of his materials. In this case the material is tin, a metal rich and powerful, soft and strong at the same time, with a surface, now clear and shining, now dull and heavy, and always attractive. One must see the original to get an idea of the skill with which the artist has distributed his motifs; how he has proportioned the variations of relief, and how



BAS RELIEF

BY A. CHARPENTIER

and careful consistency in his minor works of everyday utility. It may indeed be said that to Alexandre Charpentier belongs the credit of bringing tin-work into use once more. He has employed it most delightfully in such ordinary things as a wine jug, ornamented with a vintage festival, a coffee-pot, a cream-jug, with the handle in the form of a satyr playing the flute, a bread brush, and a crumb-scraper of very novel design, and a chandelier, called *Le Secret*, with two bodies distorted and moving in the most curious fashion. He has also brought tin-work into service for *marqueterie*, for decorative panels, for lock-plates, and other purposes. Notable examples of his work are seen in his *armoire à-layette*, page 163, and his letter-box. Simplicity itself in point of style, the two little pieces of furniture are charming in their poetic utility, if one may so express it. The *layette* case, the little receptacle where the baby clothes are put away, is ornamented with low-relief work in tin, framed in bright fresh coloured sycamore, harmonising beautifully with the metal. On the door is a young mother nursing her child; while the drawer is ornamented with two pretty infant faces, plump-cheeked and round-headed. Very delicate *marqueterie* in tin-work is also employed here and there with great effect. This is

A Decorative Modeller

indeed a little masterpiece of workmanship, showing, quite apart from its other merits, a distinct gift in the direction of simplicity and sanely human feeling—a return, as it were, to that which is healthy and live and normal, after all the intricacies and u n w h o l e s o m e subtleties of some of our aesthetic schools.

Alexandre Charpentier is interested in every branch of industrial art. The firm of Fontaine has executed in bronze several of his designs—locks, door-plates, door-knobs, and door-sashes. One of his locks depicts a boy painting, another a young girl working at a piece of sculpture. A girl playing the pan-pipes is seen on one of his knobs, and on a second is a lad singing. On a door-plate is a woman standing, and playing the violoncello, on another she is performing on the harp. Here once more the artist has adapted himself to the demands of his material. He has not attempted to be novel in the way of discovering strange and complicated designs ; but has contented himself with decorating the objects themselves, with the most exquisite simplicity and refinement. The two locks are real works of art, so beautifully executed as to recall the great traditions of the Renaissance.

Nor has Book-art been neglected by M. Charpentier, as his filagree for the paper used in M. James Tissot's *La Vie de N. S. Jésus Christ*, published by the firm of Mame, will testify. It represents Christ at the Tomb, and is full of character.

A thousand dainty little inventions are due to him. In place of the hideously commonplace letter headings used by business firms, he has devised a sort of artistic gaufring like those used by the *Imprimerie Lemercier*, the *Tuileries d'Ivry*, the *Café Procope*, and the *Estampe Originale*, not forgetting the cards of admission to the *Libre Esthétique*, the programmes of the *Théâtre Libre*, &c.

Charpentier can get surprising results of great

originality and freshness from this gaufring process, in which the Japanese have shown such astonishing facility. He has appropriated the method, and made it his own, by his special manner of utilising it. The matrix of these *gaufrages* consists of compressed cigarette papers, and thus, notwithstanding its power of resistance, it retains a certain suppleness, which enables the artist to obtain considerable effects of relief, without tearing the gaufred paper. The results are most charming, as the impressions preserve all the clearness and delicacy of the matrix. An excellent example of this work is seen in *La Femme entrant au bain*; the modelling is perfect, and the low-relief effects display extraordinary cleverness. The foreshortening of the naked back, the head, turned almost beyond the profile line—everything about it is full of life, and interpreted with supreme artistic power. The same may be said of his *Femme sortant de l'eau* (page 165)—with an almost imperceptible relief, which nevertheless suffices to reveal the outlines of a body—and others of the same kind, exquisite things, with the pallid human form just discernible against the immaculate whiteness of the paper.

Other *gaufrages* he has done in leather—a blotting-pad (*La fille à la fleur*), a portfolio (*Le Matin*) for instance, being very interesting specimens. Some of his efforts in tooling bindings also deserve attention. Charpentier here, as everywhere, shows individuality and sometimes novelty of treatment, while always confining himself strictly and conscientiously to the requirements of his work.

Thus it will be seen that the theory of "Art for art's sake" has nothing whatever to do with this artist's work ; and he probably considers such an idea both false and futile, for in his eyes applied art is



EMBOSSED DESIGN
BY A. CHARPENTIER

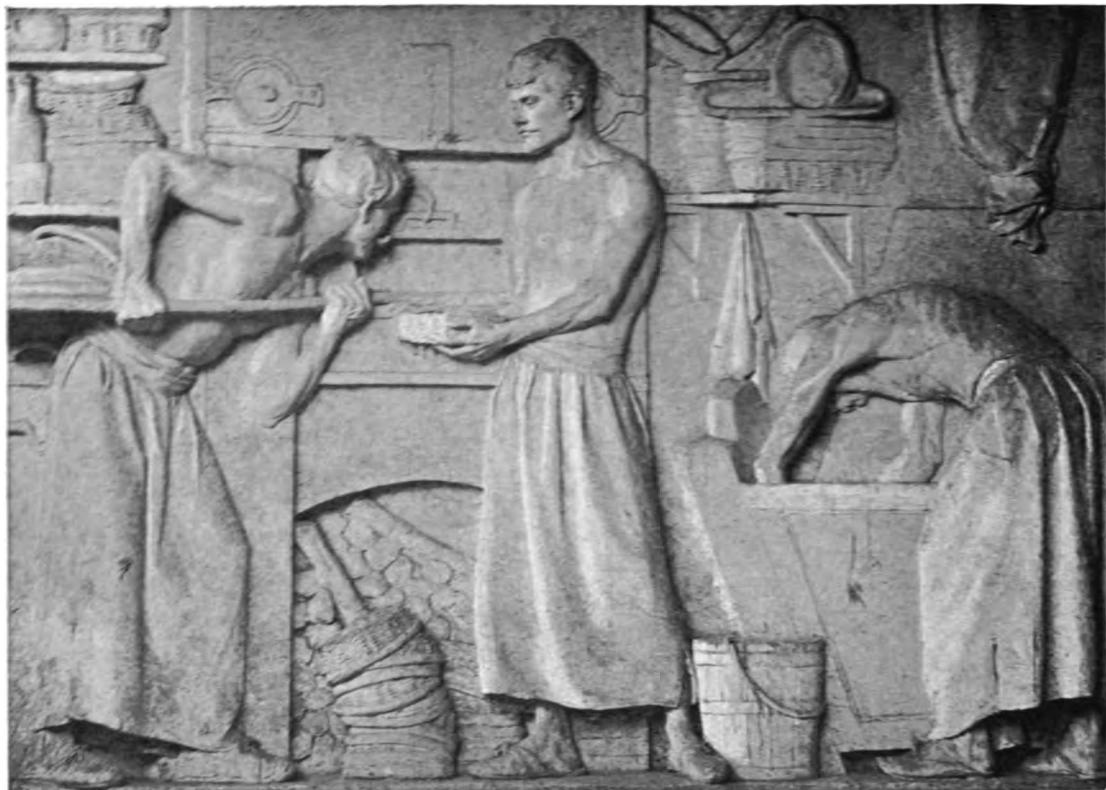


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BY A. CHARPENTIER

A Decorative Modeller



"LES BOULANGERS." BAS RELIEF

BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

superior to what is known as "pure art." Like so many others, he might of course have spent his time in modelling statues and busts of men and women of fashion; but he has thought it better to apply his energies to what certain belated circles doubtless consider the inferior branches of art; work which I nevertheless venture to think is of the very highest and noblest kind. This willing and indefatigable worker, this bold and stubborn artist is ever looking for new worlds to conquer. Every day he strives to enlarge his sphere, to carry life into all the desert places in the region of industrial art. He holds that there is nothing too humble to deserve attention. What branch of art did the craftsmen of the Middle Ages and the eighteenth century neglect? And these are the two artistic periods most dear to him. The workman who shapes and forges a chandelier, or turns a vase, or designs and weaves a piece of cloth—wherein is he the inferior of the painter or the sculptor? No difference was known between them in any age but this. Briefly, the theories now being advanced by Charpentier in France are those of the great departed artist-poet, William Morris.

"Art for art's sake!" There is nothing further

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from his thoughts. To engrave a plate or draw a lithograph with the simple object of doing engraving or lithographic work would be a sore trouble to him. His ambition is mainly to design popular pictures, neither more nor less; to produce plates of instantaneous significance, in the plainest possible characters, and within the grasp of the simplest intelligence. This is the true purpose—not yet practically attained, as he knows and regrets—of his gaufred coloured lithographs. Of these *La*



EMBORESSED DESIGN

BY A. CHARPENTIER

A Decorative Modeller

Fille au Violon (page 159) is a remarkable example. Nothing more simple or more charming can be imagined than this young girl drawing her bow

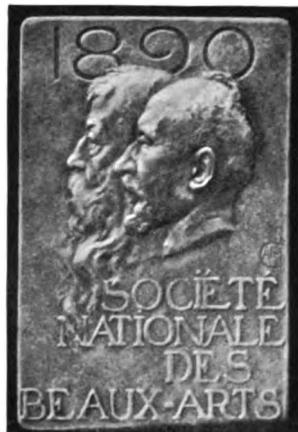


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across the divine instrument. She is sweet innocence itself, the very essence of the pure freshness of youth, trying her hand at art, and filled with joyous ecstasy at the melody she is playing.

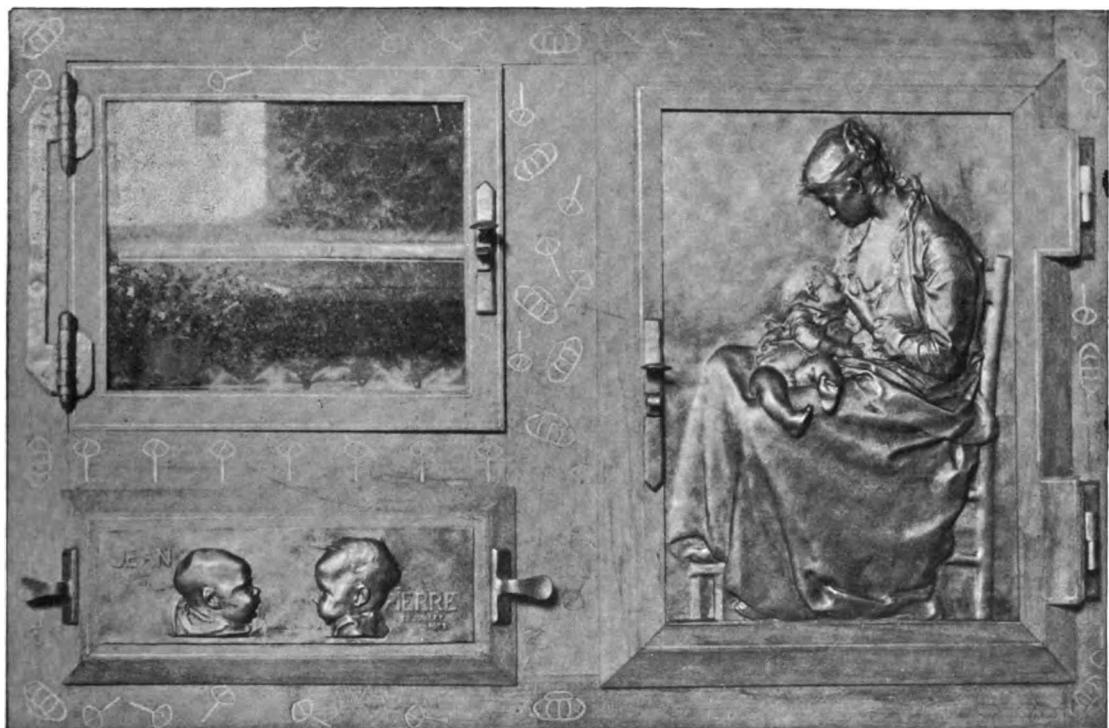
A like idea is manifest in the series of six plates in the same process, styled *En Zélande*, by M. Charpentier, which has just been published by the firm of Lemercier. In these half-dozen pictures his object has been to tell the plain and characteristic story of life in the Walcheren Islands.

His conception is altogether charming, and the execution curious in the extreme. Using flat colour, with a little gold here and there, and utilising the *gaufrage*, he obtains a richness of effect somewhat barbaric and primitive but extremely



EMBOSSED DESIGN
BY A. CHARPENTIER

interesting. The picturesque costumes of the Zealanders, the rough furniture of the country, the canals fringed with little houses of striking



ARMOIRE-A-LAYETTE

BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

A Decorative Modeller



BAS RELIEF

BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

colour, furnish him with many happy subjects. The decorative effect of his plates is striking in the extreme, and so pleasing to the eye that one almost regrets to turn them over. One would prefer to see these eloquent pictures forming part of some mural decoration ; for, there, beyond all doubt, they would be in their proper place. The draughtsmanship is clearness itself, and admirably simple. The sculptor's hand is there, the hand accustomed to work on a large scale, with the line nothing more than the play of light and shade upon the shape itself. I am far from complaining of this. On the contrary, therein lies the secret of their merit and their charm.

Thus I have attempted in this summary fashion to indicate the characteristic features of Alexandre Charpentier's personality. Without going into the details of his private life, it may be said—and the fact is interesting enough—that he was born in an atmosphere of work, and, to start with, was a workman himself. He has made himself what he is by his own strength, by his patient energy, which never tired ; by the courageous force of will, which no obstacles could resist. Educated at

the Communal School, he was apprenticed to an engraver of jewels in the Quartier du Marais. Too poor to stand the expense of entering the sculpture classes at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, he had to be content with studying at the school of medal engraving, which, by the way, produced one great engraver of medals—Roty.

And ever since those early days Charpentier has worked and struggled on, never condescending, in



EMBORESSED DESIGN

BY A. CHARPENTIER

Mr. Menpes' Japanese Drawings

order to hasten his success, to any of those base devices so common among artists over-anxious for an immediate popularity. He has made his position by himself alone, through sheer ability and charm of style. For after all, in the long run, honour must come to those who, like him, are content to remain genuine artists, true to their art, devoted to it, working conscientiously and bravely to add their share to the artistic legacy of their race and imbue their fellow-men with a love of beauty and life and art.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

MORTIMER MENPES' JAPANESE DRAWINGS.

IT is not difficult to understand the extraordinary fascination that Japan, as a sketching ground, exercises over artists of all kinds. There is, perhaps, no part of the world where the painter can find ready to his hand so much delightful material for pictures and so large an amount of pictorial suggestion of the best kind. His work there is helped by his surroundings, and encouraged by the artistic atmosphere which pervades the whole country. Everywhere he may turn he is brought face to face with æsthetic manifestations that are the more convincing because they plainly reflect the conviction of all classes of the people. Art in Japan has been cultivated until it has become, what it should always be, an inseparable part of the national life, and has grown into the dominating characteristic of the popular point of view. It is not regarded, as it is among us, as a luxury, the plaything of the rich, and as something too expensive or too frivolous to occupy the thoughts of any one who is forced by necessity to give close attention to the problem of existence. On the contrary, every one uses it there as the chief motive for effort, and looks upon it as something which is absolutely indispensable for properly perfecting the daily round of national and individual duty. In hardly any country save classic Greece has it been worshipped in so devout a spirit; and certainly in modern times no other nation treats it so completely as a kind

of religious obligation, not to be profaned by inattention nor made of no account by careless patronage.

To the European artist, accustomed to the material and unæsthetic ideas of Western civilisation, this absorption of art into the very life of the Japanese nation comes as a delightful relief. He finds for the first time what general appreciation of the principles in which he believes really means. He exchanges an atmosphere of indifference, if not opposition, for one in which his best aspirations are met with sympathy, and his aims and inten-



"FEMME SORTANT DE L'EAU"

EMBOSSED DESIGN BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

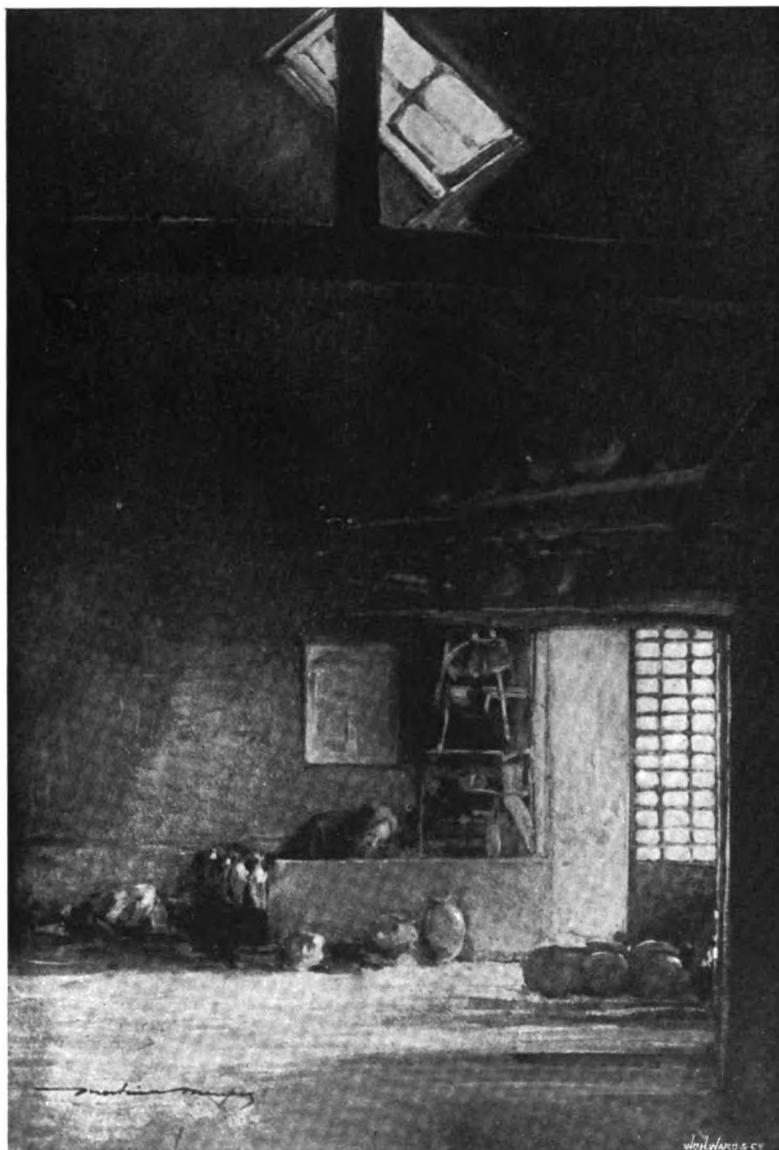
Mr. Menpes' Japanese Drawings

tions considered with intelligent interest. He ranks, to his surprise and satisfaction, as a priest of a great cult ; and ceases to be merely despised as a rather useless member of society, pandering more or less unworthily to tastes which are looked upon as opposed to the dictates of common-sense and hardly consistent with a proper understanding of his responsibilities. The bare tolerance which has been extended to him by his own people no longer irritates him ; and he is able to expand under the genial rays of warm interest and recognition. Small wonder then that his first visit to Japan is rarely his last, and the memories of his experiences there remain to him during his life to fascinate him with

dreams of what life in an artistic community might become.

But in another way the first taste of Japan acts as the strongest inducement for a repetition of a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The general love of art there makes the country itself so paintable that an artist is never at a loss for material for pictures. In every direction subjects that are complete in themselves are naturally presented to him, and in this unconscious and universal picturesqueness he can find never-ceasing occupation. Whatever he may choose to study will please him by its artistic perfection ; he is never constrained to evade by ingenious and wearying devices the disfigurements of mere utilitarianism. He can work frankly and straightforwardly, embarrassed, if he is at all, only by the wealth of material which is available. He may have to limit himself to a particular class of subject, but in such a case it will simply be because amid so much that is ready for immediate treatment he is compelled by exigencies of convenience to avoid the temptation to attempt more than he can possibly complete. He probably consoles himself for this enforced abstinence by the reflection that when he comes again—and he promises himself many more visits—he will cover wider ground. But when he returns he is confronted by the same difficulty ; each fresh experience only shows him more and more how impossible it is to deal, in the time that he has at his disposal, with the extraordinary variety of picturesqueness that the country affords.

To us here, who see the pictures that he brings back, this feature of Japan is distinctly advantageous. No matter how many the



"PORCELAIN"

FROM A PAINTING BY MORTIMER MENPES



"PROCESSION OF ARCHERS." FROM
A PAINTING BY MORTIMER MENPES

Mr. Menpes' Japanese Drawings

artists who go there to paint, any monotony of results is impossible. Each one seems to have something different to say, and seems able to throw a new light upon the country and its people. Even the same painter in successive visits gives no hint of repetition. He surprises us by the freshness of his view, the novelty of his choice, and yet he has only been painting exactly what he has had before him. There is emphatically this hint of welcome newness in the collection of pictures and drawings which have resulted from the latest Japanese excursion of Mr. Mortimer Menpes. He has done much excellent work already in this same part of the world, and he has shown us many interesting things as trophies of his travels. Yet he succeeds now in attracting us in a new way, and adds quite a fresh type to the series of illustrations of Japan, which he, and many other artists, have, during recent years, been indefatigably compiling.

What he has chiefly concerned himself with this time has been a certain aspect of the life of the people. He has been studying the Japanese at work, at play, and in some of their ceremonial observances, and he has painted them as he has seen them at home. He presents them vividly, among all their most characteristic surroundings, and busy with various occupations and sports. How much picturesqueness there is everywhere in the country these studies show in a manner that admits of no question. Whatever a native of Japan may be doing he is, consciously or unconsciously, a fit subject for pictorial record. His workshop provides him with a background that is as complete as any artist could wish; his amusements are always arranged so as to afford as much delight for the eye as relaxation for mind and body; and in the ordinary commonplaces of his life he never forgets the

need to respect those æsthetic obligations which have become the tradition of his country.

It is especially the absence of suggestion of anything sordid or ugly which makes all these pictures and drawings that Mr. Menpes has gathered together so full of charm. There is nothing in them which we feel would be better omitted, or that we would like to see discreetly softened off by a little gentle reserve. On the contrary, it is their strength and reality that attracts our attention even before we have had time to realise how much of beauty there is in the subjects with which they deal. As interpretations of character they are excellent, well understood and clearly expressed, and they have the particular appropriateness that comes from judicious selection of the most suitable and significant material. Whether he is depicting the quaint



AN ARCHER

BY MORTIMER MENPES

Mr. Menpes' Japanese Drawings

personality of a Japanese child, the more persuasive charms of developing womanhood, or the ruggedness of age, he leaves out of his statement nothing that is needed to complete his meaning, and yet he exaggerates no salient feature nor insists upon forcing out of proportion details which are indispensable parts in a scheme of exact interpretation. It would be so easy, if once he allowed himself to forget the right point of view from which Japanese æstheticism should be treated, to introduce an element of caricature into the representation of a life which has such a marked and special character; it would be possible even to debase into ugliness

the curious individuality of his sitters if he committed the mistake of considering minor peculiarities as of more moment than general effect.

But there is, apparently, something in the influence of Japanese art which prevents even the European worker from drifting into errors that cause many a picture painted under the control of Western conventions to miss its aim. Mr. Menpes certainly shows himself to have been affected by the spirit of the country, and to have learned some of the lessons which are presented there to every observer. He has mastered one great principle, perhaps the most active of all, the necessity for keeping every part of his work in right interdependence, and for treating each one in due subjection to his main design. Exaggeration or caricature cannot obtrude undesignedly into art which is restrained by a principle such as this, for under these conditions only the essentials for exact expression will appear, and all things else that have no immediate bearing on the main motive will be either omitted entirely or, at all events, so far subordinated that they will serve simply as accessory incidents appreciable only by their collected effect. And in realising this Mr. Menpes proves by his success the truth of the contention that it is necessary for an artist who would paint Japan in the right way to allow the influence of local conviction to affect him as much as possible. He must err, if at all, in the direction of pliability, and be prepared to surrender almost entirely his European notions of art. The dramatic ideas about subject, and the desire for sensational juxtapositions, which he has acquired at home, must give way to a belief in something much more abstract. If he is to see



"O KIKU SAN"

FROM A DRAWING BY MORTIMER MENPES
(By permission of Lady Edward Cecil)



"REFLECTIONS." FROM A
PAINTING BY MORTIMER.
MENPES

Mr. Menpes' Japanese Drawings

Japan at all with the eyes of a Japanese artist, he must attend more to the manner of his work than its matter, and must substitute the decorative intention for the dramatic. By design alone, and that of the most subtle and intelligent kind, can he arrive at results really consistent with the teachings of the native art, and it is only when he has proved himself in sympathy with these teachings that he can be regarded as a satisfactory exponent of the particular characteristics which he has gone to Japan to study.

On this ground, then, Mr. Menpes, in this latest demonstration of his artistic intentions, deserves a special degree of consideration. He is not merely a British artist who has been working in a district where paintable material is plentiful; he is, besides, a student who has assimilated some new principles, and has learned to use them in an interesting fashion. Always receptive, and ready to experiment in fresh directions, he has seized an occasion to prove the possibility of bringing into agreement the ideas of Eastern art, and the technical devices of the West. The difficulties inseparable from such an effort have not daunted him, and his courage has been rewarded more amply than might have been expected. The particular view of Japanese life which he has chosen to present is elaborated into a singularly complete representation; correct in atmosphere, true in character, and thoroughly in keeping with the artistic beliefs of the country. It says not a little for the closeness of his study that he should have achieved so much; it says more still for his artistic intelligence that what he has done should be so entirely in the right spirit.

Concerning the technical character of the studies themselves there is something to be said. The mediums in which they are executed are various. A certain number are in oil, painted with the minute delicacy of touch which has deserved admiration in much of the work that Mr. Menpes has already exhibited. Some are in pen and ink, handled with regard rather for black-and-white pattern than for the realisation of exact relations of tone. He has varied in them his manner of using the pen, for only a certain number of these drawings are in pure line; the rest are marked by a certain quality of decorative contrast, by the juxtaposition of solid blacks in large masses with spaces of pure



OLD JAPAN

BY MORTIMER MENPES

white broken only here and there with line work. Others, again, of the types of Japanese character, are in gouache monochrome, refined and subtle in modelling, and gradated with extreme delicacy. And there are also some studies in chalk handled very freely, and particularly bold and definite in statement.

Of all the drawings, however, those in which he has aimed at obtaining effects of strong colour are the most remarkable and the most original. In these Mr. Menpes has illustrated once more the restless spirit of investigation which has all his life been characteristic of him. He has never been satisfied with accepted methods of work, and has always been trying to find new ways of obtaining unusual results. His Indian and Mexican pictures were also experiments in the management of strong colour, and were marked by peculiarities of technique designed expressly to help in securing chromatic effects for the expression of which he felt that the generally recognised modes of painting

Mr. Menpes' Japanese Drawings

were inadequate. The same feeling induced him to seek for some new way of gaining the forcible assertion of colour which he wished to be the special feature of his latest Japanese work. As many of his subjects were interiors, effects of artificial light, or groups of people in gay garments, some method which would give him depth and considerable force without losing brilliancy was clearly an absolute essential. Pure water-colour proved to be too deficient in luminosity; pastel, though brilliant enough in colour, had many disadvantages that made it inconvenient in actual working, while its liability to damage by even trivial accidents particularly unsuited it for use on an expedition which must necessarily conclude with a long sea voyage. To have depended upon a medium so fragile would have meant the exposing of the bulk of the results of his stay in Japan to the risk of destruction at any moment.

MENPES
1896



SKETCH

BY MORTIMER MENPES



SKETCH

BY MORTIMER MENPES

So he set to work to contrive a technical device which should combine the brilliancy of pastel with the convenience of water-colour and the freedom in actual execution of oil painting; and he found what he wanted in gouache. The manner in which he used his materials was, however, in some respects at variance with the ordinary way of painting water-colours with opaque pigments, and involved a certain amount of preparation. The paper on which the drawings were executed was first soaked for many hours, or even days, until it was almost reduced to pulp, and was then laid upon a thick pad of blotting-paper which was constantly wetted while the actual painting was in progress. The pigments were applied with ordinary hog-hair oil-painting brushes, solidly and freely, the brushes being used somewhat firmly so as to roughen the wet face of the paper. The drawing was kept moist meanwhile by the blotting-paper, and the various touches of colour consequently took their places on the surface without forming hard edges, and finally, when the whole was completed and the blotting-paper removed, dried harmoniously together. The effect of this somewhat uncommon water-colour method has

"PROCESSION OF ARCHERS"
AT KIOTO
BY MORTIMER MENPES

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Mr. Menpes' Japanese Drawings

been to give to these drawings by Mr. Menpes a character which is certainly agreeable, and one that goes a long way to satisfy the intention of the artist. The roughening of the surface of the paper by his manner of using the hog-hair brushes, granulates the paint-touches very much after the pastel fashion, and distinctly adds to the brilliancy of the colour; while the thickness and solidity of the opaque pigment make comparatively rough usage of the drawings possible without much likelihood of their suffering appreciable damage. The large brushes and the use of semi-fluid colour help to give breadth and an air of sturdy directness to the workmanship, so that many of his productions that have been handled in this way are quite akin to oil-paintings in their technical qualities, without having lost the purity and tenderness which are among the chief charms of water-colour.

The whole collection has in fact a double interest; it is attractive because of its subject-matter, and because it reflects the life of a country which has an extraordinary fascination for every one who

has visited it or has studied its marvellous artistic products. The works of which the collection consists will, when shortly they come to be exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries, engross the attention of practising artists on account of the technical audacities which distinguish Mr. Menpes' performances from the ordinary run of painting. To the artist credit is due for his versatility and artistic spirit; he has led us by his earlier work to expect that at each reappearance he will prove to have made some notable departure from the beaten track, and he has not failed to act up to his reputation on this occasion. His versatility, however, is perfectly legitimate, it is based correctly and securely upon serious thought and sound observation; and his artistic spirit is entirely of the right kind, in that it induces him to strive constantly to find ways of perfecting technical methods and to devise convenient means by which he may arrive directly at the manner of expression which will most completely realise what he intends to represent.



"THE FORCE"

BY MORTIMER MENPES



A STREET SCENE AT ASAKUSA
BY MORTIMER MENPES

Evolution of Village Architecture



OSAKA

BY MORTIMER MENPES

EVOLUTION OF VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND. BY G. L. MORRIS.

IN Viollet le Duc's work, "The Habitations of Man in all Ages," Epergos, who symbolises the spirit of inquiry and progress, says, "The same phenomenon is always recurring," in the growth, fulness, and subsequent decay of a nation. So in architecture—a manifestation of a nation's life—it is possible to trace through its period of youth, maturity, and decline, an intimate connection existing between the civilization which gave it birth, and the changes in its domestic architecture. Hallam, in his "History of the Middle Ages," says, "No chapter in the history of national manners would illustrate so well, if duly executed, the progress of social life as that dedicated to domestic architecture. Every change in the dwellings of mankind, from the rudest wooden cabin to the stately mansion, has been dictated by some principle of convenience, neatness, comfort, or magnificence," consequent upon those general causes which build up the life of a nation. In no phase is this close relationship more easily traced perhaps than in the industrial village, and its prototype, the village community. In the latter, with its primitive economy, rough and ready dwellings, the

customs and manners are those natural to isolated groups of people, with little or no intercourse with others. In the industrial village, one of the developments of our own time—probably the result, to some extent, of a conscious, gradual and more general recognition of the influence of environment—there is sufficient evidence to indicate that the combination of country with town life, under conditions more complex, and therefore less easy of reasonable organisation, can be carried to higher issues, bringing into the squalid life of the workers in centres of industry something of beauty, something of life. The building of pleasantly placed groups of dwellings in proximity to any industry, with ample open

spaces, gardens, and the rational segregation of the blocks in the country districts or on the outskirts of the towns is in this direction; and leads to a happier mode of life than that lived by the worker in the "model industrial dwelling." From the earliest times onward, the village has had its place in the national development, changing a little from time to time, as one form of society succeeded another, and each period impressed upon the thought and customs of the village some of its tendencies; and while certain villages, through position, mineral wealth or other cause have become towns, many seem to have remained stationary, but have in reality been influenced by the succeeding forms of social life. This recurrence of village life under a more complex social state, and as the outcome of "positive conditions" of life and labour, is the result of causes, some of which it is proposed to touch upon in the course of this article.

In the early village community of which Ashborne is a type, Mrs. G. L. Gomme says: "The dwellings were built of wattles, smeared inside and out with mud or clay, and were crowded near the church in the street of the settlement. In all cases the church was the common hall of the parish and a fortress in time of danger, occupying the site of the stockade which had been built when the first settlers occupied the ground. In the body of

Evolution of Village Architecture



A BLOCK OF COTTAGES AT LEIGH

(From a Photograph by S. H. Anderdown)

ERNEST GEORGE AND PETO, ARCHITECTS

the church were frequently stored products, corn and wool. Here, too, the common feasts of the parish were held. The plan of the cottages in the village consisted generally of one room on the ground and one on the upper floor." The absence of any easy means of communication between the different villages made it incumbent upon the villagers to supply their immediate wants, each village having its own carpenter, smith, and other craftsmen, differing, in this respect, from the rural population of to-day supplied very largely by the neighbouring towns and a few descendants of those itinerants that travelled the road during the Middle Ages. It is probable that the village councils were held in the nave of the church, the clergy exercising their power at that time in matters temporal as well as spiritual, settling disputes, administering justice, and being paid in kind, such as "corn, wine and cattle," for their ministrations. The enormous wealth of the clergy, and their almost unlimited power during the earlier part of the Middle Ages, accounts in a very large degree for the use to which they put their wealth: to build, enlarge, and decorate their mansions on earth. For while the

dwellings in the village have decayed, and time has wrought changes in its social life, the village church, which was once the mainspring of that life, still stands for a "memorial" that here the local mason carved spirited devils out of stone, that the carpenter cut and carved his stumpy and lifeless saints, and that the smith hammered out his gates, grills, and hinges. Each gave of his best, his quota of quaint thought and curious workmanship that constitutes the village church a history of thought and feelings embodied in materials, which those who can may read.

In this brief survey of the village system, a system necessary no doubt in the epoch of which it was the outcome, the two most important elements in the continuity of its existence are shown to have been isolation, and the power of church and clergy, which together have resulted in a oneness of social life which would be difficult to understand, except in the light of this explanation.

The knowledge of the period, a monopoly of the priest and to a lesser extent the manorial lord, slowly percolated down to the villager by various and divers ways, not the least important of which

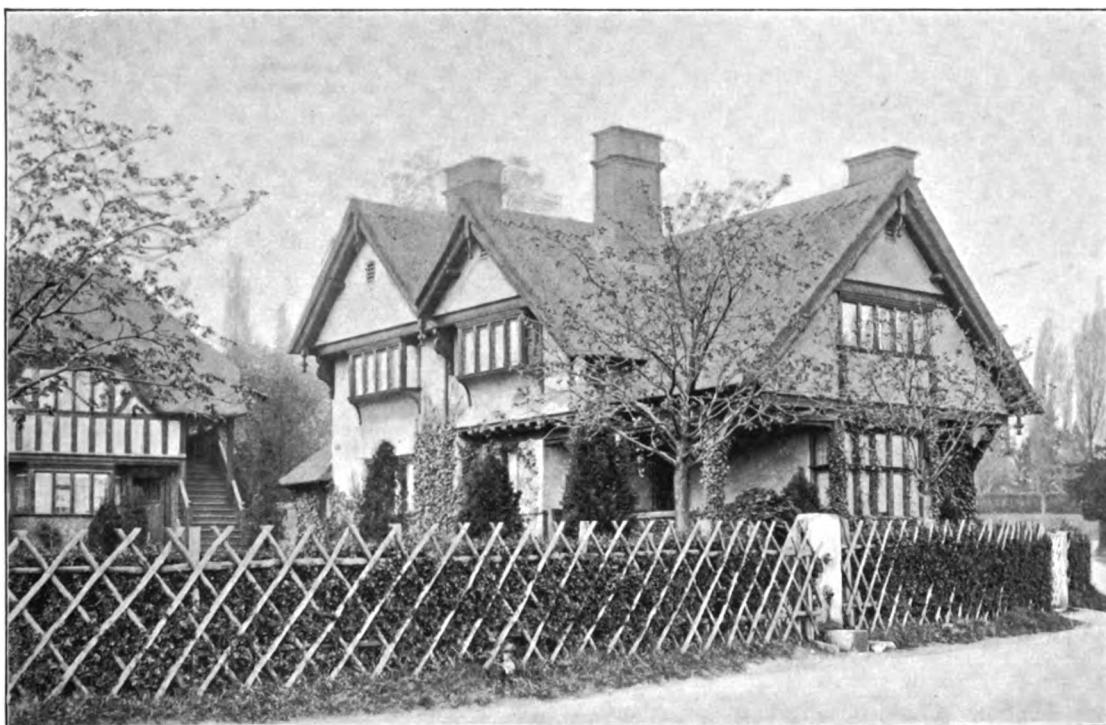
Evolution of Village Architecture

was the mediæval philosopher of the road. Corresponding to this intellectual advance was the gradual alteration of the framework of society. The simple life of the village gave way to the more complex life of the town, as the growth of merchant and craft guilds increased their size and importance. This, in its turn, has been dominated by the present system of capitalist production which, in process of time, will, no doubt, be overtaken by other forms of social life.

From this time onward, during the growth of modern industry, endeavours have been made to adjust the life of our time to the new methods of production. The most important attempt was that made by Robert Owen, some time after the passing of the first or second Factory Act, suggested by his previous experiments at New Lanark. He failed, but his endeavours are now bearing fruit in the growth of those villages which are the outcome of modern industrial life. Briefly, his scheme was "the settling of twelve hundred persons on spaces of land, all living in one building in the form of a square, with public kitchen and mess-room, each family to have its own apartments, and the care of the children until the age of three, after which they should be brought up by the community, their parents having access to them at mealtimes ; these communities

to be established by parishes, counties, private individuals, the State," or by the county councils.

The steady and gradual absorption of the smaller industries into the larger, and the continuous exodus of the rural population into the manufacturing districts, made a consideration necessary of the best means for housing the increasing population of the towns, augmented by this draining of the rural districts. P. Anderson Graham writing on the rural exodus, says that "the exodus is no passing and ephemeral phase of our social life, but a strong movement gathering as it grows, must be taken as a hard fact, and no mere observer's opinion." To meet this, the erection of "model industrial dwellings" was begun—rookeries in unsavoury districts were cleared away ; and the new buildings erected to take the place of the hovels, designated homes, have had the effect of vastly improving the manners and morals of the various neighbourhoods. There seems, however, no reason for supposing that these later dwellings are a satisfactory solution of the housing problem ; the lack of open spaces, of sufficient area to be beneficial, the doubtful purposes to which the staircases are sometimes put, the inadequate supervision, with the dreary, barrack-like exteriors and interiors that do



CONVALESCENT HOME AT LEIGH

(From a Photograph by S. H. Anderdown)

ERNEST GEORGE AND PETO ARCHITECTS

Evolution of Village Architecture



READING-ROOM AT LEIGH

ERNEST GEORGE AND PETO, ARCHITECTS

(From a Photograph by S. H. Anderdown)

duty generally for this form of building, are some of the defects to be remedied before they can be considered reasonable and satisfactory dwellings. There is, perhaps, some way of dealing wisely and pleasantly with these buildings, but the evils consequent upon town life, of which they now form a part, are clearly dealt with in that work on "National Life and Character," by C. H. Pearson, in which he says: "The dweller in a large city is tending more and more to become a very small part of a vast machine. It is not only that his daily work is less varied and makes less demands on resource and fertility of expedient than it did, but his whole horizon is narrowed. Put on the one hand the elevating influence of the State school, which has taken him through a primary readers' series, and add, it may be, an occasional visit to the museum, and assume on the one hand what is becoming more and more a fact, that the artisan's daily walk from the house to the factory represents his knowledge of God's earth; that he has never wandered by the seaside, or in the woods, knows nothing such as village children

know of life in the hedges and farm-yard, never sees the dawn whiten and flush over heather, or has looked up at the stars except through an intervening veil of smoke or fog. Does any man dream that an excursion train with its riotous mirth and luncheon baskets, and a few hours' freedom to stand on a pier, or stroll through the streets of a country town can compensate to millions of human beings for nature quite shut out? What kind of children will these be who have never picked buttercups and daisies, who read in poems of the song of birds that they cannot hear, and of a beauty in the seasons which they only know by the vicissitudes of heat and cold? Will not their eyes be dimmed for all sights but those which a shop window can afford, and will not their minds be the poorer by many bright memories which their mothers had?" From this significant passage, it appears that improvements in sanitation, and the general comfort of dwellers in the "model industrial dwellings" will be of little avail without some radical alteration in the general scheme of such buildings. Dr. Bowmaker in his work on "The

Evolution of Village Architecture

Housing of the Working Classes" says, that there seems no reason why manufactures and the works of various industries should not be transferred to the country districts. It is in the more general adoption of this proposal on some such lines as Port Sunlight or Cresswell Mining Village that advance will be made. The villages must be either built on the confines of the town, or in the heart of the country. "With the enormous extension," says Dr. Bowmaker, "of our railway systems to which we have been indebted for much of the pressure upon the towns, such decentralisation is rendered possible. The plan has already been adopted to a limited extent by many firms manufacturing in the rural districts, who carry on their business from offices or warehouses in the centres." It is not difficult to see that the nature of some industries might possibly prevent this arrangement, but where the industries rendered it possible, the many advantages would amply compensate for the great difficulties to be overcome which must necessarily accompany such changes.

Further difficulties to the extension of industrial villages might be multiplied, some of which are

dealt with indirectly in Dr. Bowmaker's work. One objection is the cost of land and the removal of the factories; another is that even where it was possible to obtain land at a reasonable outlay on the confines of an industrial centre, the distance to be traversed and the time occupied in travelling to and from work would be an objection difficult to overcome, even in those cases where the local authorities controlled the tram lines and could grant great reductions in the fares. This last objection would hardly be applicable to Port Sunlight or even Cresswell, but only where the industry was situated in the town, with the village standing away on the outskirts. Of the villages illustrated here, two are typical of what has already been done under existing circumstances in Port Sunlight and Cresswell Mining Village. Other villages are at Bournville, Aintree, Saltaire, and Val de Bois in France. In each of these there is still room for development, not so much as regards size, but in the grouping of the cottages, the schools, factories, and in the planning of the gardens, design in building, choice of materials, and craftsmanship of the work. At Bournville, the works of Messrs. Cadbury, sufficient study has not been



BOLTON ROAD, PORT SUNLIGHT

(From a Photograph by G. Closs)

W. OWEN, ARCHITECT

Evolution of Village Architecture

given to the general scheme, and the dwellings might have been arranged in some better relation to the factory.

A well-conceived scheme, taking advantage of any natural peculiarities of the site, should always be a first consideration. (At Port Sunlight a little valley between two parts of the village has been turned to good account.) The dwellings at Bournville are not free from vulgarity and ostentatious display of moulded brick. A want of restraint and the suburban villa-like air that characterises the houses is particularly exasperating, the more so as the district is beautiful; still, with its technical school, large dining-room, and its rural surroundings it is possible that, as time moves on, some of its shortcomings may be eradicated.

A few miles from Tonbridge, in the county of Kent, is the village of Leigh, built partly on the slope, down which the traveller wends his way on entering the village. To the right, as the corner is turned at the base of the slope, is the Convalescent Home (page 179), while facing it is the front and one end of the quadrangle; this group is three

sides of a square and forms the most delightful portion of the village with its pleasant-coloured brick base rising to the height of the ground-floor sill windows, its rough cast above, thatch roof, and large wide-spreading gable facing the village green that lies away in the front. At the far end is a glimpse of the partly external staircase leading to the first floor, and over the roof is seen the church tower, the church being built some way up the slope. Further down the road, towards the middle of the village, are the butcher's-shop and the reading-room (page 180), forming the projecting wings of another quadrangle on somewhat similar lines. On page 178 is illustrated a block of cottages at the far end of the village, where the valley is becoming hill. Returning over the ground traversed, one calls to mind that description of a *New building*, by Kenneth Grahame, in which he says: "The grey stone, new and yet not smugly so, new and yet possessing distinction, marked with a character that does not depend on lichen or on crumbling semi-effacement of moulding and mullion; faintly scented, beautiful with a strange new beauty, born of what it had, and



A BLOCK OF COTTAGES AT PORT SUNLIGHT

(From a Photograph by G. Close)

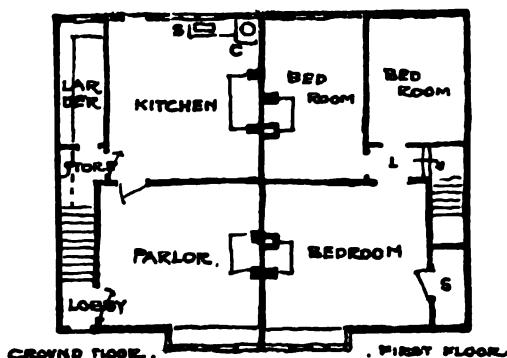
W. OWEN, ARCHITECT

Evolution of Village Architecture



COTTAGES AT CRESSWELL

BREWILL AND BAILEY, ARCHITECTS



PLAN OF ABOVE

what it had not, all the woodwork natural, unpainted, and redolent of the forest it came from." Further comment on the buildings forming the various portions of Leigh is unnecessary, as a previous writer in THE STUDIO has dealt at some length with the characteristics of Ernest George's work. It is clear that these cottages are to be considered only as additions to a village that probably retains some of the characteristics and customs of the primitive community. The grouping of the buildings is suggestive and may be imitated with profit in the extension of those villages growing up out of modern conditions.

Another village, that of Cresswell, now in course of erection, is within a short distance of the small town of Bonsorver, and is planned on symmetrical lines. The general scheme is an inner and outer row of dwellings separated by a street, through which a tram line is laid. The line runs round the entire village, and branches off to the colliery, thus enabling the occupants of the cottages to be supplied with coals direct. The centre green will form a park, in the centre of which will be placed the

bandstand. In the middle of one of its long sides are situated the schools, co-operative store, and club-house, facing the officials' cottages which overlook the principal entrance.

Another industrial village, probably the most successful, is Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead. It is arranged in the sixty acres of ground (exclusive of works) with considerable skill and ingenuity, every advantage being taken where the rise and fall on the ground suggests some departure from the ordinary treatment. The valley running longitudinally, and dividing the village into two portions, is spanned by a picturesque stone bridge designed by Douglas and Fordham. This valley, originally a wilderness, is now planted with shrubs and bushes and the grass-covered slopes make a pleasant playground for the children.

Looking across the valley through the bridge are some cottages designed by J. J. Talbot, architect and surveyor to the estate. Nearer, and to the left, standing back from the road, are the schools, built on the angle formed by the intersection of



OFFICIALS' COTTAGES AT CRESSWELL

BREWILL AND BAILEY, ARCHITECTS

Studio-Talk

Bridge Road, and School Lane ; on the right is, perhaps, the most successful group of cottages on the estate, the block with five gables (page 182). Another illustration (page 181) shows a group of dwellings in Bolton Road.

With the exception of the first few blocks, the whole of the village has been erected by the workmen on the estate, under the general supervision of M. R. Nickson, without the doubtful aid of the general contractor. The result of this is seen in the careful workmanship and the attention to detail, which bear the impress of careful thought. The cases in which the detail is unsuccessful are not due to any lack of good work and material, but to a failure of this or that architect to realise and respect the general harmony of the whole village. An instance of this is seen in the block nicknamed the Cathedral block—an imitation of Shakespeare's House, and also in the front of the New Offices. With the exception of these anachronisms, this is, down to the present, the most successful attempt to arrange the social life of the worker on a more reasonable basis.

From this last and brief description of the modern village can be traced analogies that exist between the primitive institution and the later development. The central governing power has passed from the church and clergy into the powers that organise industry. The village inn has become the club, and "Ye Shoppe" but a means of supplying the village with products manufactured in other districts. The position once occupied by the cleric is slowly becoming monopolised by the school teacher, and the villager, instead of serving the manorial lord or master, is called to his daily work by the unwelcome "steam buzzer."

These lines have been written not so much for the purpose of comparing the old with the fairly successful modern village, but to suggest that from this idea of semi-rural life, already in embryo in the modern state, may grow up, out of the needs of the present time, a domestic architecture correlative to a social condition, pleasant and in close contact with nature. It would not be difficult, if space permitted, to support this idea from a number of modern authors, the keynote of whose writings is a return to the country, a closer contact with the woods, the valleys and hills, the trees and the soil ; only from such surroundings is it possible to conceive of the beautifying of mill, factory, village, and workmen's dwelling. The conditions of modern life are not opposed to æstheticism provided the subject be approached in a right spirit.

G. L. MORRIS.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—The Spring Exhibition of water-colour drawings held by the Dudley Gallery Art Society was on the whole quite up to the average of its immediate predecessors, that is to say, it included a small number of fairly good works, a great many commonplaces, and some productions that would have had little chance of appearing anywhere else, and might have been omitted with advantage from the Dudley Gallery show. Of the things that were worthy of attention the best were the landscapes and sea pieces by Mr. Claude Hayes, Mr. D. Green, and Mr. R. Wane, three artists who can always be depended upon for clever handling and agreeable colour ; and some of the lady artists, like Miss Margaret Bernard, Miss Rose Barton, and Miss Mead, showed a reasonable amount of success in the use of their materials. The bulk of the exhibition consisted, however, of productions that hardly called for detailed notice, because they showed comparatively little intention to be anything else but mere reflections of what has already been done by other people of greater skill.

This same fault of imitation was the one weakness of the joint exhibition held at Messrs. Graves's gallery by Miss E. Stewart Wood and Miss Annette Elias ; but in this case the imitation was made interesting by the technical skill employed in carrying it out. Both ladies are artists of capacity, and therefore the fact that they should have elected to base their style upon that of a contemporary artist of much repute seems to be a matter for regret. Miss Stewart Wood has certainly the power to choose subjects worth painting ; she has a sense of harmonious colour, and skill much above the average in draughtsmanship and handling. Her best qualities were shown in such canvases as *The Reed Cutters*; *Many Fields o' Flowering Clover Gay*, with its elaboration of detail and pleasant relations of colour ; *A Flood in the Orchard*, notable especially for its sound drawing of the trees ; and *The Garden of Sleep*, which was excellently sunny and fresh. With the ability to do so much under the present conditions of her work, Miss Stewart Wood ought to distinguish herself in a direction more definitely her own.

Miss Elias showed, perhaps, more individuality in her contributions to the exhibition ; and she proved herself possessed beyond question of a

Studio-Talk

desire to realise the larger and grander features of nature. Her most noteworthy pictures were those which she had painted on Dartmoor, where the scale of everything is large and simple. In such bare moorland subjects everything almost depends upon the manner in which the atmospheric qualities are expressed, and Miss Elias arrived at her best results by leaving out unimportant detail, and by aiming especially at exactness of gradation and proper balance of light and dark. She is certainly a painter of open-air nature with a more than usually keen judgment of what is most right in landscape art, and her work, therefore, is important enough to watch closely.

Mr. Wallace Rimington should be peculiarly happy, for he has secured the rare distinction of

attracting both artists and the general public. His *Wanderings in Italy*, one hundred and thirty-eight pictures lately on view at the Fine Art Society, were a most delightful series of personal impressions of picturesque places. He is gifted with the happy instinct to choose an unhackneyed point of view, and imparts to each picture a certain local colour, which takes you to the spot itself; he must needs be a very churlish visitor who did not frankly enjoy this tour through Italy by proxy. As some portraits of people you have never seen convince you of their true likeness, so whether you knew the subject of Mr. Rimington's painting or not, it convinced you at once of its literal truth. Nor was this topographical verity gained in any way conflicting with art; as schemes of colour, judiciously mastered technique, and pleasant pictures to live with, the show was distinctly a fresh triumph. To please all men is hard, and sometimes dangerous to the artist; yet one who has achieved the rare feat, may be congratulated. The specimen reproduced here shows how good is the composition and lighting of Mr. Wallace Rimington's work, even when colour is absent.



"LA FORTEZZA SARZANA"

BY WALLACE RIMINGTON

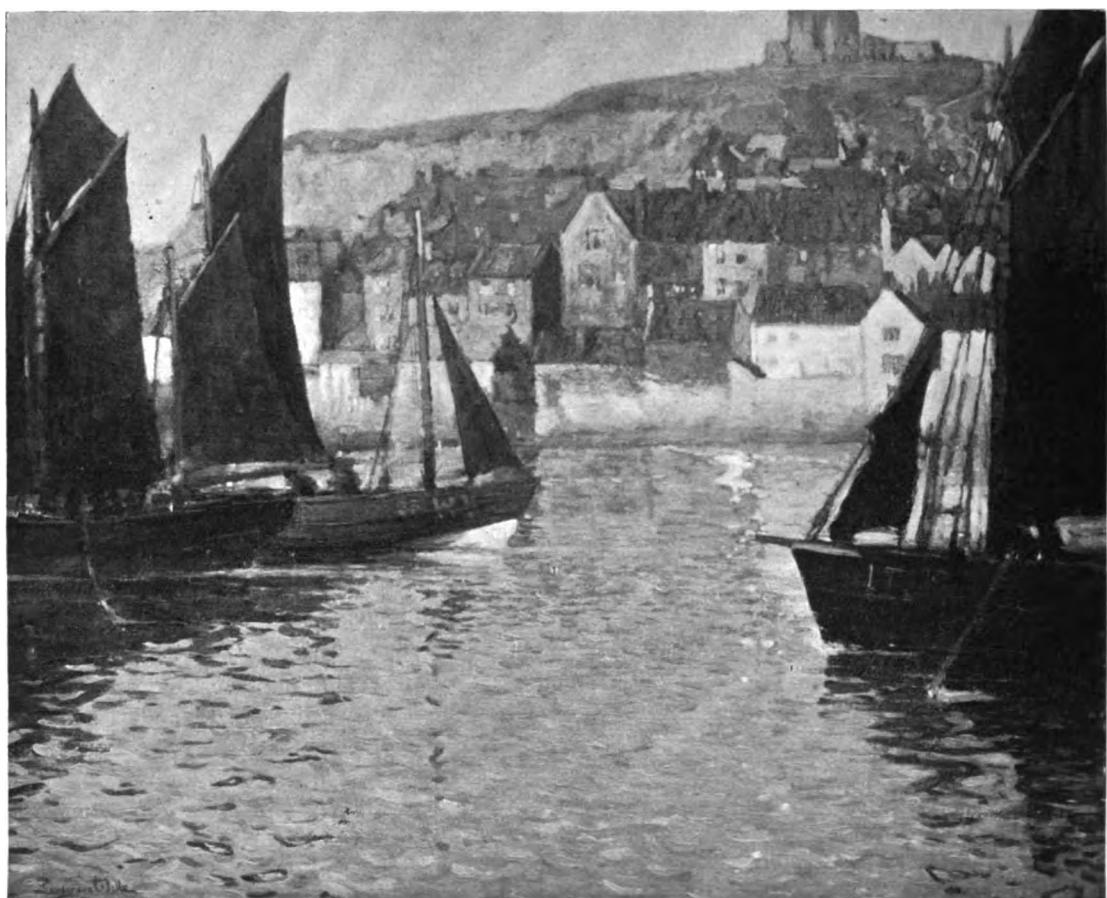
An artist whose work has something more than the ordinary degree of vitality deserves attention at a time when the tendency towards merely lifeless imitation is a matter for lamentation. For this reason Mr. Sanderson Wells claims a few words of notice. In his *Fishing Boats leaving Whitby*, without losing balance and right proportion, and without forgetting the proper principles of composition, he has secured a very pleasant irregularity and quaintness which express the variety of his subject far more satisfactorily than would have been possible with less independence of thought.

The Autotype Company has been very active of late, and is adding to its list in a way that comes as a surprise when you enter its show-room, expecting to find chiefly blameless, but somewhat over-popular masterpieces. The fine portrait of Mr. J. M. Barrie, painted by Mr. Leslie Brooke, which is reproduced here-

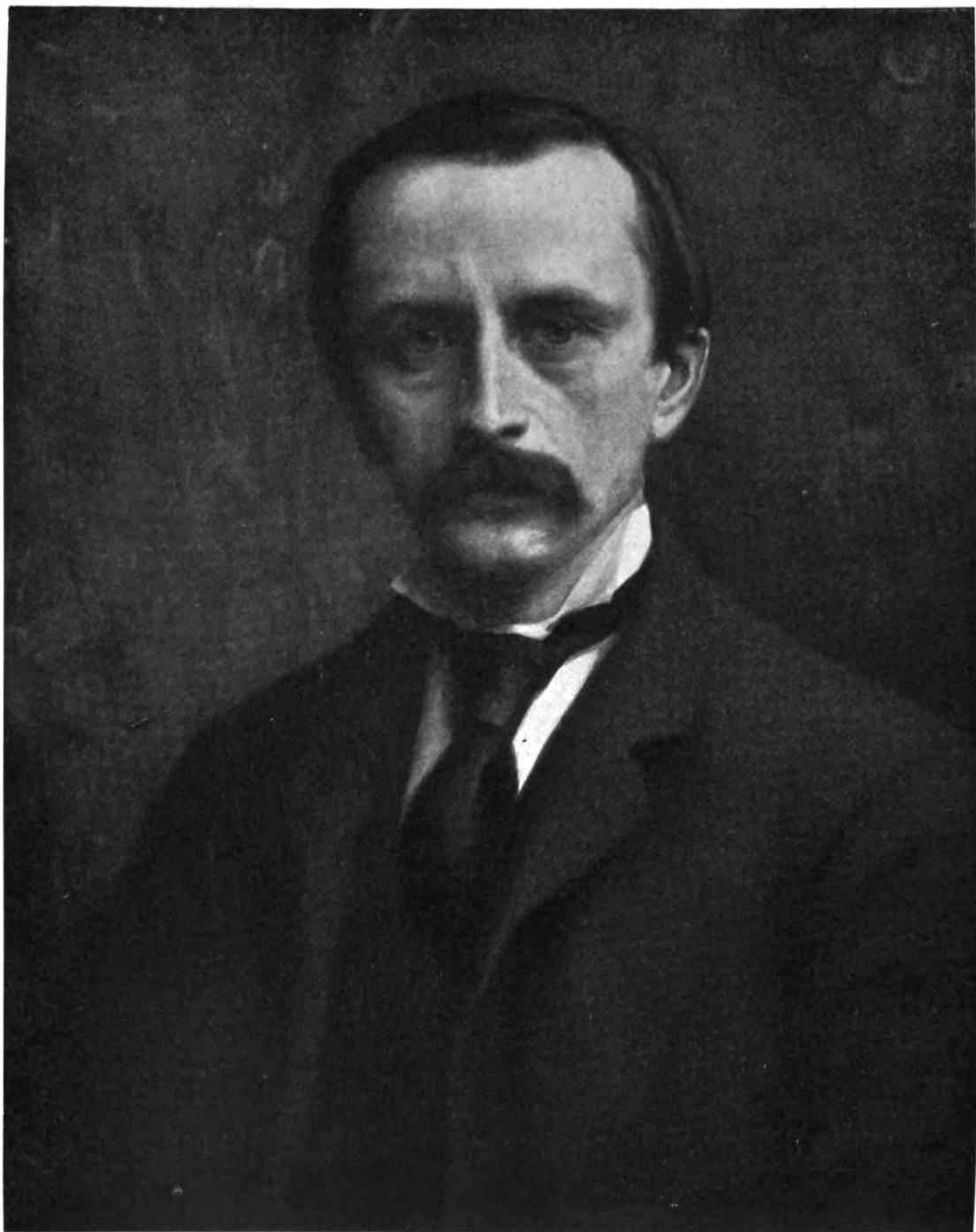
Studio-Talk

with, is one of its new publications, and a very beautiful specimen of photographic art. Mr. Leslie Brooke scored a deserved success with the original, and the admirable paraphrase is likely to be no less warmly welcomed. Even a *précis* of the novelties at 74 Oxford Street would fill a page—but a score of almost unfamiliar Rossetti—the peculiarly fascinating triptych, with St. Sebastian, by Memling, in the Louvre, a picture which a diligent search in Paris failed to discover at any photographers, a series of Ford Madox Brown's paintings, many by Frederick Shields, a fine selection of English landscapes by the Norwich school especially, and a number of modern French pictures by Dagnan-Bouveret, Rousseau, J. F. Millet, Corot and others, will suffice to prove the catholicity of choice which governs the present output of this company. Braun's famous photographs are there also, and it is with patriotic satisfaction you find that the English work equals the best work of the famous Dornach firm.

The technical classes at the New Central Schools, 316 Regent Street, W., are being reinforced by some most useful innovations. The first of these new subjects—bookbinding—will be taught from 6.30 to 9 P.M. on Tuesdays and Thursdays, by skilled craftsmen, under the direction of Mr. Douglas Cockerell, with Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson as visitor. Already the applications are so numerous that double classes have had to be arranged. Very shortly the art of designing and working embroidery will be the subject of an afternoon class, instructed by Miss Maggie Briggs, a most capable worker and designer. Later on Mr. Morley Fletcher will start a class for the production of water-colour prints, based on the Japanese manner, an art that many of the younger designers and painters would do well to acquire. Signs are not wanting that this medium for the multiplication of original designs will soon take rank with etchings, lithographs and the like, in the estimation of artists and collectors, and provide a new field for imagina-



"FISHING BOATS LEAVING WHITBY"



PORTRAIT OF J. M. BARRIE
BY LESLIE BROOKE

Studio-Talk



DESIGN FOR A FRIEZE

BY J. DUDLEY FORSYTH

tive work, wherein the growing rivalry of photographic process methods cannot follow.

The design for a frieze by J. Dudley Forsyth, here illustrated, is an excellent example of what may be called the hidden classic style, for despite the modern tree motive which has captivated designers recently, underneath is the flowing acanthus; but the two motives, deftly blended though they are, seem a little incongruous. Mr. Forsyth evidently feels that the movement of a frieze should be lateral; this is usually the dominant note in the Italian Renaissance. But in Egyptian and early Greek work a vertical movement is usually present, whether the lotus or the honeysuckle be the motive. The effort has been obviously to make a tree growth adapt itself to the lateral movement of the scroll below, but the leaves are permitted to arrest

this sinuous action and to struggle upward. Hence a certain feeling of unrest, which is accentuated by the somewhat unfortunate line of the downward curve, which in black and white is more noticeable than it would be in colour. Therefore, although the design is one that deserves study, it possibly provokes a slight feeling of regret at the same time.

The director of the Baroda State Museum, India, has commissioned from Miss Ellen Sparkes a series of specimens in various stages of cut and embossed leather work. The panel here illustrated forms part of the finished piece—a box decorated with the St. George and the Dragon, partly adapted from an old drawing and bearing also inscriptions round the lid, and a very happily chosen quotation from Emerson, "Every brave youth is training to ride and rule his dragon." A similar box by the same artist was shown at the last exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists, and book-covers of her handiwork are on view at Kidderminster and elsewhere. Miss Sparkes has succeeded admirably in avoiding the over-redundant detail which spoils so much modern German work of the class; this is especially noticeable in the work itself, which is far broader and quieter in its general effect than in the photograph here reproduced. No craft is more easily ruined by undue fussiness, and the balance of interest this clever worker preserves in her embossed and cut decoration places it very high among the minor arts lately revived. Good taste rules throughout, and a temptation to display skill at the expense of art is very nicely overcome.

It is the reproach of wood-carving to-day that it relies far too much on dead precedent. But the carved tea-caddy by F. G. Wallis, of which we give an illustration, is a work that is at once eminently wooden in its feeling and distinctly original in mass



EMBORESSED LEATHER PANEL

BY ELLEN SPARKES

Studio-Talk

and detail. Beyond a suggestion of Japan in the treatment of the curved feet on which it rests, the whole growth of the ornament is obedient to the traditions of a fine period of Gothic art, in which we find the poppy-heads and the ball-flowers of the period of its noblest achievement. The vigorous crisp growth of the foliage is evident in the illustration ; but the discs in the lid contrast more harshly in the photograph than in the original work, which ranks perhaps more highly as an example of fine carving than as a perfectly satisfactory mass for the legs, which are in no way essential to its utility, are rather too prominent, and give a feeling of instability to the work, despite their size. Yet so much is of

taken from Wagner's operas in the following order : On the top fold of the girdle in the photograph here reproduced we find, beginning at the left, the *Death of Tristan*—“Tristan and Isolde,” “Lohengrin,” “Siegmund and Sieglinde.” *Der Walküre*—“The Rheingold ; Fafner the Dragon”—“Siegfried,” “Tannhauser ;” and *The Love Draught*—“Tristan and Isolde.” On the sloping part on the left side are “Parsifal” and “The Meistersingers ;” on the right *Romulus and Remus*—“Rienzi,” and “The Flying Dutchman.” The clasp is naturally occupied by the heroine of “Der Ring des Nibelungen”—*Brunhilde*, who may be taken also as representing “Die Gotterdämmerung,” and so completing the representation of every one of the master's great works.



CARVED WOOD TEA-CADDY

BY FRANK G. WALLIS

first-rate excellence that this fault—and it is a fault—need not be insisted upon.

One of the most beautiful objects the new revival in enamelled jewellery has produced is unquestionably the girdle by Mr. Alexander Fisher, here illustrated, which has been exhibited at the Royal Academy and also at the New Gallery. The girdle is of enamel and steel, mounted upon grey *suéde* leather. The enamels are transparent on gold and silver, the links and mounts in carved, chased, and damascened steel, set with opals, moonstones, coral, chrysoprase, carnelian, sapphires and topaz—a sumptuous scheme of colour that is singularly harmonious and devoid of any barbaric display. The subjects of the enamels are

responds to most readily. Indeed, it will be possible perhaps for some ingenious critic of the future to separate the original design of the late nineteenth century from that (Morris's work for instance) based wholly on precedent. The late Victorian period found in the music of Wagner and the quatrains of old Khayyam, new motives which had been hitherto untouched. In place of the oft-repeated “Una and the Lion,” “King Arthur,” or scenes from sacred writ, a new field of imaginative poetry was opened up ; and as each artist fashions in his own way the impressions of beauty he drinks in by sight, by hearing, and by passionate emotion, it is not too fantastic to credit the true source of many a pattern and many a device no less surely than many a picture or



ENAMELLED GIRDLE
BY ALEXANDER FISHER

Studio-Talk

poem to Wagner or Fitzgerald's "Omar." For a maker of beautiful things must needs be affected by other things of beauty wrought in arts of which he is not master, but only a mere pupil, or a willing spectator. This delightful girdle, begun in 1893, finished in 1896, is a visible fact which supports the above theory in a way patent to all. To praise Mr. Fisher's skill, or call attention to the exquisite taste he has lavished, were mere waste of words. A work of art like this speaks clearly enough for itself.

One of the latest exhibitions in the galleries of the Fine Art Society consisted of a collected display of drawings by Mr. du Maurier. These in a manner summarised the production of his life, as they included work done by him at different periods, and showed the progress of his art from stage to stage. The completeness of the show

added to its value, and gave a very thorough insight into his way of treating the subjects he selected. By juxtaposition of many drawings the effect of his individuality was made more intelligible, and his exact intention became evident in a greater degree than could be realised by examination of occasional examples of his work. To collectors especially the exhibition was important because it gathered together many things which are scarcely likely to be seen again in association.

We have received from Mr. W. K. Vickery, of San Francisco, two charming etchings by Miss Helen Hyde of that city. They are studies from life of Chinese children, clothed in their bright New Year's Day garments. They have been excellently printed in colours from the plates by Miss Josephine Hyde, and form dainty little souvenirs of "China City" in the Far West.



"THE POOL"

FROM A PAINTING BY GROSVENOR THOMAS

GLASGOW.—In the group of young painters, localised as the Glasgow School, Grosvenor Thomas has gradually but surely made his mark as a landscape painter, and though it seems only the other day that he first came among us, there is not one of the group more identified with the new movement. His pictures all along have been chiefly presentations of landscape themes wherein the dominant features were fulness of colour and tone, and a certain quaintness of composition. Undoubtedly this painter has an intuitive perception of the beautiful in nature as in art, and what is of more account he displays in his finished pictures all the charm of work so conceived. Never in any of his paintings is Mr. Thomas concerned with the photographic likeness of a scene, but rather with the impression conveyed to his mind



"EVENING

FROM A PAINTING BY GROSVENOR THOMAS

by seeing and studying some passing effect over a landscape. His material is of the simplest selection. It may be a group of trees against an evening sky, some old building by a river side, or a stretch of fields with hedgerows, and yet he shows to us how beautiful and picturesque these are for pictorial treatment.

In his earlier art studies Thomas came much in touch with the art of Japan, but though this may have had some influence in his pictures at first it is, judging from what he is doing to-day, more the influence and knowledge of the work of the French Romanticists of 1830 that one may liken his work to, and yet there is an undoubted personality in all he does, for in the two great essentials of a fine work of art, colour and expression, he sees nature through his own spectacles.

Mr. Thomas, like all who are in love with their work, is constantly painting at and experimenting with his pictures, never, however, letting quantity

supersede quality, so that the number of finished canvases which he has done is comparatively small, while it is only within the last half-dozen years that he has exhibited anything that was striking, most of his work before then being of a more or less tentative character. In 1890 he completed *Dawn*, a very beautiful landscape, which was exhibited at the Munich Exhibition, and purchased there for the collection of Prince Luitpold of Bavaria. Following this success he next exhibited an exceedingly fine picture entitled *Old Mill on the Luggie*, which, when seen at Munich and elsewhere, was greatly admired. It was a very typical work of the artist's style, and it impressed one by the simplicity of subject out of which he had made a picture excellent in tonal and colour qualities as well as interesting in the general feeling conveyed. *Evening*, which is reproduced here, was the title of another notable picture which Mr. Thomas painted about the time of the last mentioned, and exhibited first at the Royal Academy and subsequently in several Continental picture galleries. *Canal*

Studio-Talk

by *Moonlight* is an exquisite rendering of a nocturnal effect, true in colour and having all the serenity of a calm night, with the moon enveloped in a misty haze. *The Mill—Evening* and a small canvas, *The Haunted House*, were both landscapes of great merit, and the former was acquired for the permanent collection at Weimar. Then *The White House on the Hill*, which was reproduced in THE STUDIO of March last year, was a remarkable picture, wherein all the subtle charm of the landscape under the shadowy effect of evening was treated with much sympathy. The beauty of the colour scheme, reticent and harmonious, the massing of trees, house and hillside, and the swirl of the water in the foreground with its reflected depths meant more than paint only—it meant the personal emotion of the artist so characteristic of all his pictures, and perhaps it is this dominant quality that first draws one to his work.

D. M.

NEWLYN.—Slowly and painfully pictures are being evolved in the various studios and glass houses of Newlyn. Here, for example, is a poor street, over which the evening is throwing a discreet veil, a brass band gives out strong notes in more senses than one, the costermonger's barrow with its flaring torch is a centre of light, and in the near distance a church window burns with its many colours. Mr. Stanhope Forbes has made these problems his own. Mrs. Forbes shows how a miller's lad has of a spring day fallen asleep, lulled by the dull murmur of the wheel; to him there comes a lovely lady graceful and clad in ancient braveries. It is perhaps because he sleeps that fortune thus comes to him. Mrs. Forbes has also painted a most charming portrait of a little boy, behind whose flaxen head a round copper plaque seems a fitting nimbus.

Mr. Gotch is once more dealing in brocaded symbolism; a young girl walks by, holding in her hand a reliquary; this typifies the inheritance of the past generations, of whose qualities she has become possessed. Mr. Fred Hall has seen a somewhat level land, whereon cows are moving slowly towards you and the setting sun; the topmost line of a pale moon rises just above a gentle hill. Mr. Percy Craft has a large picture representing the emptying of a Seine net: there are a crowd of figures all more or less busy with the glittering harvest. Mr. Walter Langley has an interior of a cottage painted with that elaborate and utter com-

pleteness of finish which all who know his work will anticipate.

N. G.

BRUSSELS.—The "Libre-Esthétique" Exhibition continues to bring before the Brussels public many interesting works of art of all kinds, and of all countries. Particularly noticeable are a number of most successful posters—among them that designed by M. Van Rysselberghe for the present exhibition, which is almost as charming as the poster announcing the last show, a work which was reproduced at the time in THE STUDIO. M. Franz Hazenplug sends a delightful little poster, designed for a Cincinnati coach-builder, and others displayed bear the signatures of F. Rops, A. Rassenfosse, Crespin, Penfield, Bird, and last, but not least, Rhead.

The painters represented are almost exclusively Belgian and French, the latter having sent a number of works of considerable importance, both as regards style and subject. M. Besnard displays in a score of canvases the astonishing dexterity and extreme flexibility of his brush. It is indeed matter for regret that he has not more frequent opportunity of developing his rare decorative qualities on some big and extended scheme. Hard by her husband's exhibits Madame Besnard displays several life-like busts in *terra cotta*, and a graceful statue in stone.

M. J. E. Blanche sends his fine portrait of Fritz Thaulow, and some dainty paintings representing comestibles of the most appetising kind; and M. R. Ménard is exhibiting a beautiful portrait, and several admirably composed landscapes of great dignity. From M. Monet come three views of Rouen Cathedral, one in pink, one—the best—in blue, and the other in yellow. M. Cottet contributes some cloud studies, and a mourning scene.

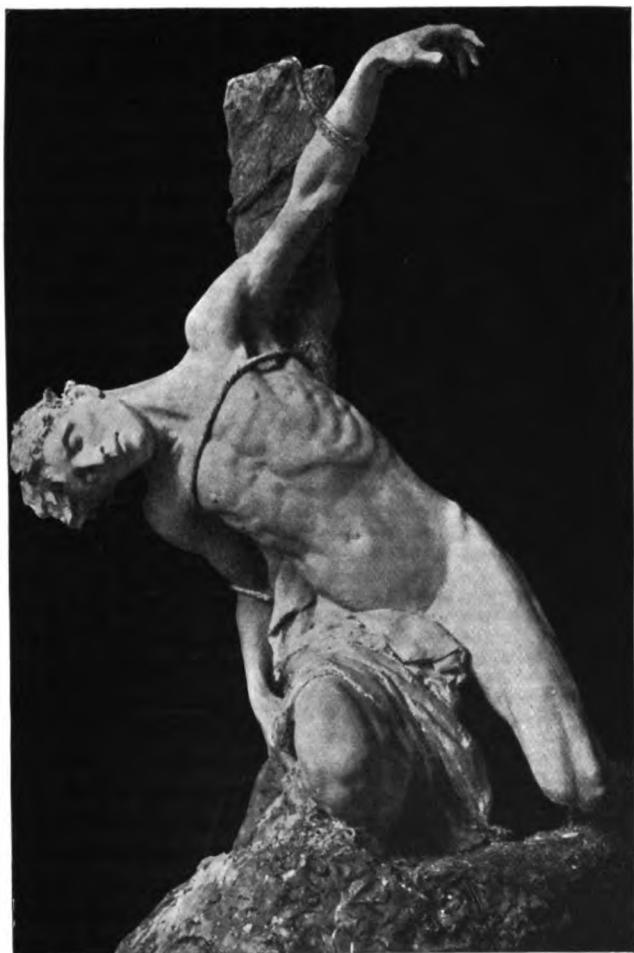
Among the work of the Belgian artists must be noted the luminous canvases of Mlle. Bock, and MM. Claus and Wytsman; the studies of horses by M. Delvin; M. H. de Groux's romantic pastels, including a remarkable portrait of Baudelaire; landscapes, some mystic and some quite simple, by M. de Gouve de Nuncques; and drawings, *eaux-fortes* and lithographs by MM. F. Rops, Romberg, Lemmen, Delaunois, and Fernand Khnopff, in connection with whom may be mentioned the Dutch draughtsman, Toorop. Belgian sculpture is also well represented. M. C. Meunier displays

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three of his productions, including *Le Carrier*; M. Rousseau a *méditation* full of lofty sentiment; M. P. Dubois, the *figures modernes* referred to in THE STUDIO for February, and M. Samuel some beautiful decorative statues, symbolising flowers.

The hall, decorated by M. Horta, the architect, is very much admired, and is indeed worthy of the artist, who is gradually building up for himself throughout the Continent a reputation for decorative achievement. It would be interesting one of these days to make the readers of THE STUDIO acquainted with M. Horta's work.

M. Finch's important exhibit of decorative enamelled pottery shows still further progress in this sphere of art. His material maintains its fine and powerful qualities, while the colouring has gained in richness and effect. It is truly excellent work.



"ST. SEBASTIAN"

BY ANDRÉ CLUYSENAAR

A word of mention is also due to the remarkable bronzes and jewellery sent by MM. Fernandubois and Van Strydonch, also to MM. Crespin and Lemmen's carpets, and to the decorative designs by M. Combaz.

From Paris we also have some delightful *pâte de verre* by M. H. Cros; exquisite gypsographic prints by M. P. Roche; quaint knick-knacks by MM. Carabin and Charpentier; ingeniously designed bronze work and jewellery by M. H. Nocq; graceful furniture by M. Plumet, and a varied assortment of plates by MM. Grasset, Toulouse-Lautrec, Helleu, Legrand, Lunois, and Maurin.

Berlin sends some of Koepping's remarkable blown glass, and Denmark contributes ceramic work by Herman Kaehler.

In addition to an important display by the "Birmingham Guild of Handicraft," and another by the "Fitzroy Picture Society," England is represented by numerous works by MM. Voysey, Cobden-Sanderson, Alexander Fisher, G. Jack, W. de Morgan, and Rathbone, whose work it is perhaps needless to refer to in these columns. Suffice it to say that it is a most satisfactory exhibit.

M. Alf. Cluysehaar recently gave an exhibition in his studio of some of his work, both early and recent, and also showed a series of water-colours, painted by his daughter, and a piece of sculpture modelled by his son, M. André Cluysehaar. The last named work is certainly worthy of remark, on account of the care displayed in its treatment, and for the delicacy of feeling it displays. It is entitled *St. Sebastian*, and is here reproduced.

F. K.

PARIS.—A caricaturist of great originality, prompt to note the characteristic follies of the hour, and give a touch of exaggeration to the realities around him, M. Jean Veber has hitherto been little known as a painter. But the exhibition of his work, which has just been opened, reveals him in a new light. Fond as he is of the ugly, the distorted and

Studio-Talk

the horrible, delighting in the disjointing of his skeletons, he is nevertheless a lover of beautiful colouring and grace of form. He has the gift of creating an atmosphere of legend and fairyland from out the recesses of his fancy. He has a dual quality, half reality and realism of the most modern type, half dreaming and imagination.

Needless to say I prefer him greatly in this second manner! *La Petite Princesse*, for instance, is a delightful thing; but, unfortunately, I cannot say the same of the coarse scenes entitled *Bataille de Dames*, *Le Bouge* and *L'Or*.

Some of his portraits, particularly those of MM. Maurice Donnay and Anatole France, show him to

be possessed of admirable powers of observation, and great delicacy of vision. Moreover, his little landscapes and open-air scenes confirm the opinion that in M. Veber we have a painter and a colourist of genuine merit.

La Rue is the title and the subject of the latest poster by that most original artist, Steinlen. Of great size, several metres square, this genuine bit of Paris street life is thoroughly characteristic of Steinlen's keen observation and sense of vitality. In fact, he has no superior in the faculty of grasping the types of the great city. A thousand times over he has depicted them in the most striking manner in his illustrations for the *Gil Blas Illustré*, which have made, and still make, that journal so popular.

In the present case his manner has expanded. His figures are grouped as in a fresco, the decorative effect being very striking. In point of colouring *La Rue* is bright and harmonious, and of most artistic effect. It is full of distinction, and at the same time absolutely true to life. I hope soon to have an opportunity of referring at greater length to Steinlen and his work, for it is a fruitful subject for consideration.

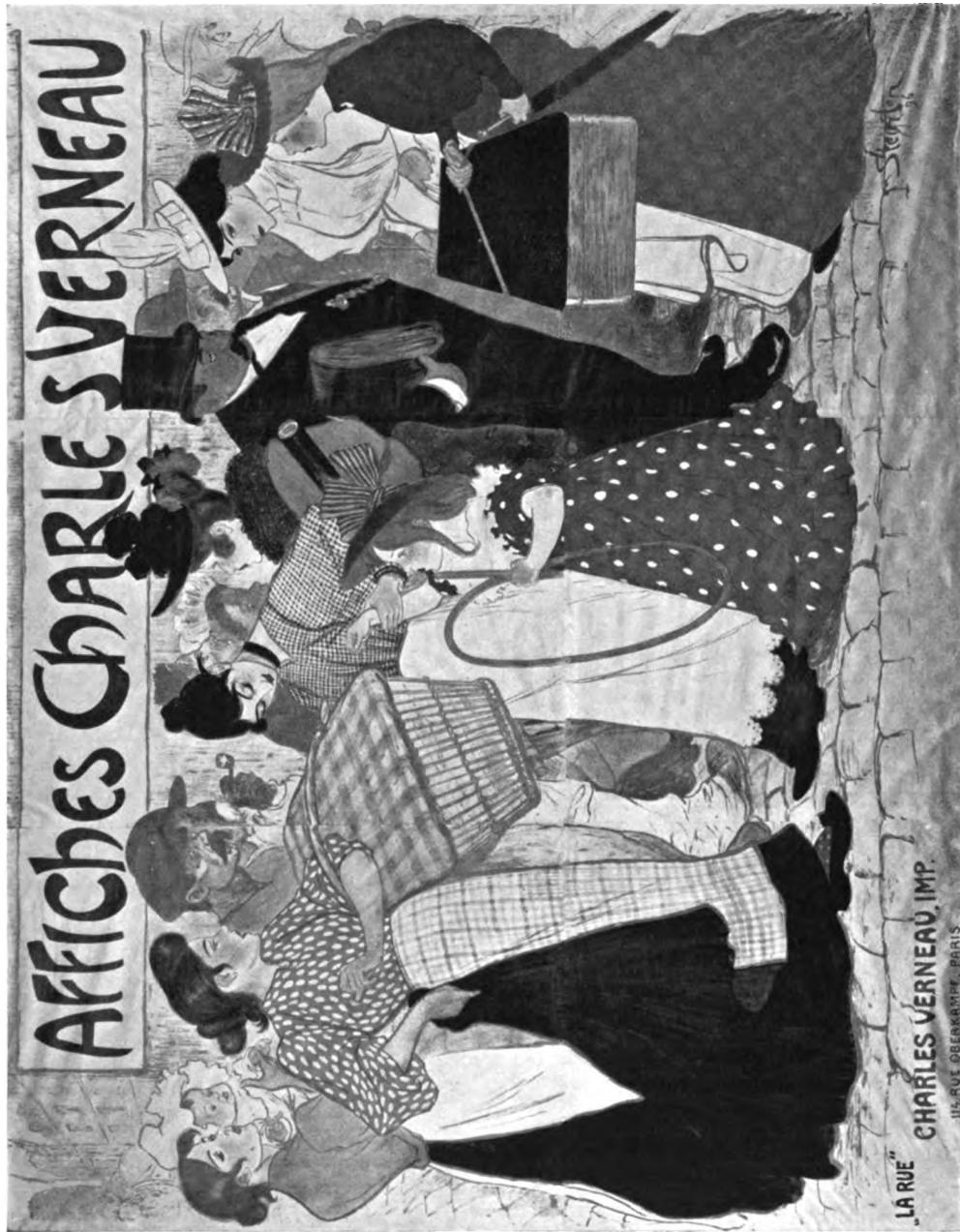
A national exhibition of ceramic work and all kindred arts will be open in the Champ de Mars from May 15 to July 31, under the direction of M. Georges Berger, president of the "Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs."

M. Paul Berthon, a pupil of Grasset, who is ridding himself more and more of his master's influence, on which he may be unreservedly congratulated, has designed for the new review, *L'Ermitage*, a most successful poster, which is reproduced here.



POSTER FOR "L'ERMITAGE"

BY PAUL BERTHON



"LA RUE." FROM A POSTER
BY STEINLEN

Studio-Talk

M. A. Lunois, who brought back from Spain last year a number of striking studies of life in that country, has recently produced a lithograph in colours, called *Aux Courses de Taureaux*, which will take a high place among this powerful artist's productions, full as they all are of colour and animation.

Sar Péladan, "Grand Master of the Order of the Rose + Croix of the Temple and the Grail" has issued invitations to the sixth "Geste Esthetique"—or, in ordinary parlance, the Sixth Salon—of the Rose + Croix, at Georges Petit's. There one may see all sorts of lucubrations—poetic, symbolic, magic, neo-platonic, whatever you like to call them—which have very little to do with what is generally classed under the name of art. I must exclude, of course, from this category the name of M. Fernand Khnopff, who, as the readers of THE STUDIO well know, is one of the most incisive artists of the Belgian school; also those of M. André des Gachons, the refined illustrator of the *Livre des Légendes* and *L'Ermitage*, and M. Stevens, another Belgian who displays a curious *Nativité*, in the style of the early Italians. But there are no other exceptions to be made. I will simply add—though it is hardly worth while—that M. Marcus-Simmons feebly imitates the great Turner; that M. Séon's drawings are insufferably "classical"; and that the majority of the other exhibitors are pitiable imitators of Gustave Moreau and the English pre-Raphaelites. But stay. I must not forget to mention the work of M. R. de Egusquiza, an artist, at once sincere and daring and unpretentious, who has devoted himself to the illustration of Wagner's masterpieces, both in oils and eaux-fortes. On the present occasion he exhibits a most striking canvas, *Tristan et Yseult*, and several powerful etchings—*Titurel*, *Parsifal*, and *Ludwig II. of Bavaria*.

G. M.

HOILLAND.—One of the latest and most interesting acquisitions to the Museum of the Hague is *The Goldfinch*, by Carel Fabritius. This simple, but charming little picture, one of the five works known as genuine by that great artist, who was one of the best pupils of Rembrandt, and later the master of Vermeer of Delft, is particularly remarkable because it shows in its blacks, reds, yellows and whites a striking resemblance to Vermeer's colours, which are so strong and individual. The little picture was bought in Paris for the museum by the energetic and clever director, Dr. Bredius.

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The annual exhibition of the members of Pulchri Studio was not brilliant. Perhaps this has to be attributed to the really ridiculous number of great international exhibitions this year. I noticed works by Josef Israels and Jacob Maris; *The Guard of the Harem*, a very fine Oriental picture by Bauer; a good snow landscape by R. Roermeesters, and varied works by van Hoytema, Tromp, Horssen, Anna Kerling, and some pieces of sculpture.

At Leyden no art club exists, but in a delightful building of the sixteenth century, the "Lakenhal," which is used as the Communal Museum, a beautifully lighted hall was built some years ago for the pictures of that collection. In this hall the intelligent and indefatigable conservator of the museum, Mr. C. Verster, frequently organises exhibitions of art. One of the last exhibitions, which took place in January, consisted of a collection of paintings and chalk drawings by S. Moulyn, a young artist of the Hague. Having made serious and close studies of Nature he expresses in his picturesque bits of landscape a singularly refined feeling and proves himself a painter full of promise.

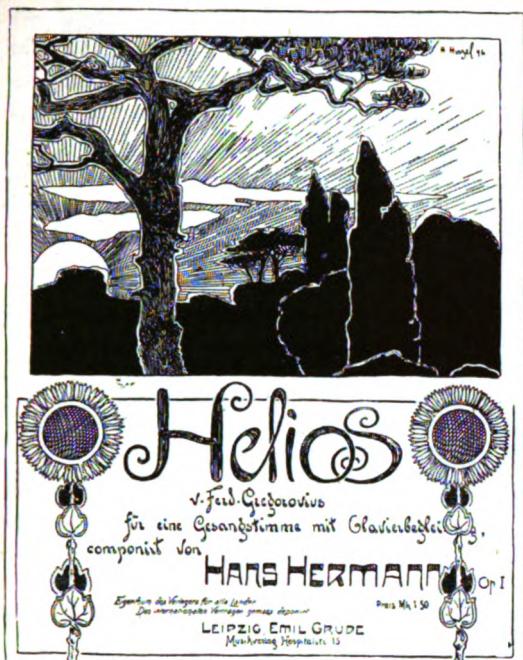
At Messrs. van Wisselingh's, at Amsterdam, there is now open a very interesting exhibition of some fine old Dutch pictures by Cuyp, Ter Borch, S. Ruysdael, and some excellent specimens of Monticelli, Rousseau, Courbet, Corot, Monet, where also are placed, on tables along the walls, some original and tasteful earthenware works by a young sculptor of great talent, Mendes da Costa. Particularly attracted by monkeys, he has a profound knowledge of their attitudes, and knows how to employ these animals for decorative motives. In a special sort of clay he has modelled little subjects on the lines of Japanese netsukes. He obtains his colours in a very simple way by using different sorts of clays, from red to greyish-brown, and from pale yellow to vivid green, without adding pigment of any kind. The result is original, and produces very delicate and uncommon effects.

Ph. Z.

BERLIN.—For some years past at Gurkitt's Winter Exhibitions, also in the Black-and-White section of the Summer display in the Glass Palace, we have come across a number of decorative etchings and drawings by Hermann R. C. Hirzel, and personally they have always interested me as showing a distinct and growing sense of decoration.



Studio-Talk



MUSIC WRAPPER

DESIGNED BY HERMANN HIRZEL

This young artist, who is a Swiss by birth, spent some years in the Berlin Academy, and then for a long time lived in Italy and Sicily, where he worked most industriously at everything which took his fancy—old ruins entangled in the briars, pine-trees and cypresses standing out darkly on the horizon—things which must inevitably impress those who are fortunate enough to live in the country where they are to be seen.

These etchings—for this was the method he employed—were always marked by a sincere love of Nature, which the artist strove to reproduce with strictest fidelity; and one can readily excuse the somewhat romantic prettiness which undoubtedly characterised his work, for every one who visits Italy is prone to fall into the same error, if error it be. It was therefore all the more creditable to the artist that, on his return to North Germany, he should have left all this behind him, and devoted himself to the study of our plain and simple landscape scenery, endeavouring to imbue his plates with something of the peculiar character of the land.

But lately have we realised—for we have been behind other countries—that artistic taste may be applied to everything, even the most trivial objects. Only a little while ago it first occurred to us to en-

trust our commercial advertisements and notices to the hands of an artist. Stimulated by the work of this kind coming from abroad, we began to take an open interest in such matters, and to follow in the wake of the artists who were devoting themselves to decorative effort. And among these latter—mostly talented young men—Hirzel at once occupied an important place. He began by doing a large number of commercial wrappers and covers for music—two of which are reproduced here—headings for art exhibitions and trade circulars, and here his special qualification—the mastery he has over floral form—stood him naturally in good stead.

A short time ago he made a further attempt to utilise his abilities by doing a series of drawings of ladies' jewellery. One of these designs—a brooch—Herr L. Werner, the jeweller, executed in gold, and it is one of the simplest and most artistic things of its kind that has been produced for a long time in Berlin. Reproductions of some of his jewellery designs are given on page 200, and it will be seen how skilfully a single plant motif has been incorporated into them, and how harmonious are the lines employed throughout. It may be hoped that in the future our jewellers will make good use of this young artist, and thus imbue their work with the fresh and modern forms he devises with so much skill.

G. G.



DREI LIEDER
FÜR EINE SINGSTIMME MIT BEGLEITUNG DES PIANOFORTE
COMPOSI. VON HANS HERMANN.

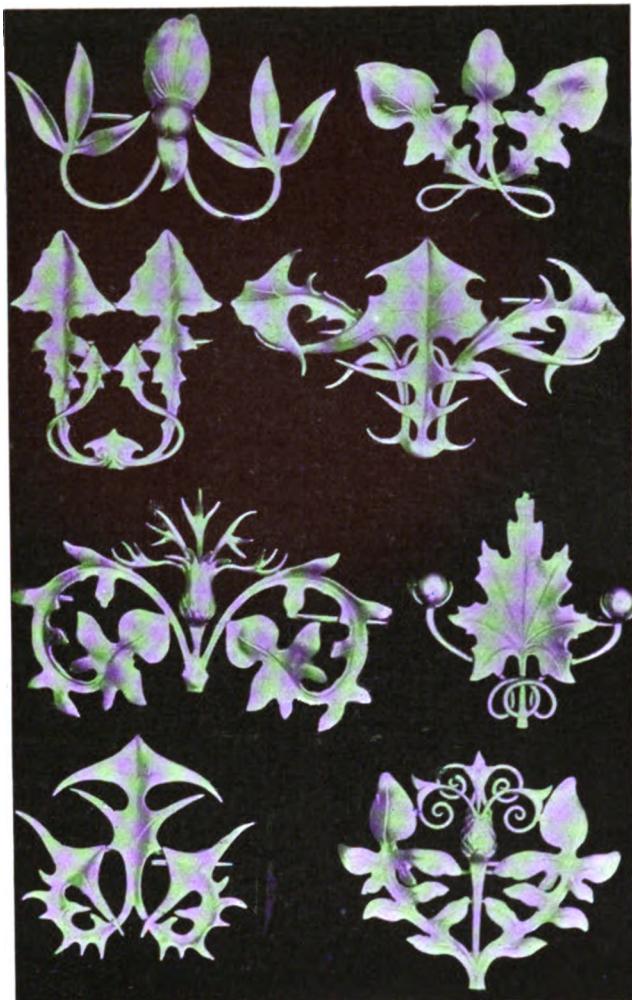
Op. VI

DR. ERNST REINHOLD, LEIPZIG
HEINRICHSHOFEN'S VERLAG
MAGDEBURG
Dr. Dr. H. D. Bösch, Leipzig
Dr. Dr. H. D. Bösch, Leipzig
Dr. Dr. H. D. Bösch, Leipzig
Dr. Dr. H. D. Bösch, Leipzig



MUSIC WRAPPER

DESIGNED BY HERMANN HIRZEL



JEWELLERY

FROM DESIGNS BY HERMANN HIRZEL.
(See *Berlin Studio-Talk*)

MUNICH.—Great interest is already being manifested in the International Art Exhibition, which is to be opened here on June 1. The "Secession" and the "Künstlergenossenschaft" will once more be united under the same roof in the Glaspalast; but the last-named association has been split up into two groups, which, however, to all outward appearance, will still be in harmony under the one comprehensive title—"The Society of Artists."

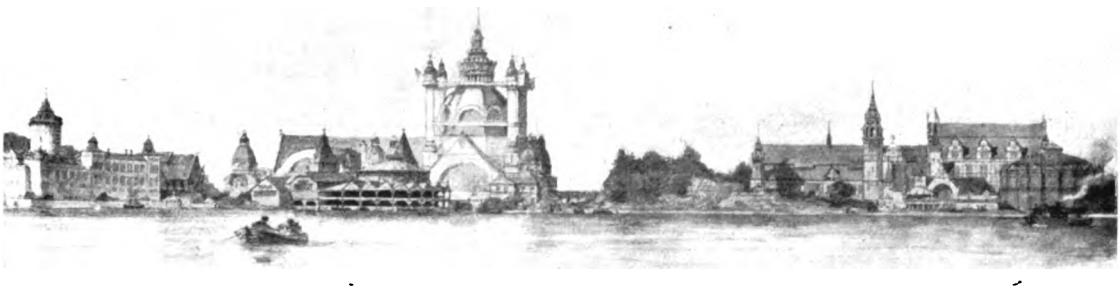
One of these two sections has adopted the more severe and eclectic principles of the Secessionists, with regard to the election of the hanging committee, the choice of pictures, &c.; while the other, representing the more democratic element,

would seem to regard these Exhibitions as designed first and foremost for the sale of the works displayed, and therefore they would apply no very hard restrictions as to the admission of pictures, at least in so far as concerns the supporters of their own old-fashioned methods.

The candidate for the presidency put forward by this second group, was Franz von Lenbach, who still enjoys the reputation of being the foremost portrait-painter in Germany. There is something of irony in the fact that this artist, than whom there is no stronger or more zealous champion of the aristocratic principle in matters of art, should have been raised to the dignity of president of the "Künstlergenossenschaft," and become the director-in-chief of the International Exhibition, by the suffrages of this same democratic majority! And the humour of the situation gains in point from the circumstance that Lenbach, while on the one hand resolutely opposed to the real modern art tendency, root and branch, has on the other a wholesome contempt for the present commercial system of exhibiting works of art.

It is to be regretted that, owing partly to want of space in the Glass Palace, and partly to the somewhat narrow and short-sighted view taken by many of our modern artists, the ever-growing effort

to impart to German applied art that genuinely æsthetic impress which characterises English and French work of this kind, will find little or no recognition in the Exhibition. Readers of THE STUDIO have recently had brought to their notice one notable example of this feeling—which at the present time constitutes the nourishing element of our art life—in the embroideries of the sculptor, Hermann Obrist; other artists too are displaying a similarly active interest in the applied arts, and are striving to create something really new, or at least something independent of the old patterns. Thus, for instance, the Berlin etcher, Koepping, has produced some ornamental glass-ware, which for originality of form and splendour of colour, is by many people considered equal to the old Venetian glass. Then again an artist in Karlsruhe,



EXHIBITION BUILDINGS

STOCKHOLM

Professor Länger, has done some beautiful ceramics, which in their simplicity of shape, their powerful but harmonious contrasts, and their lovely and natural decorations of plant design, are really a revival and a development of that peasant-made art pottery which attained so high a degree of perfection in some parts of Germany.

In Munich a prominent painter and architect, H. von Berlepsch is now engaged in ceramic work, and is, moreover, a very accomplished designer of art furniture; while another Munich artist, T. Rösl, a few weeks ago exhibited some most successful wall-papers. The new artistic poster movement, which by endeavouring to instil something of beauty into everyday life, plays an important part in this connection, is also arousing increased interest in Munich.

G. K.

STOCKHOLM.—For the coming summer preparations are being made in Stockholm for an Exhibition of Arts and Industries, which will probably be the largest of its kind which has taken place in the Scandinavian countries, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Russia will also officially take part in the department for Industries; the three Scandinavian

countries only take part in the art exhibition, but a number of the greatest living artists of other



EXHIBITION BUILDINGS

STOCKHOLM

Studio-Talk

countries have been personally invited to take part, and nearly all have accepted the invitation.

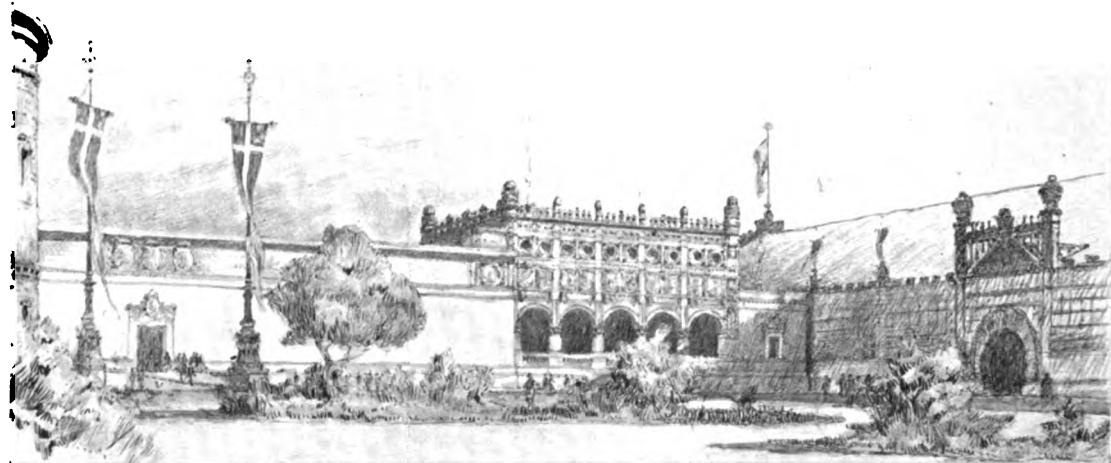
The site chosen for the Exhibition is the beautiful island Djurgarden, which lies in the district of Stockholm. A fantastic city is already appearing there, and all agree that in more than one of the buildings now being fitted up, one can see traces of a revival of Swedish architecture, which until now has not always been able to stand the test of comparison. The Committee of the Exhibition has the good fortune to have as President the youngest son of the King, Prince Eugen, who is one of our most original and sensitive artists, a man of strong individuality and open mind, and with a courteous and fascinating manner; and by his side stands as head Commissioner, the painter, Oscar Björck. The other Commissioners are:—F. Bohery (architect), Count Von Rosen, Baron G. Cederstroon, R. Berg, and Zoon (the painters), and the sculptor, T. Lindberg.

The "Great Industrial Hall" is a huge wooden building with



EXHIBITION BUILDINGS

STOCKHOLM



EXHIBITION BUILDINGS

STOCKHOLM

Reviews of Recent Publications

a cupola rising to the height of a hundred feet ; and four minarets connected by "prospect bridges." This hall, which was designed by MM. Ferdinand Boberg and Fredrik Lilljekvist, is the largest wooden building that has ever been constructed. The "Fishery Hall" lies on the shore, more than half of it being built out over the water which forms a vast basin in the centre of the building designed by Eugen Thorburn. The "Art Hall," designed by M. Ferdinand Boberg, has about a thousand feet of wall surface and contains a series of large galleries with excellent top-lights. When completed this will be the finest building in the Exhibition grounds.

B. M.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Drawings by Sandro Botticelli for Dante's Divina Commedia. Reduced facsimiles after the originals in the Royal Museum, Berlin, and in the Vatican Library : with an introduction and commentary by F. LIPPmann (London : Lawrence and Bullen).—Dr. Lippmann has rendered a great service to lovers of art in following up his expensive facsimile edition of Botticelli's drawings for Dante's *Divina Commedia* by another which comes reasonably within the means of almost every one who concerns himself at all seriously with art studies. It is true that in this second publication the reduction of the drawings to half their real size deprives them of a certain amount of their charm. The silver-point under drawing is scarcely visible, and one or two of the more complicated designs have grown confused. But these defects may well be pardoned in view of the fact that in this form the drawings will give delight to so many who have not the opportunity of seeing the originals in Berlin or the means to purchase the larger edition. Dr. Lippmann is also to be congratulated upon the lucidity of his notes and explanations, and upon the happy idea he has had of embodying in them reproductions of the nineteen plates from the famous Landino Dante of 1481, so directly inspired by Botticelli. For all that editor and printer have done we have nothing but praise.

But what of the illustrations themselves ? We have noted their frequent failure to please even cultivated and artistic people, and we have come to the conclusion that the trouble lies in their being approached in the wrong spirit. Those who go to Botticelli's illustrations expecting to find a poetic interpretation of Dante are usually too shocked by

the externality of his treatment, by the literal, servile following of the mere incidents, and the complete failure to convey the characteristic mood which pervades each Book—the mood of dread and indignation against evil of Dante's *Inferno*, the solemn expectancy of his *Purgatorio*, and the sublimity of his *Paradiso*—to enjoy anything else. In like manner, those who demand of the artist, if not interpretation of the poet, at least fidelity to life, grow too impatient with the badly articulated figures, the queer perspectives, the childish adherence to the text in defiance of all visual possibility, to look further.

But it is hopeless to quarrel with a work of art for not being something else. Granted that these designs are, as a rule, puerile as interpretation, and impossible as illustration (and even here there are notable exceptions), is there nothing left ? Yes ! Botticelli at his best, "the greatest artist of lineal design that Europe has ever had" exercising untrammelled his marvellous talent for swift and pure line and for decoration. If we approach his drawings in the hope of finding *this*, no disappointment awaits us ! To them, as pure art, the lover of beauty will return again and again, long after he would have exhausted even the most poetic interpretation or the most realistic illustration.

Jeanne d'Arc. An Album for Children, containing forty-eight paintings by M. BOUTET DE MONVEL. (Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie, 10 Rue Garancière.) Price 10 francs.—No French artist is more fitted than the one who has planned and carried into execution this series of drawings to produce works of art for children. M. Boutet de Monvel has made the study of the French child the work of a lifetime ; no detail of the dress and the habits of children of all ages and in all periods of French history has escaped his notice. Thus, his pictures have become the delight of young and old alike ; for, in addition to the simplicity of the design, so essential for the mind of the child, an erudition has been shown which pleases those who have left childhood far behind them. No better means of teaching a child the story of the Maid of Domrémy as it has come down to us, clothed in the poetry of the centuries, could be found than to place this book in its hands.

There has been a revival recently in sceptical modern France of the interest taken in Joan of Arc. Many are the learned volumes which have been written on the subject. That some one should set about presenting the story of the peasant child in a form suitable for children was, therefore, only fitting, and the three years' work which M.

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FROM A COLOURED ILLUSTRATION IN "JEANNE D'ARC" (E. PLON, NOURRIT ET CIE)

BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

Boutet de Monvel has expended on his charming series of water-colours could hardly have been more profitably employed. Each of the pictures in this album is a careful reproduction in colours of the original painting, and is accompanied by an explanatory text, the volume thus forming a complete history of the life of Joan.

M. Boutet de Monvel's original paintings have been on view at the Cercle de l'Union Artistique in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, and have been much admired by frequenters of Paris art exhibitions. As on the occasion of previous exhibitions of his work, such as that series of water-colours which served as

the illustrations for M. Ferdinand Fabre's *Xavière*, one found the same delicacy and refinement of treatment, the same truthfulness, the same erudition which underlies the whole of his art. Truly, this *fillette des champs*, with the straight hair, the petticoat made of coarse cloth, the woollen shoes of the earlier pictures of the series, must be the real Joan of Arc—the child and peasant combined, the pure daughter of peasant parents accepting her mission with a child's wonder and trustfulness.

The drawing reproduced here shows the maid at a period of her life previous to entering upon her arduous mission. It is intended to represent the

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faith which the common people had in her and, in a way, is symbolic of that faith which has made her a popular Saint in France, notwithstanding the fact that she is unrecognised as such by the Church.

The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. By WILLIAM T. ANDERSON. (London: B. T. Batsford.)—This handsome volume, with its fifty-four collotypes and seventy-four illustrations in the text, is a very welcome book. Literature devoted to the period is abundant; indeed, its very amplitude appals a student. A series of good lectures, well illustrated, affords as much knowledge as an ordinary student is likely to require, unless, indeed, he specialises, when he must needs go on to far more exhaustive sources. This book consists of such lectures delivered at the Glasgow School of Art; the pictures are doubtless those used there by way of illustration. There is a disadvantage in reading a lecture. Passages which are intelligible enough when spoken with action, or reference to diagrams, seem formal, if not involved, as a printed page; but against this loss, there is the possibility of cross-reference, and harking back to earlier matter, so that on the whole the printed lecture may claim to supply a student with the information he most requires. The author's style is a little involved. Indeed, not a few sentences require reading aloud in a colloquial manner before you can grasp their meaning. The anecdote of Tribolo (p. 118) will show an example of this fault. The worth of the volume is increased by a capitally selected list of books on the subject, and the manner of its production sustains the high and well-deserved reputation of its publisher. It is distinctly a book well worth buying.

Art Anatomy of Animals. By ERNEST E. THOMPSON. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 30s. net).—This is a sumptuously arranged volume containing a valuable assortment of information on the muscular and bony structure of various animals. The best characteristic of the book is the amount of trouble which is taken by the author in explaining how, in each animal described, the growth and massing of the fur or hair is an agreement with the forms of the muscles beneath, and in impressing upon his readers the necessity for giving at least as much attention to the coats of the beasts he wishes to depict, as to their muscular modelling. He says with some truth that too little anxiety has hitherto been shown to appreciate how largely the shape of four-footed beasts is determined by their covering, which is more often than not thick enough to entirely conceal the skin. He argues that as animal painters can scarcely study from

models to the same extent as painters of the human figure, a greater amount of codified knowledge is necessary to them, and this knowledge he certainly does his best to supply.

Six Settings of Poems. By ROBERT BRIDGES. Music by Hamish MacCunn. Pp. 36, price 2s. 6d. net.—*Album of Six Volkslieder.* English and German words, music composed by MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE. Pp. 30, price 2s. 6d. net.—*Album of Eight Songs and One Duet.* Music composed by LAWRENCE KELLIE. Pp. 46, price 4s. net. —*Four Vocal Duets.* By Mark Ambient. Illustrations by Chris Hammond, music by FRANCO LEONI. Pp. 36, price 5s. net.—*Three Scotch Poems.* Transcribed for the Pianoforte by EMIL BACH. Pp. 18, price 4s. net.—London: Robert Cocks & Co.

Dr. Robert Bridges is to be congratulated on having Mr. Hamish MacCunn as his musical exponent. The six songs in the Album before us are worthy of their author and composer; and although more interesting from a harmonic than a melodic point of view, are musical studies of the highest order. No. 1. *My Bed and Pillow are Cold*, is of great beauty and originality; No. 2. *Crown Winter with Green*, is in the composer's happiest vein; and No. 3. *The Idle Life* is delicious in its indolent *insouciance*.

It is, perhaps, no slight compliment to a composer to say that his songs are reminiscent of one another. In No. 1, *Lebewohl*, and No. 3, *Ich bin Dein*, are reflected the scholarship and charm of Miss Maude Valérie White's earlier songs, nor is the spirit of the German *Volkslied* wanting in the *Wanderlied* (No. 3), or the *Mailüfterl*, (No. 5). The English translations by Miss Alma Strettell are truthful to the text.

Mr. Lawrence Kellie has never written anything better than *Oh Beautiful Star* (No. 3), whilst *Crossing the Bar*, and *The Boy and the Brook*, add to a collection of varied merit.

Mr. Franco Leoni's *Four Vocal Duets* may be recommended as easy and effective. No. 4, *The May Queen's Requiem*, is quaint and touching in its simplicity, and, like the other numbers, is written in the so-called Old English style.

The martial songs of the Highlands offer a tempting bait to writers for the pianoforte, and to Mr. Emil Bach have proved happy themes, the *Three Poems on Scotch Airs* being treated by him in a vigorous and musicianly manner without the laboured effort usually associated with this kind of drawing-room music. The faithfulness of the transcriptions can be tested by the inclusion in the album of the original songs themselves.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE.

"SURELY if a thing be entirely good, you had better imitate it reverently than endeavour to replace it by some thing quite different!" It was the Professor who spoke, and as he is usually paid for speaking, and rarely wastes an idea upon us, everybody listened.

"Yet if art is nature seen through a temperament," said the Lay Figure, quoting Zola, "I take it that it is through your own temperament you must see, and not through that of others."

"But if others are infinitely greater, why not sink your individual weakness, and rely on their strength?" the Professor replied.

"Because I fancy all imitations lose just that vital quality which at its best is genius, or at least personality," the Lay Figure retorted. "Who cares for imitation Shakespeare, or imitation Rudyard Kipling? Depend upon it, the revelation of his own individuality, unwittingly perhaps, but still without reservation, is what makes for art, supposing, of course, technical facility, good taste, and a hundred other qualities are present also."

"The whole question is obedience to precedent,—wilful reliance on oneself," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "It sounds very modest and reverent to abjure one's own efforts, and seek to follow a master; but if the said master had acted in this way, where would he have been?"

"But how dare you expect to be a master?" said the Professor, sternly, "that is the conceit of the day."

"Pardon me," the Man with a Clay Pipe replied, in a tone of simple dignity, "I believe that no other human being lives, or did live, an exact replica of myself. By physical tests, such as the French police use to identify criminals, it is proved that no two people are precisely alike, and if the mere body is always an unique edition, surely the much more complex personality is likely to be unique also."

"That is true to some extent," said the Professor, as he thought of the matchless arguments of his own lectures, and realised, or thought he did, how little they owed to predecessors. "Even the least of us has something to say that has not been said exactly in the same way."

"Then surely it is not conceit to recognise this simple fact," the Man with a Clay Pipe observed. "With all respect to the masters dead and alive, one feels that art, or beauty, or whatever term you prefer to express the indefinable, is much more complex than any one man, any hundred men, could

ever express fully. It seems to me while composers can make an endless number of new melodies out of twelve notes, so one may hope to evolve new harmonies of colour, new devices in pattern, new combinations of material; and unless we do so, we stultify the whole purpose of our lives."

"Then you would have a man say, Let me be original at any cost," the Professor broke in testily.

"Certainly not," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "Indeed, I go farther and believe that real originality is quite unconscious. The artist merely does a thing in a certain way because it pleases him best, and if he is always eager to criticise his work, and strives to be original at any price, eccentricity, quaintness, and ugliness, are far more likely to be his portion than is originality."

"I do not think your argument is a specimen of originality, or peculiarly individual," the Professor said in a contemptuous tone. "It seems to me the commonest of failings to believe that one's original shortcomings are preferable to virtues based on precedent."

"Everything original is not new; original sin, for instance," said the Man with a Clay Pipe, "but look around and see whose work has survived of the past fifty years. Certainly not the dutiful scholars, who sank their own ideas in those of their teachers. Look at Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Whistler; pick any of them, and you will see how little he owes to his predecessors."

"I quite disagree with that," said the Professor. "I grant that each of the artists you mention have failings that we call their own, but their greatest works owe all that is best in them to precedent."

"It is a man's failings that endear him to me," was the reply. "In him I recognise a brother."

"But if you are right, what of the noble academic brotherhood who never tried to be other than derivations; where will you find your reverent and loyal masters?" said the Lay Figure.

"Of course you would not acknowledge them to be great, if I quoted names," the Professor retorted; "but I still maintain that originality is the lure of the evil one."

"Let us be thankful then, how many escape it," said the Lay Figure, "and if fame escapes them at the same time, why, that is also in obedience to the best established precedent."

"I think while we all affect to prize originality, it is mere novelty we really crave," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "For every old folly finds a ready welcome when a man of taste revives it. It is the real innovator who rarely obtains applause at first."

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT

AMERICAN STUDIO-TALK

THERE is always satisfaction in entering a drawing-room where one knows one will meet persons of culture who, whatever be their mental scope, will express their opinions and impressions in refined and tempered language. Indeed, does not one almost prefer the ephemeral impressions of elegance coupled with the "I fancy," "I surmise," "Don't you think?" of society to the more weighty opinion of the uncultivated who forces his partisan conviction upon you with the sledge-hammer of argument?

A similar sensation is enjoyed by the initiated art lover visiting the Society of American Artists (holding its nineteenth annual exhibition in New York, March 28th to May 1st). The paintings exhibited speak to him in the well-chosen language of the brush, that charms with its suavity, though it may fail to convince with its logic. The spirit of the Society is such that one is assured that the paintings represent excellence of manner, whatever may be the quality of their matter. It is delightful, for example, to find such a canvas as Mr. Alexander's *Woman in Gray* (236), where, though your individual taste may consider the face inadequately painted, you cannot but applaud the fine sweep of the brush that brings the drapery and the background together in a tonal scheme that is the essence of refinement itself. You may see, hard by, Mr. Abbey's *A Pavane-Decorative Panel* (336), and next is Mr. Chase's *Ring Toss* (337); in the former you may protest that the painting on the heads is not painting at all, but the laying on of impure pigment that represents still life, rather than animated nature; but you cannot but be charmed with the pictorial effect of the entire composition, the mosaic-like quality of each part, as the artist, with an intense love of detail, renders each decorative element of Middle Age costumes and trappings. In the latter composition you may insist upon it that in similar subjects the Dutch painters respected their *dramatis*

persona more than does Mr. Chase. The Dutchman's still life surrounds his figures; Mr. Chase's figures are but adjuncts to his still life. Yet, as American interior painting goes, our artists have much to learn from Mr. Chase's foreground. It is a question whether the floor and the ring-stake could be rendered with greater veracity in a more painter-like manner. And so it is, as we wander about the galleries, we find that each artist speaks in choice language, though each man's point of view may be different.

The culminating point of this refinement of expression is found in the portraits by Mr. Sargent, *Henry Cabot Lodge* (271), and the *Portrait of a Lady* (278). His work already ranks with the classics; the sureness of his touch, the keenness of his vision, permits of no half-way expression. Whatever he wishes to say, he says distinctly, and with conviction. He is always willing to let one see the process of his thinking. So rapid is it, that we might almost assert that at the very inception of the thought, he arrives at an ultimatum.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Sargent's exhibits were painted five or six years ago. There is nothing that broadens a man's technique more than mural painting, and it would have been interesting to see some of Mr. Sargent's portraits painted since he completed the Boston Public Library decorations.

Technically, Mr. Winslow Homer is dissimilar to Sargent. Sargent works from the exterior to the interior; he scrutinizes the external man, and portraying that exterior with unflinching touch he trusts that he will portray the synthesis of the sitter's personality. Winslow Homer works as Millet did; he gathers his data in many seasons, under varied aspects, and from them he works up to a final presentation which casual thought might designate as an external analysis, but which is really an intense and prolonged crucial analysis of the phenomena of nature. In his magnificent *The Lookout—All's Well, Lights*

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All Up (262), we see the head and shoulder and the right hand of a seaman who stands upon the deck, under a starlit sky, a bronze bell behind him, his right hand uplifted; he calls upward, "All's well, lights all up!" The night is clear and crisp; the moonlight falls upon the waves' crest, the seaman's helmet, the bronze bell, and the gunwale of the ship. Three stars shine in the part of the sky within our focus, and the blue ether about them, deep and intense, suggests the infinite beyond. In this painting we have not what Sargent would give us, the direct portrayal of an individual seaman beneath an individual bronze bell, on a given starlit night; but we have the result of Mr. Homer's years of observation, the sum of the different seamen and bronze bells and starlit nights that he has seen. Some there are who complain that Mr. Homer's method lacks *finesse*; that his process is clumsy; that though the complete picture is nearly always successful, yet oftentimes there are harsh notes and rough passages indicative of a struggle with methods. This, doubtless, is true; but have not Millet, Courbet, Delacroix, Gericault, and Watts also struggled with methods? And it still remains a fact that none of our painters, with the exception of John La Farge, has reached so noble an altitude as Winslow Homer in his superb American landscapes and *genres*. Two other Winslow Homers shown are *Marine Coast* (120) and *Saco Bay* (272).

While none of the other landscapes exhibited is equal to Mr. Homer's contributions, there is, we should say, in the department of landscape, more evidence of the refinement of expression we have noted than in any other class of work. If we fail to mention the landscapes in this review, it is only because we fear that, in selecting a dozen canvases for a remark, we should do injustice to hundreds of others equally as good. We fancy, indeed, that rarely in a single exhibition has there been shown a larger number of good landscapes. Possibly there is a lightness of treatment, a flippant familiarity with nature's forms, a tendency to treat earth and sky, rocks and trees, as so many still life "planes," to be rendered in proper values, and that accomplished, nothing more to be added. The *tableaux vivants* that have been given in recent years by our art students, have been seen through a wire gauze that greatly enhanced their effect; and so, too, our younger men have been rendering nature through a sort of gauze of technical training that makes their canvases more effective

than the topographical charts of the old Academy; but while we admire the gauze, we cannot accept it as a substitute for the thing behind it. Sometimes we miss intensity of thought in these pretty little vistas of gray fields and purple hills, and we wish now and then for the depth of a Hobbema, the sombreness of a Ruysdael, or the penetration of a Rousseau.

Mr. Kendal speaks with the precision of a professor, but without the feeling of a colorist; he seems to be more anxious to display his draughtsmanship than to *paint* a portrait. We cannot understand in these days of museums and picture exhibitions why an artist should ignore the best traditions. Mr. Kendal has only to go up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to study a Rembrandt, a Franz Hals, or a Terburg, in order to see that the masters of painting in modelling a face connect the masses of light and dark by color graduation, so that their sequence forms an entire head. This method is according to the best tradition, while the arrangement of fragments of dark that look like bits of court plaster, so that they suggest the shadows of eye, nose, and mouth, is the method of the black-and-white draughtsman, not the painter; we speak of his *Portrait of a Child* (21) and the *Portrait* No. 35. In No. 15 Mr. Kendal circumvents criticism by calling it a *Portrait Drawing*; but we do not usually look for drawings in the Society's exhibitions. Mr. Frank Fowler, in his *Portrait* (50), gives us a sort of reminiscence of Gainsborough, that is laid in with a free, painter-like touch. Mr. Maynard's *Morn* (72) is anything but painter-like; in his *Sport* (253), which was purchased with the Shaw Fund, he shows some striking originality; the undulatory lines of flying fish, the curling waves, the sporting mermaids, suggest a rhythm not often found on canvas; but the beauty of the mermaids is to be questioned.

Mr. Cox, in the portrait of his wife, No. 266, strikes a serious note that calls for respect; there is no suggestion of flippancy, of cleverness, of sacrificing character for "tonal qualities."

Mr. Frenzen and Mr. Curran make frequent inroads upon the realm of *genre*. We do not think that Mr. Curran's oils (*In the Sunshine*, 12; *Lake Erie*, 128; *Children on the Sand*, 254) are so satisfactory as his pastels shown last autumn at the Water Color Club exhibit. He seems to be searching for a method of representing sunlight with naïve color, but has not been wholly

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successful ; yet the last named picture is full of child expression very true to nature. Mr. Frenzen is uncompromising in his rendering of American commonplace—shall we say vulgarity? —so uncompromising, that we feel his canvases are the country bumpkins in our refined drawing-room. But there is in the portrait of his father (87) a virility ; in his pink cloud, *Twilight at Rockland* (334), a poetic discernment; and in *The Mother* (109) a sentiment, that, if united, might give us in the future a style of painting far superior to his *Closing Exercises* (110).

Mr. Beckwith, in the portrait called *Shot Silk* (231), paints textures as textures, and he deserves the artisan's reward.

Mr. Herter's *Le Soir* (242), which received the William Lippincott Prize this year at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, is one of those big canvases that receive prizes because of some technical excellence ; that are admired for the time being, but are too large to be ranked as easel pictures, and much too empty in subject to hold their own in museums, and become in time but a mere episode in the development of painting.

Mr. Reid's *Finale* (298) is light and delicate, but shallow. It is in our symposium as the society girl's afternoon reading is to the performance of a Ristori or a Duse.

Mr. Chase has painted his eldest daughter, *Dieudonne* (274), in a sombre key that prevents her having the freshness of youth, but gives her a quaint air that is not without charm. This is also true of Mr. Benson's *Little Girl* (304). Miss Lydia F. Emmet, on the other hand, gives us in a pastel *Portrait of Mother and Son* (317), color that, when seen at night, simulates flesh and blood most approximately. Miss Cecilia Beaux's portraits, while not up to her best standard, are full of vivacity ; and Mrs. Sarah C. Sears's *Portrait of a Lady* (74), while suggesting an ideal rather than a realistic portrayal, is interesting in the extreme.

Some miniatures by Laura T. Hills are drawn with a firmness of touch that, added to a delicate perception of color, makes her exhibit much above the average miniature display. The same compliment may be paid to Lucia M. Fuller for her *Girl in White* (141), Alice Breckington for her *Sketch* (137), Lydia Field Emmet for her *Portrait of a Gentleman* (149).

Elliot Dangerfield has given us in the past such evident reminiscences of other painters—one year an American farm-hand masquerading

as a Millet peasant, the next year as an Israels, the next year an Inness landscape, the next a Dutch water color—that it has been difficult to classify him. He seems this year, however, to have struck a more original vein, and the sky in his *And the Angels Ministered unto Him* (9), and the entire color scheme in *My Lady Rhododendron* (167), have a quality that is by no means commonplace.

Mr. Hyde, who, like Sterner and Smedley, has deserted the ranks of the illustrators and cast his lot with the wielders of the brush, gives promise, in his *Portrait of Marjorie O'Connell* (22), that he will rank high as a portrait painter. The brush work is not free, but the color is refined, the composition is original, and the expression of the little girl's mouth eminently childlike.

Alfred I. Collins's *Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Rainsford* (311) carries well across the room, and is a good likeness.

A refined and dashing bit of painting, called *The Song* (7), by Paul Moschowitz, is of a very pretty girl looking toward us with a frank smile, her fingers on the keys of the piano ; while there is good intent in *The Golden Harp*, by E. S. Hamilton ; *A Rose Garden* (276), by Mrs. Maria Oakey Dewing ; *Peonies* (289), by Wilton Lockwood ; *Sabrina* (321), by Ethel Isidore Brown ; *Angiola* (234), by Mrs. Louise Cox ; and Emily Slade's *Friends* (215).

Bruce Crane's *Cape Ann* (227) we consider superior to his Webb prize painting, *Signs of Spring* (280).

The educating influence of the Society's exhibition is not to be underestimated. The public is like the schoolboy, and must be allowed to grow. If he (the schoolboy) has not reached fractions, eight-eighths seems to him an entirely different quantity from one ! Unless reduced to equations known to him, a proposition is unintelligible. General experience teaches that a broader culture is attained if the student is educated up to the subject, by familiarization with its aspect year after year. The Society has endeavored to do this ; while the Academy has rather reduced its figures to equations familiar to the public.

THE Academy, holding its seventy-second annual exhibition, April 5th to May 15th, is, on the other hand, not a *salon* of culture, but an aldermanic chamber, a board of trade, or a market-place, where the business side of art is pushed, and some wire-pulling is indulged in,

and great schemes are concocted for turnstiles and registration books at the entrance door. The magical letters, A.N.A., and N.A., which the Academy vouchsafes members to place after their names, are simply a sort of trades-union stamp that enhances, perhaps, the selling quality of the artist's goods, but guarantees no prime quality. When we remember that, despite the foreign honors he has received, John Sargent was only elected an Academician this year, while Brown, Jones, and Robinson have signed themselves N.A. in '96, '95, and '94 and earlier, we can well fathom the depth of the institution's interest in the progress of Art.

The pictures which are typical of the Academy exhibition are Daniel Huntington's *The American Projectors of the Atlantic Cable* (226), and E. L. Henry's *In 1837, The Childhood of Rapid Transit* (309). In these genres the narrators had something very important to say. There were brainy Americans connected with the first event; there was a picturesqueness about the second. The first meant the international development of our country's trade; the second, the continental development. Think for a moment what treatment Rembrandt or Franz Hals would have given the portrait group, and what interest Fortuny or Édouard Frére would have found in the costumes of the episodic genre. But how un-painter-like is the treatment it receives at the hands of our two N.A.'s. The prevalence of this unskilful technique upon the Academy's walls is a palpable hindrance to its development.

The prizes this year were awarded as follows:

Mr. Robert Reid gets the Thomas B. Clark prize for his *Moonrise* (398), a composition similar in quality to his *Finale*. Mr. Wilbur A. Reaser gets the first Hallgarten prize for his *Mother and Daughter* (141), which, though unfinished, is handled in good taste. The second Hallgarten prize goes to Mr. Leo Moeller for his colonial composition, *A Patriot at Valley Forge* (103), a little painting of no great depth, but a sincere piece of work, with some harmonious blues running through it. The third Hallgarten goes to Mr. Charles E. Proctor for his *Grandpa* (14), a commonplace affair in every way. The Dodge prize goes to Miss M. L. Macomber for her *St. Catharine* (395), a careful piece of work.

The men who save the Academy from being actually tiresome are those whom we associate with the Society, rather than the Academy. Kenyon Cox's *Bird Song* (232) is an individual

work, well drawn and composed. Edward A. Bell's *Spring Flowers* (249) is less satisfactory as a finality than as a charming conception, but it is wholly good in intent. Mr. Frank Fowler's *Flora* (190) is delicate in color, and knowingly handled. A fresh piece of painting is *The Sea at Evening* (173), by Howard Russell Butler, as is also his *Breakers, Coast of Cornwall* (282). Indeed, Mr. Butler bids fair to become, next to Winslow Homer, our most vigorous marine painter. If William L. Picknell had never painted his *Sunlit Road to Concarneau*, we should doubtless have stood in admiration before his *Route de Nice* (255), but without the quality of novelty, one would hardly grow enthusiastic over this realistic painting—unless, perchance, one be a bicyclist.

Mr. Chase is hardly at his best in his portrait of *Mrs. D*— (317), and Mr. Low works certainly more like a student than a past master, in his *Débutante* (77).

Mr. Prellwitz, in his *Ferdinand and Ariel* (18), starts out on a fascinating little composition, full of graceful lines, but fails to arrive anywhere. In his *Evening Effect, Island of Capri* (303), Mr. C. C. Coleman breaks away from the conventional in a most refreshing manner.

An oasis in the desert of commonplace landscapes is R. A. Blakelock's poetic *Silver Moon* (354), showing a thorough appreciation of color quality. Charles H. Miller, *Queen's School* (251), is another artist who makes a proper distinction between drawing and painting in color. Mr. Fred B. Williams, *A Revel* (225), also promises to take a prominent place in this category. Mr. Harry Watrous's *Records* (200) shows infinite pains and careful drawing.

Mr. Curran easily leads the *genre* painters with an American farm idyll, *The Old Straw Stack* (62), which is well balanced in composition, the figures well drawn and thoroughly lifelike, while there is not that straining after sunlight effect that we noted in his Society contribution.

Miss Cecelia Beaux's *Portrait* (43), Mr. Hyde's *Child Portrait of D. Barrows* (404), Lydia Field Emmett's *Portrait of a Boy* (245), are refined productions.

The pose of the figure in Orrin Parsons's *Portrait Sketch* (295) is remarkably good. It is a pity the picture was not completed and in its present size. There is some beautiful color in Walter L. Palmer's *Domes of La Salute* (195). *A May Evening* (4), by William A. Coffin, is simple and sincere.

Continued from second page of cover.

At the regular monthly meeting, April 6th, of the Architectural League, W. V. Van Ingen read a paper on Japan.

April 5th to 30th, J. Wells Champney showed a collection of pastels at Knoedler's; among which *The Toreador's Daughter*, "A La Marquise," and *The College Graduate* called for special mention.

The Society of National Academy Art Students gave its second annual entertainment, March 18th, for the benefit of a prize fund, to provide an art scholarship, to be awarded to a student of the Academy. Picturesque tableaux were given; the programme cover was cleverly designed by Mr. W. Morgan, a student.

At the Klackner Gallery, an exhibition of paintings of Indian life, by Edward W. Deming, February 23d.

March 26th and 27th, J. and R. Lamb gave a view of the Scudder Memorial window, called *Creation*, besides others both finished and in process of execution, among which is one entitled *St. John the Divine*, to be erected in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Lynchburg, Va.; and one of the *Crucifixion*, for the chancel of St. John's Church, Montgomery, Ala. Mr. F. S. Lamb is to design a large window for the Woman's Building at the Nashville Exhibition.

During the week of April 12th, we had the pleasure of seeing at the American Art Galleries a collection of the landscape work of Birge Harrison and Alexander Harrison.

CHICAGO.—At The Chicago Society of Artists' Exhibition, held in February, a prize of \$100 was given by the Young Fortnightly Club for the best oil painting. This was awarded to William Weudt. The Meade and Yerkes prizes were not offered this year. All the Chicago Art clubs will join forces in one yearly exhibition, to be held in the spring, at the Art Institute, under the title of Chicago Artists.

PHILADELPHIA.—At the recent exhibition of The Art Club of Philadelphia, the gold medal for the best water color was awarded to W. L. Lathrop, of Painesville, Ohio, for his painting entitled "Cornfields."

ST. LOUIS.—The Exposition and Music Hall Association will hold its fourteenth Annual Exhibition from Sept. 8th to Oct. 23d, 1897, under the direction of Charles M. Kurtz. Paintings will be called for in New York between Aug. 2d and 14th.

CLEVELAND.—The "Picture Exhibition Company" has been organized in the interests of the Fine Arts, and will give bi-monthly exhibitions from December to April.

BROOKLYN.—In the new Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences an Art Exhibition will be held from the middle of May to October, which will mark the opening of a wing of the building.

PITTSBURG.—Circulars are out for The Carnegie Institute Second Annual Exhibition, Nov. 4, 1897, to Jan. 1, 1898. Awards of \$1,500, \$1,000 and \$500 will be made. The jury will be elected by the contributors to the exhibition.

BALTIMORE.—The School of Art and Design of The Maryland Institute will hold a public exhibition of the students' work from June 7th to 11th.

DENVER.—The Artists' Club Exhibition, fourth annual exhibition, April 15th.

MARGARETVILLE, CATSKILL MTS.—Henry Mosler's Summer Art School, June 1st to October 1st.

SHINNECOCK, L. I.—The Shinnecock School of Art, William M. Chase, President, will hold its seventh season, June 1st to October 1st.

ONTARIO.—The annual exhibition of The Ontario Society of Artists will open May 13th. All work must be received by May 6th.

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME.

Contents for June, 1897.

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor of *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* cannot hold himself responsible in any case for the return of Articles or Sketches. He will, however, always be glad to consider any suitable Manuscripts or Drawings which may be submitted to him, and will make every effort to return those not accepted, provided postage stamps are enclosed at the time they are sent.

All Contributions should be addressed, "The Editor," Office of *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Communications intended for the American Studio-Talk should be addressed to the New York office, 140 Fifth Avenue.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JUNE

CONTAINS

- Greece and the Eastern Question. By BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.
- The Municipal Problem and Greater New York. By ALBERT SHAW.
- The Lock-step of the Public Schools. By WILLIAM J. SHEARER.
- Ferdinand Brunetiere and his Critical Method. By IRVING BABBITT.
- Tendencies of Higher Life in the South. By W. P. TRENT.
- The Sea-shell. By G. E. WOODBERRY.
- Cheerful Yesterdays. VIII. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
- In Quest of Ravens. By BRADFORD TORREY.
- The Story of an Untold Love. XXIII—XXVI. By PAUL LEICESTER FORD.
- Around Domremy. By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.
- The Farthest Voyage. By WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.
- The Juggler. X. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.
- In the Storm. By CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.
- On Being Civilized too Much. By HENRY CHILDS MERWIN.
- Mr. Sloane's Life of Napoleon.
- Men and Letters.
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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT

(CONTINUED.)

etc., he would never have realized that the designs at the former display were for the same purpose as those at the latter.

The water-colour studies of flowers were all carefully drawn and coloured, making admirable substitutes for commercial chromos.

The instructor in the Illustrating class evidently had to make bricks without straw, as the pupils lacked both training in drawing and models to work from. His success was remarkable in view of the way in which he was handicapped. When his pupils had the opportunity of models as in the Animal class, their work was spirited.

The wall-paper department was in no way equal to the silks. We are aware that the feature of this school's system is to prepare students to do marketable work; a design that is merely theoretical, and not practical, is not passed by the teachers. One may question the advisability of carrying such a system too far, but we certainly know that much time is wasted in the life classes of many of our other schools by those who have no qualifications to become figure painters, but who might succeed as designers, and when one learns of the immense amount of its pupils' work sold by the School of Applied Design, one certainly feels that there is much that is admirable in its course. At any rate, the critic should not find fault with the school for carrying out successfully its avowed principles; but we must certainly say, in connection with the wall-paper, that if the market still requires these debased rococo scrolls in relief united with the petty sprigs of common flowers, we are very sorry for any one with true artistic taste who should enter this branch of designing.

In the drill work in Historic Ornament the specimens were above the average displayed by technical schools.

The prizes were as follows: Architecture: first prize, scholarship for the next year, T. Amelia Day; second prize, \$25, Marian B. Jackman;

(Continued on third page of cover.)

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"CIRCLE-WISE SIT THEY."
FROM A PAINTING BY BYAM
SHAW



The Work of Byam Shaw



"SLEEP"

FROM A DRAWING IN LEAD-PENCIL BY BYAM SHAW

THE WORK OF MR. BYAM SHAW. BY GLEESON WHITE.

To write an appreciative notice of a living artist is not so easy as might appear at first sight. If, indeed, the qualities most admirable in his work chance to be capable of logical demonstration the task is less difficult, but also infinitely less interesting. For what you can prove mathematically in art is usually too obvious to require any justification. Appreciation, however guarded, is after all but another form of criticism; and praise is, even more than censure, largely a matter of personal taste. The final court of appeal in all questions of æsthetics is merely the opinion of that majority whose taste you prefer to believe is based upon the truest principles. Even the verdict of such judges is by no means final. The present reputation of Albert Dürer, Terburg, Botticelli, or Velasquez is quite different from that awarded to each by connoisseurs of a century ago. Indeed, our recognition of their merits is largely based on the opinion expressed from time to time by those we consider qualified experts. It is evident therefore that there is no fixed standard by which all reputations could be adjusted; otherwise the fluctuations in the market value of old masters, which in a way roughly indicate the taste of any period, would never show aught but an upward tendency. For did a reputation once made preserve its contemporary appreciation, it is clear that as years passed by, with increased publicity, and a larger body of purchasers waiting to bid against each other for such specimens

as came to the hammer, prices would go on rising. A certain percentage of losses by fire and shipwreck, and the gradual absorption of the best works into national collections would still further affect them. But the market value is not fixed. It is possible that the £70,000 paid for the *Ansidei Raphael* would be realised to-day were the picture re-sold; but hardly if its purchase were controlled by a committee of artists. Else were Raphael to-day not merely the "record-breaker" of picture dealers' lists, but the supreme idol of painters, which he certainly is not. That he was may be granted, that he will be again is possible, if not probable, but that he is not at present is quite certain.

Yet because appreciation is subject to the law of change (which Ibsen by the way did *not* discover), there seems no reason why we should therefore remain silent respecting contemporary work. Opinions may be modified; but one thing remains sure, that the temperament of the artist is helped by the open appreciation of his fellow-workers, and so the result of contemporary approval may give him renewed energy to accomplish the schemes he has planned. It is true that undue praise is supposed to turn the head of its victim; but this seems to prove also in such an instance that the man himself was not strong enough to work out his appointed task. If praise has ruined many, neglect has failed to save others, so it would seem as if the true artist must prove himself sufficiently self-contained to disregard both the applause of the public and its total indifference. No doubt there are many feeble folk who turn to their books of press-cuttings and attach quite ridiculous weight to the

The Work of Byam Shaw

pleasant prattling of irresponsible journalists in papers of no importance. Of this sort are the illustrated interviews so frequently to be met with, in which some genius in painting, whose great claim to notice is based on the fact that he never has had a lesson in his life, or some lady artist who daubs wonderful storks and rushes on milking stools, and has actually had a picture exhibited in a Christmas card competition or at a bazaar, is reported in solemn paragraphs wherein opinions of things artistic are given in a way as artless as are their own products. But for a magazine like *THE STUDIO* to illustrate fully the work of a living artist is surely not reprehensible ; and if the exigencies of a periodical demand that its pictures shall be set in columns of prose, no one is injured thereby. It is always pleasant to spread the report of good things among our fellows ; and if by chance such report is printed and reaches thousands instead of dozens, why should it be regarded as an attempt "to discover" a new genius, or be looked upon as a puff-oblique designed to glorify its author even more than its hero ?

Before calling attention to the work of Mr. Byam Shaw it seemed necessary to disclaim any suggestion of "discovering" him. A young painter who passed through the Academy schools with honour, whom one had seen years ago receive a well-merited reward from the hands of Lord (then

Sir Frederic) Leighton, whose work has been sold from the line at several exhibitions at Burlington House and elsewhere, and illustrated in early numbers of this magazine, cannot be brought forward as "unknown." Of course, as is the case with many of the younger artists, it is not likely that the names even of the most worthy are familiar to the outside public. But if readers of *THE STUDIO* want an amusing and not unprofitable pastime for dull evenings let them set a number of more or less art-loving folk to write out from memory, without previous notice, a complete list of the R.A.s, and follow it up with those of the A.R.A.s. Comparisons of the results with the current "Year's Art" will probably show that even the cognomens of the forty immortals and their heirs-presumptive are not familiar in our mouths as household words. As a matter of fact, there are several names among the R.A.s that, were they mentioned in some newspaper paragraph unconcerned with art, would never suggest the profession of their owners, so little has the individuality of their work impressed the authors' names upon the memory.

But the work of any painter considered of sufficient importance to form the subject of an illustrated article is always close by to reprove his too persistent eulogist, or to bear witness that it possesses much finer qualities than those which his chronicler has discovered.



"SILENT NOON"

"WHITHER" FROM A
PAINTING BY BYAM SHAW



The Work of Byam Shaw

In ranking Mr. Byam Shaw among the later followers of the P. R. B., we need not shut our eyes to the fact that although the so-called pre-Raphaelite movement, which is English to the core, has had its morbid and hysterical disciples, it has also found sane and accomplished painters to develop its tenets upon more sober lines. Of late a passion for sheer ugliness has bewitched many. That to be repulsive is to be powerful, is a most foolish formula; yet it is one that too many realists and idealists appear to accept as gospel, even if they do not put the statement into words. To shock is quite within the reach of the least competent artist; to disregard academic rules is much easier than to obey them; even to let nature go in pursuit of a so-called decorative style is not so hard as to keep truth and beauty in harmonious pattern and well-balanced schemes of colour. The material limitations must always be obeyed, yet to bend a limb at an impossible angle, or distort a joint to preserve a certain line in the design may be forgiven *if* the idea is great enough to condone the offence. Yet, no matter how good the work, it is less good, not more so, because of any liberty taken with incontrovertible facts. When you are working in purely conventional ways on a poster or in mosaic, subtleties of "drawing" are not desirable; yet even in such a case it is a mistake to think that merely bad drawing is a good substitute for the simple statement which the material demands. Incompetence loves to shield itself under certain labels—"soulful," "intense," "precious," and the rest. But in the long run it is genuine power in expressing ideas worth expression that will survive. Technical shortcomings, such as those that cramped Rossetti, may not stand in the way of his assured position among masters. Yet there is danger that youthful loyalty to a chosen master not merely defends his errors, but sometimes copies them, knowing them to be faults.

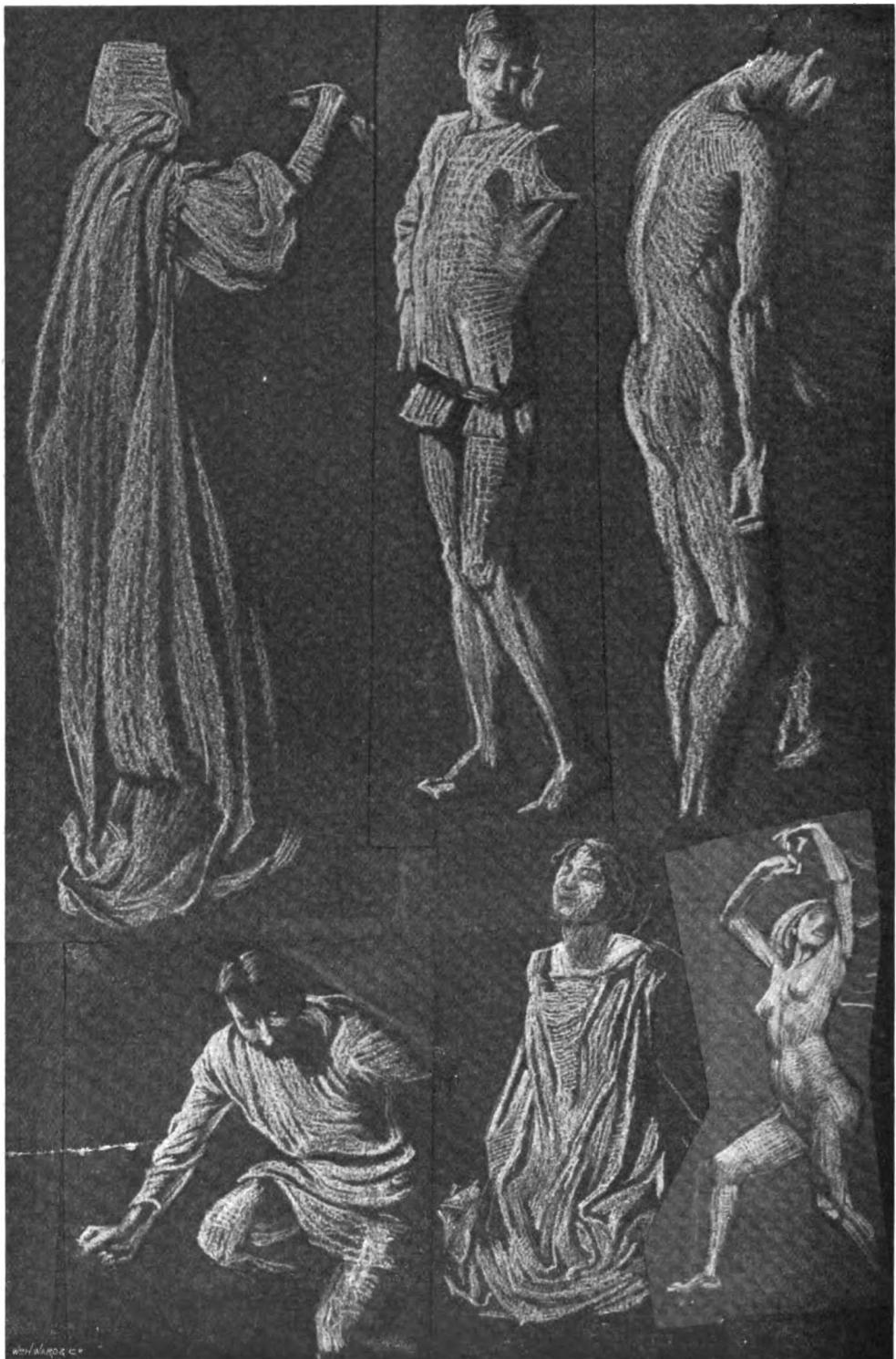
So far, Byam Shaw's work has escaped any fatal



STUDY FOR "WHITHER"

BY BYAM SHAW

mannerisms. In his quest for beauty he has possibly included comeliness also; this is peculiarly obnoxious to certain critics. Yet if one takes the accepted masterpieces of Greek art, there are but a few which would not be called "pretty" by the person of average taste, although at the same time they are also things of exquisite beauty. It is natural that a contempt for mere comeliness should produce a reaction; but beauty does not confine itself within such narrow limits, and is quite able to please the many as well as the few, provided the artist is broad enough in his sympathy to dare to



STUDIES FOR "WHITHER."
BY BYAM SHAW

The Work of Byam Shaw



STUDY FOR "WHITHER"

BY BYAM SHAW

be misunderstood for a time by a few ultra-superior critics. The type of beauty that would be accepted by nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand need not be considered too popular to interest an artist. It may be that the minority of ten could justify their preference entirely. Yet if they did so, it would only prove what no one really doubts, that there is no fixed type of beauty, but that each man has his own ideal and is quite within his rights in declining to accept any substitute.

This argument is not intended as an apology for Mr. Byam Shaw's work, but, on the contrary, as a tribute to his courage in ignoring the fallacy of the moment and daring to revert to the older ideal of beauty, which sought loveliness in an idealised type of humanity; idealised, that is to say, towards the "pretty" as opposed to the "ugly." It demands no little pluck to-day to exalt our Lady of Happiness above our Lady of Pain, and especially so

when the artist is working according to the legend of a school that has often deliberately attempted to set aside conventional aspects of beauty. In this respect, and in not a few others, Mr. Byam Shaw is akin to the young Millais, who, in *Rosalind*, the *Huguenots*, and many another picture, chose faces of undoubted loveliness, which the man in the street would also call extremely pretty.

The few facts of the artist's life which concern us here are soon told. A painting of himself, by himself, at the age of twelve, is still in existence; it is an ambitious and by no means discreditable work; quite as good as some one has seen in London public galleries. In 1892 he took the Armitage Prize at the Royal Academy Schools for his *Judgment of Solomon*, and in 1893 a design, *Abundance*, for the decoration of a public building, illustrated in THE STUDIO (Vol. 11. p. 137).

Mr. Shaw has also taken the first prize at the Gilbert Sketching Club Competition for *The Swineherd*, and a second prize for *Chivalry*, a triptych of considerable beauty and interest. *The Swineherd* illustrates the central incident in Hans Andersen's delightful story, "The Prince in Disguise," when the Prince, masquerading for the moment as a swineherd, will only part with his magic pipkin that jingles the melody "Lieber



STUDY FOR "WHITHER"

BY BYAM SHAW

The Work of Byam Shaw

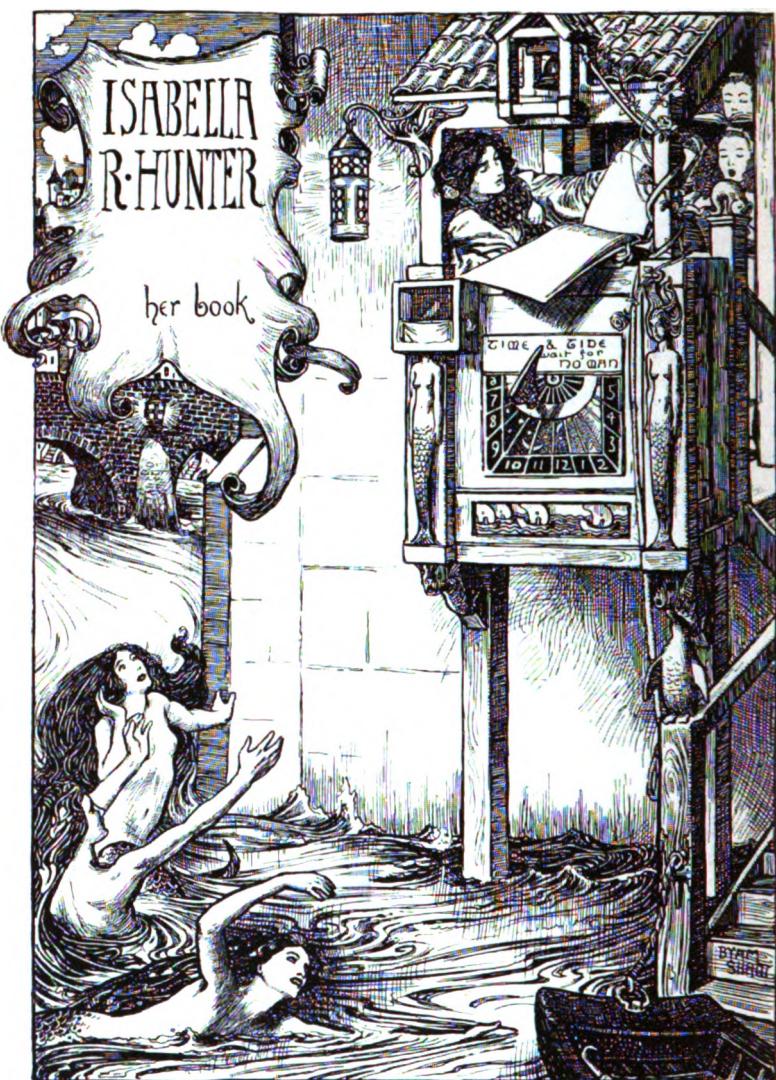
Augustin," after he has received ten kisses from the princess. Students of Andersen will not forget that the princess, who could not be wooed with a rose or a nightingale yet stooped to kiss a swineherd to obtain a toy; so that when revealed in his true character as the Prince, he spurned her, and went back to his kingdom "and shut the door in her face."

Mr. Byam Shaw's first appearance at the Royal Academy was in 1893 with *Rose Marie*, taken from a poem by Rossetti. In 1894 he showed there the water-colour study, *Abundance*, and *Silent Noon*, here reproduced; the subject is taken from the nineteenth sonnet in Rossetti's "House of Life," and the lines here italicised were appended to the title in the catalogue. The picture is so full of the spirit of the poem, that we must be excused for quoting in full a sonnet familiar enough to all lovers of poetry:

Your hands lie open in the long
fresh grass,—
The finger-points look through
like rosy blooms,
Your eyes smile peace. The
pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge,
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
'Tis visible silence. Still as the hour glass

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky :—
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh ! clasp we to our hearts for deathless dower,
This close companioned, inarticulate hour,
When twofold silence was the song of Love.

This picture, owned by Mr. Frederick Hollyer, is full of the peace of noon. Despite a very satisfactory reproduction, it appears here but a travesty of the original, for its colour, especially in the distant stretches of sunshine, is necessarily lost. In



BOOK-PLATE

BYAM SHAW

1895 Mr. Shaw exhibited a third subject from Rossetti's poem, which was hung in a position of honour. This bore for motto, a quotation from "The Blessed Damozel":

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five hand-maidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies :
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded,
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead."



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED
PEN-DRAWING. BY BYAM
SHAW

The Work of Byam Shaw

In 1896 the Academy contained the artist's noteworthy portrait of his mother, *Mrs. John Shaw*, and also *Jezebel*, a nude seated figure of considerable power, with which, however, its author was not wholly pleased, and has since altered considerably. *Whither* was also hung in this year, and suffered terribly from being placed next to a scheme of pale greys and soft pinks—Mr. Robert Fowler's *The Coming of Apollo*. Its pendant, Mr. George S. Watson's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, like *Whither*, a picture of vivid hues, was also hurt by its neighbours. Which of the three painters deserved most commiseration it would be difficult to say, for the group remains in memory as a typical instance of the terrors that a mixed Exhibition holds for colourists. In this juxtaposition, the *Coming of Apollo* looked washed out, and *Whither* crude, if not almost vulgar. Possibly the unlucky position caused M. Aman-Jean to regret that "things so profound as those suggested in the picture were not written outright." Yet this painting, seen under proper conditions, does not traverse the above critic's statement, "that painting can and should exist of itself—in beauty of form, attitude, and gesture." With recognition of its meaning, which is perhaps somewhat complex, it is nevertheless a delightful panel of decoration, with lines of great beauty and superb passages of colour. But seen under the conditions of Burlington House, the

most distorted verdict might be in some measure justified.

The painter's own interpretation is worth printing here, although it may seem to support M. Aman-

Jean's criticism. But one must not forget that without any explanation of the allegory the painting is self-sufficient to please as an example of fine decoration. In *Whither* the man and woman are being drawn across the sea of life by three figures personating Birth, Maturity, and Death. The latter is seen reaching up to snap the thread of life, which starts from a shell held by Birth, and enwraps round and round Love, the figure-head of the boat. Love holds a heart-shaped lamp which lights the Lovers (married, but still lovers) on their way. The waves of the sea of life throw up bubbles, in which may be discovered scenes from the past and future of the chief actors in the masque. In one, the father of the man shows his son the path ahead, while his mother encourages him to press forward. In another, the boy sets out on the voy-

age, his father pushing off the boat, while his mother kisses him. In another the Lover shows his beloved the arrow he has found piercing his heart, while Love shadows them with his rosy wings outspread. In another, the man sets forth on Pegasus to win laurels that he may lay at the feet of his love, while she girds him with his sword. In another we see him offering his laurels to her. In another, the



PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOHN SHAW

BY BYAM SHAW



"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS."
FROM A PAINTING BY BYAM
SHAW

The Work of Byam Shaw

Church blessing the pair before they set out on the voyage together. In another, the man, holding out his hand to a drowning comrade, while the woman keeps the boat steady. In another, the Lovers floating quietly in the haven, which is Heaven, welcomed by spirits of departed friends who have awaited their coming. Another shows the Lover watching his beloved during illness, with Christ sitting by his side and holding his hand (this subject being the theme of *The Comforter*, Mr. Byam Shaw's latest painting this year). In yet another the wife is seen nursing her child, the while the husband harnesses Pegasus to his plough. And in one more, the man and woman are before the Judge, who forgives the man because of her prayers. Throughout, the idea has been to show that the woman takes no part in the anxiety of the moment, trusting herself entirely to the man, on whom she has bestowed all her Love. The actual incident of the painting, whence its title, is intended to depict a moment of doubt and anxiety, when the future that looms ahead is full of dread.

But, although all this subsidiary allegory comments as it were on the central theme, it does not intrude itself on a spectator's notice. From the many studies—some of which are here reproduced—one can see that it is a theme which Mr. Byam Shaw took most seriously, and for which he grudged no effort. Of course it is quite open to agree with them who say painting and literature are distinct forms of expression. Yet the painted parable has always been dear to the Anglo-Saxon, and if it be well painted there seems no reason why we should not enjoy it. It is quite possible to appreciate works of art conceived from entirely contradictory principles. But it is folly to declare that either one is the only way. There are bests and bests so many; and granted that anything is the best of its sort, and that the sort is not unworthy, it is needless to limit one's pleasure by declining to enjoy all the bests, except the particular one that chances to appeal to your own temperament most directly.

Space forbids even bare mention of the black-and-white work, by which Mr. Byam Shaw seems destined to make a notable reputation. An early drawing, *Death and the Maiden*, and the very graceful book plate, here reproduced, prepared one for the delicacy and charming intention of his later work in pure pen drawing. In these drawings are observable singular facility of invention, and a distinct avoidance of the orthodox grouping which in the work of weaker members of the decorative school has become so hackneyed. But in classing Mr. Byam Shaw with decorative illustrators, it

must not be supposed that he relies on the thick line of early woodcuts. This method is far more akin to that of Mr. Howard Pyle of *The Wonder Clock*. He is likely to be recognised before long as one of our foremost illustrators of ideal and imaginative themes. A book which is to be published in the autumn bids fair to fully support this assertion. A joyous use of riotous but never discordant colour is the common characteristic in his paintings, or rather a quality common to the purely fanciful subjects. In *Mrs. John Shaw* a very dignified scheme of most sober hue is employed, and in *The Comforter*, a certain unconventional scheme of colour enforces the unconventional setting by which the painter paints the sometimes forgotten fact—that the Christ is the comforter not of the poor only but also of the rich. Whether applause or hostile criticism will eventually predominate with regard to this picture remains to be seen, but at any rate it cannot be denied that in it a great theme is simply and reverently handled. Another picture—*Love's Bauble*—full of gaiety and vivid colour, shows the painter true to the mood which evolved *The Queen of Hearts*, a very charming composition, here illustrated, which has not yet been exhibited in London. This, a brilliant pattern in red and white, is typical of Mr. Shaw's daring use of pure pigment; unluckily its balance of colour cannot be expressed in black-and-white; but that it is in the picture, those who saw it in certain provincial galleries will readily affirm. Experiments in technique only—taking little thought of the subject—do not seem to appeal to him so much as intense effort to express his theme clearly, the while he embroiders it with pleasant conceits and not too abstruse symbolism. But in portraiture these are set aside and the interest is centred entirely on the sitter, with no distracting details of accessories or of legerdemain in brush-work.

Mr. Byam Shaw is loyal in praise of his first master, Mr. J. A. Nister, by whose introduction he had the pleasure of receiving warm encouragement from Sir John Millais. He has since been evidently a disciple of Mr. Waterhouse, no less than of Rossetti, yet he has already shown distinctly individual expression; and with youth and energy on his side, his career holds great promise, which the record of his past helps to strengthen. For at his age, to have done so much so well inspires one with a belief that he will do still better in the near future; of none of his contemporaries would one be justified in forecasting a more brilliant career.

GLEESON WHITE.

Additions to the "Liber Studiorum"

M R. FRANK SHORT'S ADDITIONS TO THE "LIBER STUDIORUM." BY FRED MILLER.

THE publication of fifteen mezzotints by Frank Short, after J. M. W. Turner, R.A., completes the "Liber Studiorum," one of the greatest works in landscape art ever presented to the world. Such a contribution to it therefore as these plates is a most important event in landscape engraving, and the engraver was good enough to spare a couple of hours in the midst of his work, putting the finishing touches to the plates—a long and tedious business as all mezzotinters know—to tell me something about the undertaking which has now for some years been occupying his attention.

He also selected the examples accompanying these notes, which have been reproduced from impressions kindly lent for the purpose. It will be understood that photographic reproductions of engravings do not render quite satisfactorily the quality of the originals, more especially if they are mezzotints, but they will serve at all events to convey some idea of the subjects.

I may remind my readers that Turner intended his book to consist of a hundred plates. Ninety-one of these were entirely or partially completed, and the drawings for the remaining nine were ready. These drawings Mr. Short has now engraved, with the exception of one of no particular interest, which it would have been difficult to make much of without the painter's help.

The painter was thirty-two when the first part of the "Liber" was issued to subscribers, in 1807, and the work came out at uncertain intervals until 1819. Although many other plates were ready or almost ready for publication, the venture proving a financial failure, Turner ceased to issue the parts, and thus eighty years have passed before the work has been carried forward. After the painter's death a few of the old coppers were found in his house, but they were too much damaged by rust and neglect to be of any value.

Seeing the estimation in which the "Liber" is held by both students and connoisseurs, it is difficult to understand how it was that Turner's venture proved a financial failure, for he certainly was not exorbitant in his charges for the parts issued, and it must ever be a matter of regret that he was not encouraged to continue the work to its completion, for among the plates which were never published were several engraved by the painter. It is known that twenty plates were begun

out of the twenty-nine required to make the hundred, but only eleven were found at Turner's death, the others having probably been stolen and sold for old metal. Of these eleven nine were sold at the Turner sale in 1873, and have since been printed from; but, as I have said, the prints are of little value.

The world has changed since 1819, for at this sale a complete set of proofs of the "Liber" fetched £892, and the 5000 impressions and 700 etchings which were found among the painter's effects brought £18,000.

Among the plates engraved by Mr. Short there is a great diversity of subject. For instance, there is the celebrated *Via Mala* (said by Mr. Ruskin to be the finest in the book); and the plate of the *Lost Sailor*, a wonderful rendering of a terrible sea dashing against a granite coast. There are two moonlights, one of *Lucerne* glimmering in the light of a full and misty moon, and one of the *Needles*, with fishermen plying their craft at night. Then there are the sunny *Macon* and *Pastoral*, and the classical subjects which no one now dare venture to paint; the breezy seapieces which Turner was so fond of rendering, and last, but by no means least, the homely English subjects of *Kingston Bank* and *Harvesters*, and the beautiful *Derwentwater*.

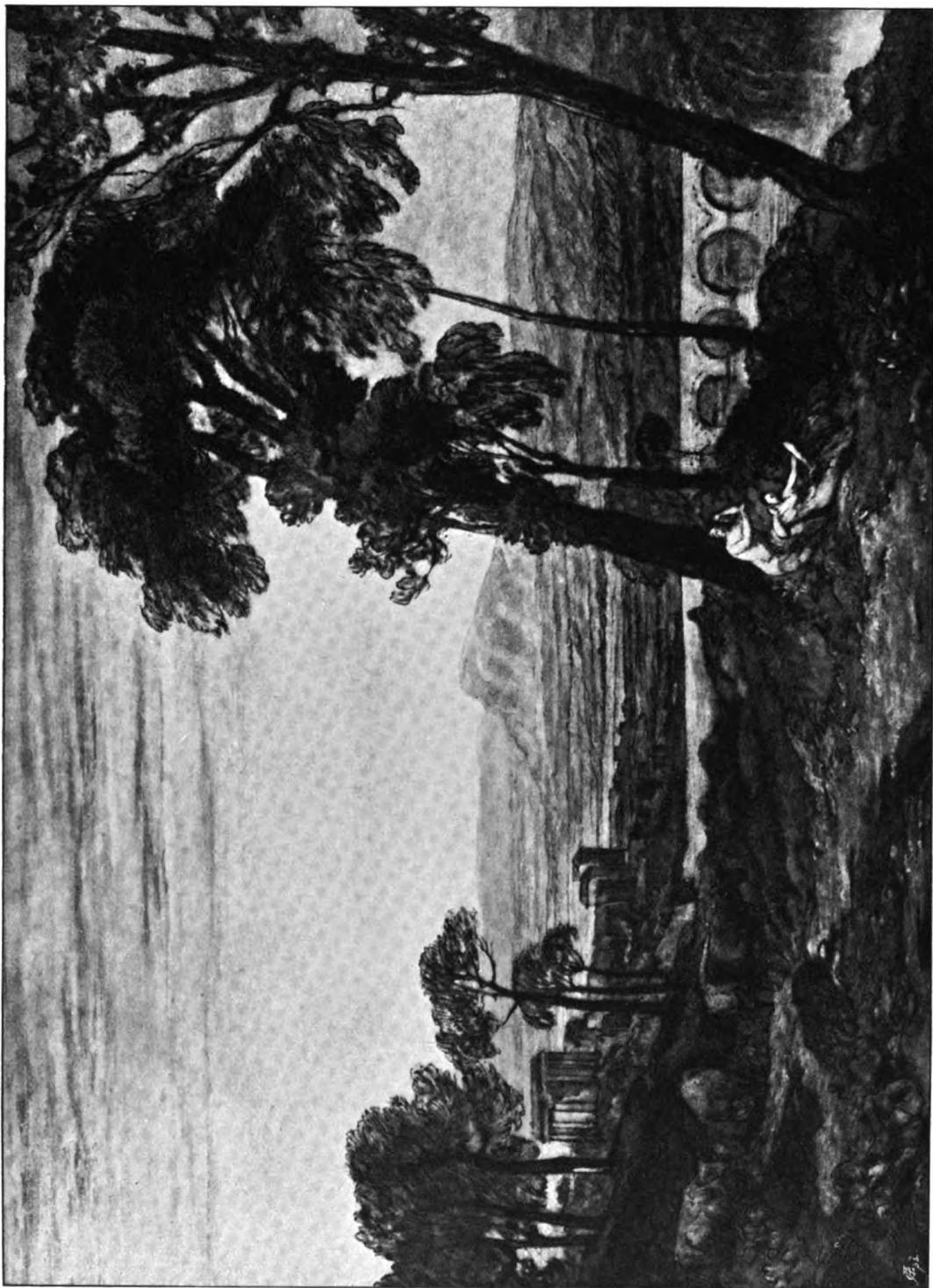
Perhaps it will be as well to give a complete list of the plates, which are published by Robert Dunthorne, of Vigo Street, London. I have numbered them for reference in this article.

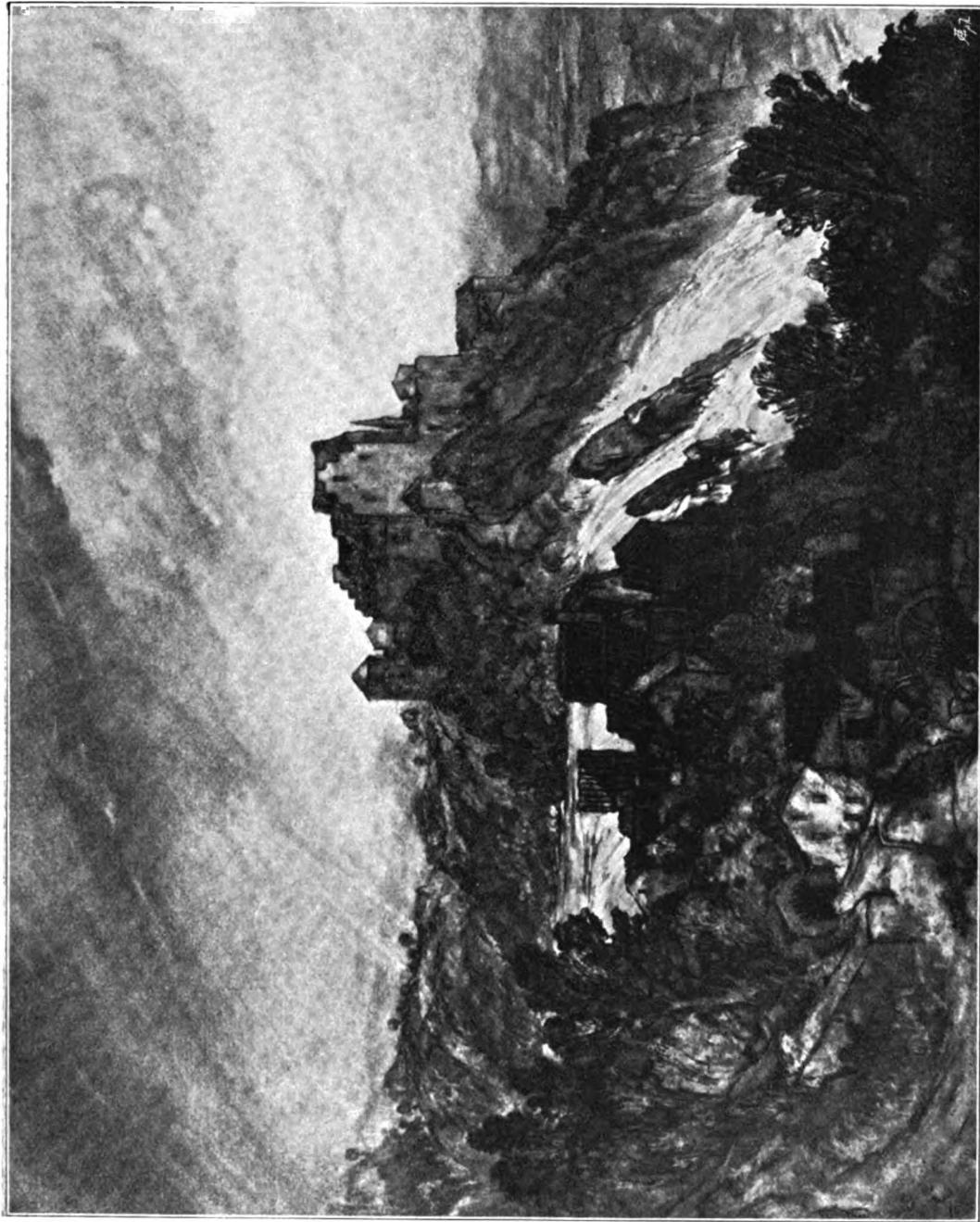
1. *Macon*, etching and mezzotint.
2. *Schaffhausen, Falls of the Rhine*, etching and mezzotint.
3. *Derwentwater*, soft ground etching and mezzotint.
4. *Lucerne* (moonlight), pure mezzotint.
5. *The "Victory" coming up Channel*, etching and mezzotint.
6. *Kingston Bank*, etching and mezzotint.
7. *Needles* (moonlight), pure mezzotint.
8. *Entrance to the Mersey*, soft ground etching and mezzotint.
9. *Pastoral*, etching and mezzotint.
10. *Pan and Syrinx*, etching and mezzotint.
11. *Huntsmen in Wood*, etching and mezzotint.
12. *Stork and Aqueduct*, etching and mezzotint.
13. *Via Mala*, etching and mezzotint.
14. *Lost Sailor*, pure mezzotint.
15. *Narcissus and Echo*, soft ground etching.

Of the *Lost Sailor* Mr. Ruskin writes: "The noblest of all the plates of 'Liber Studiorum,' except the *Via Mala*, is one engraved with his own hand, of a single sailor, yet living, dashed in the

"PASTORAL" BY FRANK SHORT. AFTER
THE DRAWING BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

(By permission of Mr. Robert Duthorne)





“FALLS OF THE RHINE, SCHAFFHAUSEN.”
BY FRANK SHORT. AFTER THE DRAWING
BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

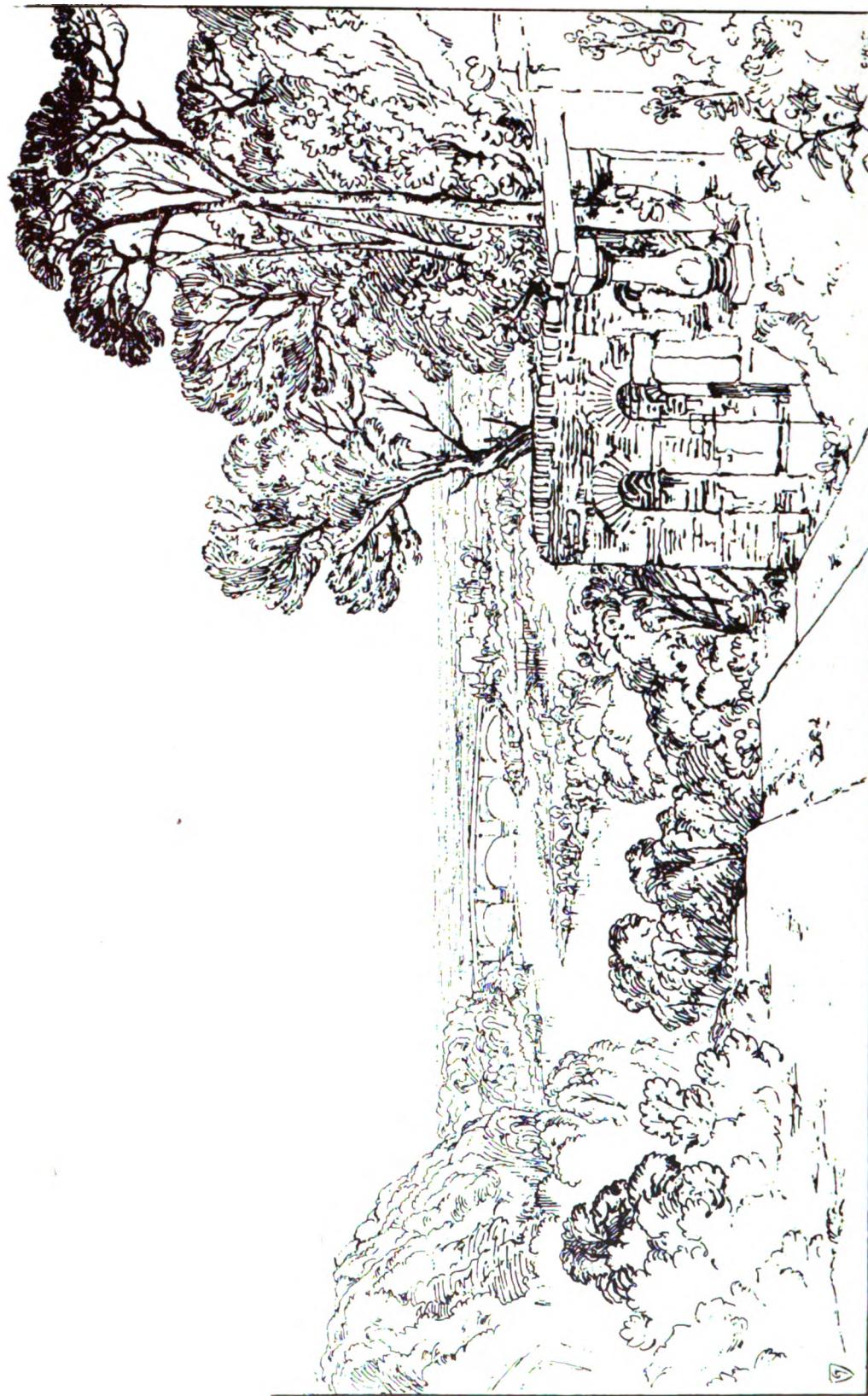
(By permission of Mr. Robert Dunthorne)



"FALLS OF THE RHINE, SCHAFFHAUSEN."
FROM THE ETCHING BY FRANK SHORT.
AFTER THE DRAWING BY J. M. W. TURNER,
R.A.

(By permission of Mr. Robert Dunthorne)

"MACON." FROM THE ETCHING BY FRANK
SHORT. AFTER THE DRAWING BY J. M. W.
TURNER, R.A.



(By permission of Mr. Robert Dunthorne)

Additions to the "Liber Studiorum"

night against a granite coast—his body and outstretched hands just seen in the trough of a mountain wave, between it and the overhanging wall of rock, hollow, polished and pale, with dreadful cloud and grasping foam."

The *Stork and Aqueduct* is a wonderful composition of rock, high bridge, trees, and mountain stream, sometimes supposed to be a view of Ruabon aqueduct, and it is a magnificent composition both as regards line and tone. The *etching* of this plate, Mr. Ruskin considers, is the finest in the book. The plate of this subject was found after Turner's death, but the proofs taken from it were very poor, owing to deterioration of the plate. It served to show, however, what form the plate had taken, and, as an original early working proof of the plate is in existence, Mr. Short has been able to reconstruct it from the two states.

The picture from which the drawing for the *Kingston Bank* was taken is now in the National Gallery, and it is interesting as being a quiet, homely subject for Turner. This picture is said to have been a favourite with David Cox, who saw it on the easel in Turner's studio. The sky, however, appears to have faded a good deal, and that in Turner's "Liber" drawing is quite different.

The *Falls of the Rhine* was a favourite subject with the painter, and he made many wonderful drawings at this place.

Of the first seven plates the original drawings are in the possession of Mr. Henry Vaughan, the connoisseur and collector, to whom the Print Room set of the "Liber" is so much indebted. Mr. Vaughan's collection is one of the choicest, and probably no one has a more intimate acquaintance with Turner's great work than he, and Mr. Short told me that he is greatly indebted to Mr. Vaughan for allowing him access to his collection.

The drawing for No. 8 belongs to Sir Charles Robinson; the *Pastoral* is in the National Gallery; Nos. 10 and 11 are in the Print Room of the British Museum.

No. 6 was commenced in mezzotint by Turner, but the plate left by him was too damaged to yield any impression. Of No. 7, Mr. Vaughan possesses two proofs of the plate as commenced by Turner. Of Nos. 10 and 15, etchings of the original plates only are known; and of Nos. 12, 13, and 14, two or three impressions of each original plate have come down to us, but the plates themselves no longer exist. Eleven of the plates done by Mr. Short are practically engraved for the first time, for of the *Needles* only two impressions of the

original plate are known, and the other ten (save for the etching *Pan and Syrinx*) were never engraved, or at all events, no records exist if they were.

Turner's "Liber Studiorum" was suggested by Claude's "Liber Veritatis," which had been issued some thirty years earlier by the Boydells, engraved by Richard Earlom; but if we place Turner's work beside Claude's it makes the latter's book appear thin and monotonous. It must be remembered, however, that Claude's sketches were rough pen-and-ink jottings washed with bistre, and were more a catalogue *raisonné* than a serious undertaking. Turner on the other hand made, as we know, most careful drawings in outline washed with sepia, and those plates issued by him were in the majority of instances etched by him, and in several cases engraved as well; and it would appear to have been Turner's intention to have engraved a good many more of the plates throughout. Apart from this he carefully instructed the engravers he employed how to produce the effects he desired, and during the printing of the plates was constantly in Lahee's office; and when the plates began to wear Turner touched on them, and in some cases worked them. The skill with which Turner was able to touch on proofs is amply illustrated in the working proofs of engravings after him preserved in the Print Room.

The whole field of the landscape painter's art was covered by Turner, and hence, in looking through the "Liber," two things impress one, the variety of subject and the wonderful skill shown in the design and *chiaroscuro*. The engraving of the plates, too, has never been surpassed, and it seems impossible to imagine anything finer than the *Solway Moss, Winchelsea, Ben Arthur*, and *The Source of the Aeron*. This last was mezzotinted by Turner over the etching by another hand, and is evidence of the skill he quickly acquired in engraving in mezzotint. Eleven out of the 71 plates were by the painter, and of the one just mentioned Ruskin wrote to Frank Short—"the main glory of the plate is the redemption of the bad etching by the engraving."

From the brief sketch I have given of the history of the "Liber Studiorum," it will be seen that Mr. Frank Short had need of all his courage to attack such an undertaking, seeing the very high standard Turner set to all who should come after him; and when we consider that he had the pick of the engravers of the early part of the century, Charles Turner, Say, Lupton and others, who had inherited the traditions of that most glorious period of

The Work of Miss Ethel Reed

mezzotint engraving, we can realise what it means to bring to a successful conclusion a number of these plates without any outside assistance. It is worth while emphasising this point, because a study of the set of "Liber" in the Print Room reveals the inestimable advantage it was to the engravers to have such a critic as Turner to direct and advise them. Masterly as the drawings are, in translating them by engraving a fresh quality is imported into the effect, for the tones from a mezzotint plate are quite different from those given by washes of sepia, and consequently to Turner's criticisms and touches on working proofs much of the effect is due. Mr. Short has had to be both engraver and critic, a very difficult partnership. Mr. Ruskin told the engraver, when some years ago he engraved *Procris and Cephalus*, that such work as the "Liber" could not be done again, but on seeing Frank Short's plates has admitted that he was hasty in his judgment.

It is satisfactory to be able to give reproductions of two of Frank Short's etchings before the mezzotint ground was laid, for Turner's original etchings (except in a few instances he, contrary to his original intention, etched all the plates himself, which was a great gain to the engravers) are admitted to be some of the finest specimens of free outline ever made.

Mr. Short told me that he had tried the effect of mezzotinting without this strong etching which we find in Turner's plates, but, except in such effects as the two moonlights (Nos. 4 and 7) the loss was considerable, as the etching gives that needful accent or emphasis which prevents the plates looking tame.

In comparing these plates therefore with the rest of the work, we must remember that they have not been etched by Turner, nor have they had the help he gave the engravers who worked for him, but Mr. Short's work is able to challenge comparison with any plates in the "Liber."

Mr. Short lays most of his grounds himself, so that he may rock them in various ways and with different tools to secure variety of texture. Having a large press he is able to prove his own plates, but the printing of them is in the hands of Mr. F. Goulding.

The Autotype Company, London, have recently published an interesting autogravure reproduction of a portrait by Rossetti of Robert Browning. The original painting hung in Rossetti's studio before his death, and is now in the possession of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray.

T HE WORK OF MISS ETHEL REED.

IT is somewhat curious to find that the Art of the Woman has almost invariably lacked just those qualities of daintiness, exquisite subtlety, and elegance which might naturally have been its chief characteristics. The sex of Mary Moser, R.A., Rosa Bonheur, or Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler), could never have been deduced from a study of their paintings. Some of Watteau's lighter fancies, certain heads by Greuze, or figures like Mr. G. F. Watts' *Udرا*, supply far more closely the type that might be expected to represent the feminine ideal. Therefore to claim for the work of Miss Ethel Reed those peculiar qualities which in other domains than art have been supposed to be the sole property of woman is to put forward the least hackneyed plea for their appreciation, although at first sight it appears the most obvious. For sober truth compels one to own that excepting, possibly, Miss Kate Greenaway's—which after all is nearer simplicity than daintiness—it would be difficult to recall the work of any lady artist at once so fragile and yet sound as to its technique, and as gracefully fancied and wrought. For her delicacy is not weakness, but a curious restrained vigour. Nothing could be more straightforward than her method in solid black silhouettes, and bold sweeping lines, yet even there the strength is hidden by a peculiarly buoyant touch which seems to have put the lines down in the most facile manner. The dexterous treatment of fanciful themes could not be easily



FROM A DRAWING

BY ETHEL REED



The Work of Miss Ethel Reed



POSTER FOR "FIELD FLOWERS"

BY ETHEL REED

paralleled among her sister artists. If you take a few names at random, Mrs. Anna Lee Merritt, Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, Mrs. T. C. Gotch, Mrs. Swynnerton, or Miss Henrietta Rae, you will find no broad distinction between their work and that of the mere man. It may vary in degree, but not in essence. Still it would not be fair to push the theory too far, as we have few lady illustrators working in the realm of pure fantasy, and none of those quoted above are known by their "black-and-white" drawings; nor does Miss Ethel Reed always display in her pastels the peculiar quality which seems the artistic equivalent of feminine good taste which is so apparent in her pen-drawings. The pastels, good as they are, might be placed upon the work of men without any sense

few shown signs of developing a particularly individual manner. Some of them, Mrs. Gaskin



"PIERROT AMOUREUX"

FROM A DRAWING BY ETHEL REED

The Work of Miss Ethel Reed

for example, are faithful to the precedent already established by their male colleagues, others like Miss Woodward, produce work more virile than that of many a male artist; as, for instance, Miss Mary Newill, whose trees have the strength of those by a little master of Germany. Perhaps Miss Alice Havers was one of the few whose graceful fancy was distinctly, in the best sense, lady-like.

That the English language supplies no feminine for the word artist may be taken as a hint that in considering works of art the sex of the worker is absolutely unimportant; yet so long as artists of the one sex are "appreciated" by writers of the other, the fact is certain to be present, and the difficulty of criticising courteously, yet candidly, is increased tenfold.

This attempt to separate Miss Ethel Reed from her sister artists is brought forward without any intention that such a classification implies censure or

praise, but merely as an apparent fact which is supported by much published evidence. It is true, indeed, that to claim for her a distinct personality is indirectly to rank her as an artist, as something more than the trained expert, more than the skilful re-adaptor of ideas already shaped by others, in short to credit her with something inborn, which is beyond the power of any teacher to impart. It is true that this personal expression may be accompanied with insufficient technique, as in the case of William Blake, or it may invent a technique of its own and set all academic rules at defiance, as Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has done at times. It may start an entirely new convention, or renew one worn out by centuries of dull imitation. But however it assert itself the power of expressing his sense of beauty in a way distinctly unlike all predecessors is one of the attributes of a genius. For it is only those who found schools that can be called masters, and the matured work of any founder of a

style can never be mistaken for that of previous artists.

On the strength of a few illustrations in books, and a score or so of posters of by no means equal value, it may seem premature to consider Miss Ethel Reed so seriously. Very many who have not paid any particular attention to modern draughtsmen may fail to find the distinctly novel character in her work which the present writer believes to be present. Yet to say that Miss Reed has already discovered herself, and made her own style, is not to place her at once among the immortals. One must not forget that if personality and individuality are inseparable from the other attributes of a great artist, yet they are by no means sufficient to equip him. It would be foolish to allow this preamble to stand without a very distinct reiteration of that truism. But as any critic who is attracted by work seeks to prove what particular quality makes it appear good to him, it is



"SLEEPING PIERROT"

FROM A DRAWING BY ETHEL REED



The Work of Miss Ethel Reed

only fair to say that Miss Ethel Reed has evolved a manner of her own in decorative work which is new and full of grace. It is too early yet to forecast her future, but it is not too early to recognise that whether she may go on to far greater things, or never do more than equal her earlier successes, she has achieved that which dozens of most admirable decorators have failed to discover, namely, a unique way of expressing distinctly personal impressions of beauty. The very inequality of her work, so far, is its most hopeful sign. For it shows she has not yet passed the stage of experiment, and is quite willing to adventure new, even if some may prove to be disastrous flights, for in art a satisfied mannerism is the close prelude of mediocrity.

Her work, so far, may be divided into two classes. One in bold lines, with pictures so artificially composed that they nearly become repeating patterns, the other a tender and slightly etherealised version of naturalistic subjects. It is curious that two styles so remote should have already been handled so successfully. In the deliciously naïve drawings to *The Arabella and Araminta Stories*, she is concerned with bold lines and big silhouettes. The likeness to nature is as far removed as possible, and decoration is triumphant. In a series of *Pierrots*, as yet unpublished, no one who has depicted the delightfully conceived hero of the *fin de siècle* has done so with

finer insight into the character. It is true that Willette set the type whence all later lovers of Pierrot have found the source of their inspiration. But Miss Reed's delicious studies of the white-clothed sprite, who has fascinated the present generation, are not merely variations upon Willette, and yet not unworthy to be remembered by the side of even his wonderful *Duel* series, *Les Pierrots* (to Melandri's verses), or the *Farandole des Pierrots* (by Emile Vitta), all treasured for the sake of airy fancies that illustrate them.

The *Pierrot* of Miss Reed is far more psychically akin to the *Punchinello* of Andersen, as you find him preserved in the popular drawing-room song. Her Pierrot is a lover, and a sad one, not the impish sprite of Willette, the young prodigal who has such an air of irresponsibility that you forgive him almost any indiscretion, still less the hardened, selfish reprobate of another popular stage Pierrot.

But Pierrot is only one of Miss Ethel Reed's favourites. In another series you find tiny children, each a single figure, representing an incident, or rather a mood, which decorative fancies on interleaved pages explain more fully, so that words are needless. In this book Miss Reed attempts scenes without words, and leaves no little to the sympathy of the reader. For you have to peruse the story in picture only; not in a succession of



"TEMPTATION"

FROM A DRAWING BY ETHEL REED

The Work of Miss Ethel Reed



POSTER

BY ETHEL REED

incidents, but in one tableau of a single figure, with only a subtle preparatory hint in the design of the half-title. To translate this scheme into words would be to do clumsily just what the artist has decided to omit. Therefore, until the book appears, this very vague suggestion of its style and purport must needs suffice.

To catalogue the posters by this artist would be of no interest except to collectors, and as most probably the majority are exceedingly scarce now, these pages, which are not primarily devoted to "collectors," can hardly spare room for the list. The one for *Miss Trauweiri* has been reproduced in England, and others, notably a most effective design of poppy flowers, would fail to convey their real merit without colour. At the present moment *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, in a poster in yellow and black on brown paper, may be seen all over the London hoardings.

Perhaps the illustrations for the delightful volume of verses by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, shows Miss Ethel Reed's work in the

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mood that will attract the largest number of people. The pretty babies in quaint frocks, almost always slipping off their shoulders and showing merely a dainty bust which recalls some of the delicious bambinos of Della Robbia, capture you at once. They are but trifles, but trifles done so easily and with such apparent spontaneity that they charm at first, and do not pall on acquaintance.

It is not important to "place" this young lady relatively among artists. It is enough that she does the task she has set herself most admirably, that she has added a new flower to the harvest of the last few years, and whether that flower be a simple daisy, or a rare orchid, is of little consequence. There are moments when each flower becomes the perfect one, and there are moods when Miss Reed's fantasies will give unalloyed pleasure, and this surely deserves hearty gratitude and appreciation.

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA STORIES BY GERTRUDE SMITH WITH XV PICTURES BY ETHEL REED



BOSTON COPE
LAND AND DAY
PRICE \$2.00 NET

POSTER

BY ETHEL REED



PROGRAMME COVER

BY STEINLEN

SOME FRENCH ILLUSTRATED THEATRE PROGRAMMES. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

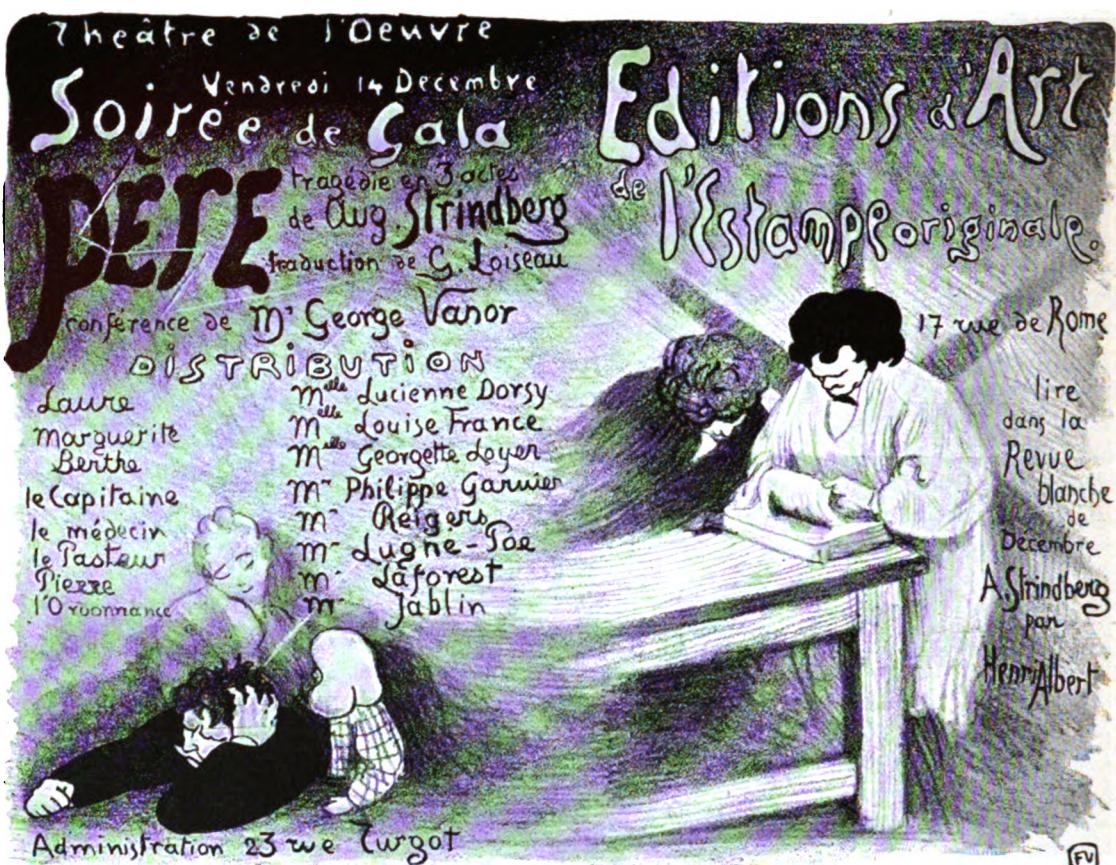
UNDoubtedly the Programme, quite as much as the book-cover, the *ex-libris*, or the invitation-card, offers a wide field on which the modern illustrator and decorative artist may freely exercise his fancy. For the Programme is the poster "in little," the portable poster, *l'affiche intime*. To this thin sheet the spectator—passing guest at theatre, or concert, or *fête*—turns at once to find a list of the pleasures in store. The Programme should not be too explicit, but rather leave something to the imagination of him who consults it. It should excite his curiosity, and set him speculating on the actors and the personages they are to represent; on the setting in which the drama is to unfold itself. Already the mind of the spectator is dazzled at the thought of the enchanted palace in the first act, the moonlit forest of the second, and the apotheosis which in the third shall crown it all. Every-

thing is full of promise. Will it be fulfilled? Will there be poetry and fancy and tragic grandeur, and music and gaiety to content the assembled crowd?

In every hand the Programme flutters and palpitates and beats its wings. It is the soul of all the assembly, and represents the longings, the thoughts, the manner of being of every separate individuality composing the great public present. An inert thing, yet it lives, and in it are concentrated and revealed the impatience, the curiosity, the enthusiasm of all these human creatures. It stands for the whole play, or the entire symphony; it is the theme of all that is to happen in a moment more, when the curtain shall rise and the conductor's *bâton* mark the players' time.

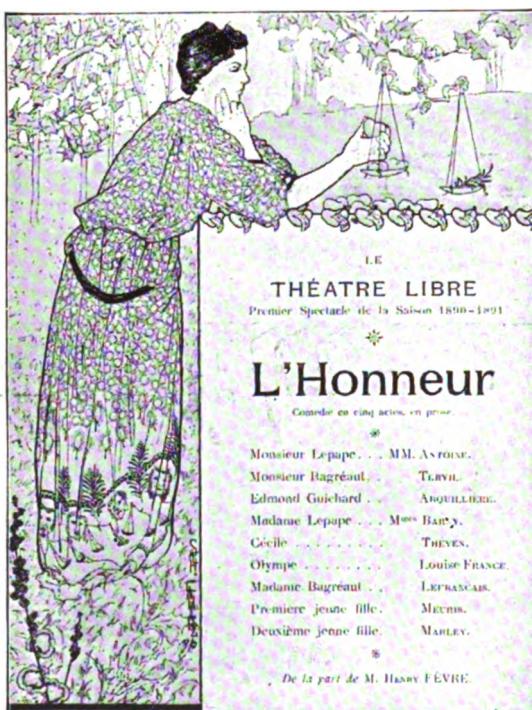
Illustrated, the Programme has a symbolical value, a higher meaning. It strives to convey in a few appropriate touches the essence, the keynote of what is to come. The eye lingers the more gladly on a page adorned by colour, or a happy and striking arrangement of lines, for it is now something more than a mere source of information; it

French Illustrated Programmes



PROGRAMME COVER

BY F. VALLOTON



PROGRAMME COVER

BY CARLOS SCHWABE

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Steinlen, that powerful artist, that close observer, that fanciful penciller, who puts so much intensity into even the slightest of his sketches, designed very few programmes; but all he did bear the impress of his genius. The example reproduced here—a Charity Fête at the Palais Galliera, in aid of the *Crèche* of the XVIth arrondissement—is unquestionably one of the best. How pitiable, these little babies, hooked up in their long-clothes! An artist with a truly live and human sense of things can turn a subject of this kind into a genuine poem of suffering and neglect.

Willette has done a great number of programmes, headings, and illustrations for music. Free and unfettered, his imagination, ever on the alert, flits about, like a butterfly drunk with sunshine, from flower to flower, fresh or faded, and endows these little sketches with a quite original charm. His drawings for the *Courrier Français Fêtes*, the *Exposition des Chats*, and for *L'Automne*, are bubbling over with life.

The programmes of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, wanting as they almost always are in precision and

"HYLAS AND THE NYMPHS."
FROM A PAINTING BY J. W.
WATERHOUSE, R.A.

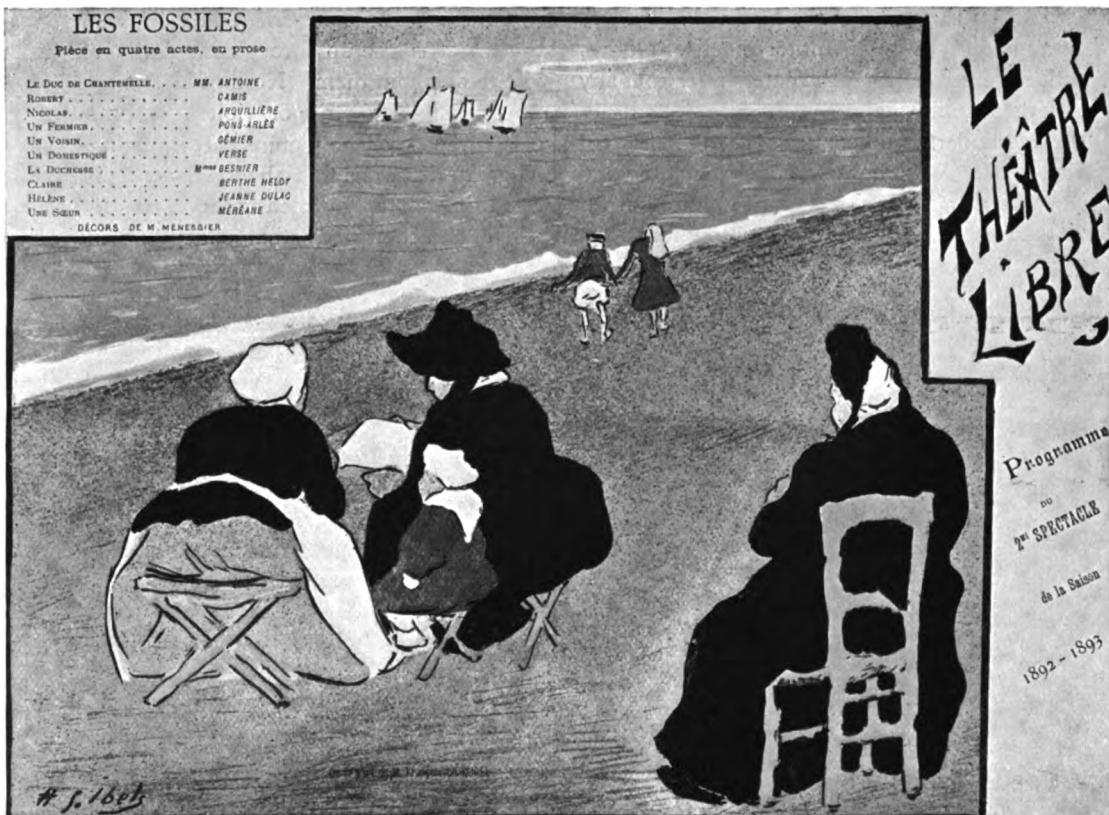
*(By permission of the Committee
of the Manchester Art Gallery)*

"SHAW THE DIA SAWYH"
"EKA'SHUNING BY A
WATERHOUSE K WORD."

of Progress



"Hylas and the Nymphs"



PROGRAMME COVER

BY H. G. IBELS

to summarise it effectively. Otherwise the drawing must free itself entirely from the subject, and take the form of a creation of pure fancy, an effect of colouring and line work with no particular meaning, but designed simply to please the eye, to attract of itself.

What the programme should be to each spectator is an airy leaf, infinitely light; a brilliant, delicate woof, whereon the dreams of each may be woven; a fan, as it were, sheltering one from the realities around, and giving fresh intensity to the impressions created by the work performed, be it drama or symphony.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

MR. J. W. WATERHOUSE'S PAINTING, "HYLAS AND THE NYMPHS."

AMONG the artists of the present day, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., is one of the few whose work never fails to be attractive on account of its possession, in rather rare combination, of very definite qualities of invention and execution.

Everything he produces is interesting, because it is essentially the outcome of a mode of thought which is absolutely sincere and entirely artistic. He has never given way to the temptation by which modern artists are beset, to gain popularity by concessions to the general demand for triviality of subject and showy cleverness of technical expression. On the contrary, his whole career has been a consistent record of careful development, a continuous and progressive advance along the lines which he laid down for himself in his youth, and from which he has in later years deviated only in details. Nothing but the desire to put into form a purely individual idea of art practice has dominated him; and neither in his choice of subject nor in his methods of interpretation has he shown any inclination to allow considerations external to his art to lead him into experiments likely to divert him into a less personal statement.

To what an admirable appreciation of the responsibilities of the painter's profession this individuality of opinion has led him is very clearly and agreeably proved by his last completed picture, *Hylas and the Nymphs*. Not many present day

"Hylas and the Nymphs"

canvases can be said to give, as this one does, clear evidence of an intention on the part of the artist to put into pictorial shape an entirely poetical motive, which is at the same time absolutely free from any taint of that sentimentality which is too often substituted by modern workers for deeper intellectual qualities. Mr. Waterhouse's composition is dramatic, but its drama is a matter of subtle touches rather than an obvious and exact setting forth of a

classic idea, and has shown us the moment when, as the lad stoops with his pitcher from the bank, the maidens rise up through the dark water to invite him to join them. No hint of strong emotion, no suggestion of strife or violent action, mars the classic repose of the picture. It is, perhaps, one of its greatest charms that the incident depicted is so free from anything which reminds us of the quite commonplace tragedy that ended the life of the



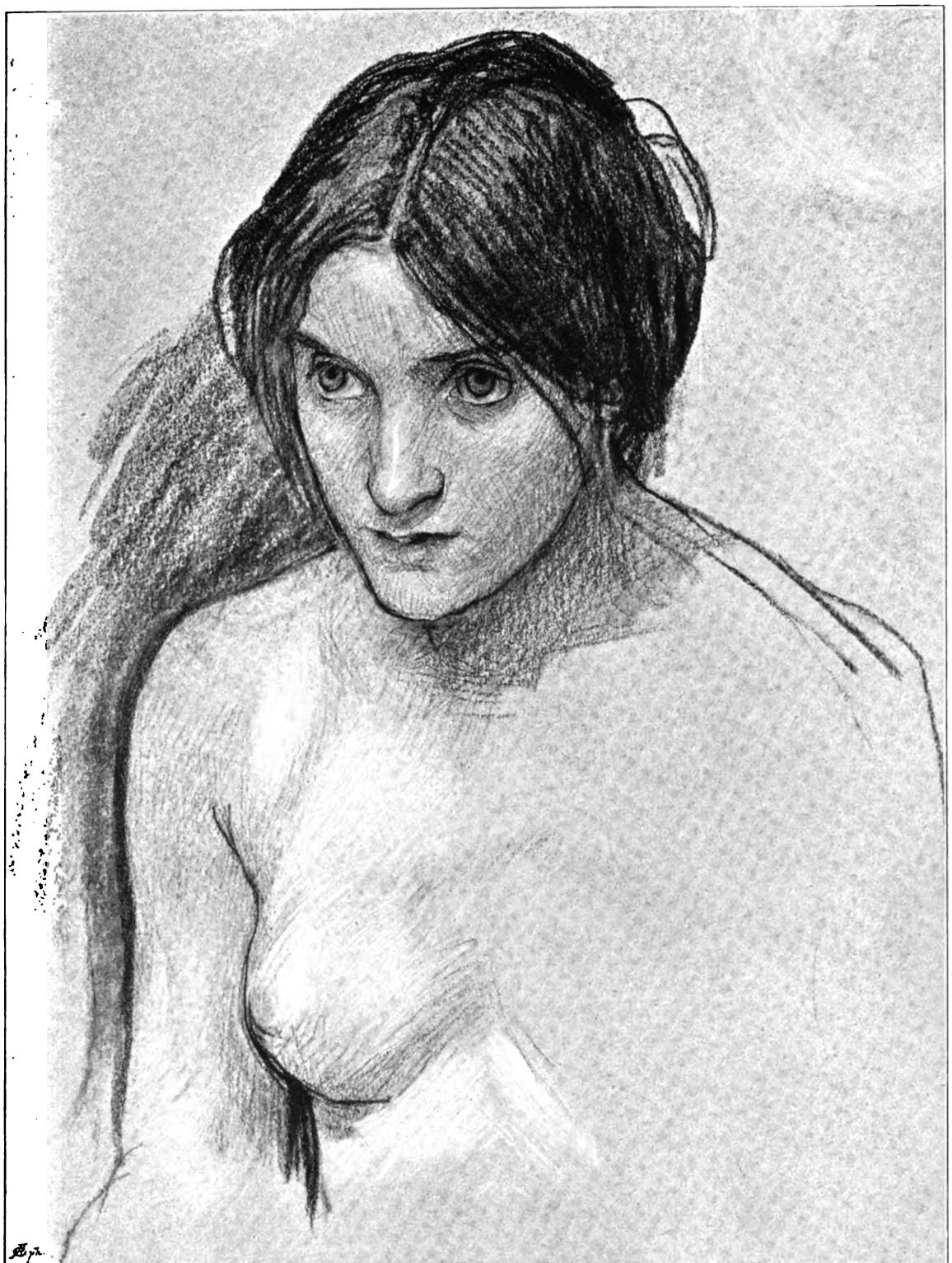
STUDY FOR THE PAINTING "HYLAS AND THE NYMPHS"

BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

story. What tale he has to tell is derived from Greek mythology. Hylas, according to the ancients, was the son of the King of Mysia, and was carried off by Hercules to join the body of adventurers who had assembled on the ship *Argo*. By an accident he was drowned in a river to which he had gone to draw fresh water for his companions on board ship. Round this simple story the Greeks, as was their wont, built up a fanciful romance. The death of Hylas became, when overlaid with poetry, no ordinary misadventure. He was seized, they asserted, by the nymphs of the stream to the banks of which he had strayed; and was lost to human haunts because these water goddesses, enamoured of his beauty, kept him a prisoner beneath the waters. Mr. Waterhouse in his sympathy for poetic suggestion has adopted the

youthful hero. The artist has felt the romantic possibilities of the subject, and has regarded it in the right spirit. He has seen it with the eyes of a Greek; and, though he has avoided the danger of affecting his interpretation by any pretence of classicism in manner, he has gained what is far more important, the exquisite purity and dignity of expression which distinguished the greatest art that the world has yet seen.

And this valuable reticence is by no means to be noted only in the mental attitude of the painter to his subject. It is equally evident in details of technical execution. The colour scheme of the picture, rich and full though it is, is absolutely in harmony. Nothing jars, nothing obtrudes as out of keeping or over insistent. The deep greys, greens, and browns, against which the fair flesh of the



STUDY FOR THE PAINTING
"HYLAS AND THE NYMPHS"
BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

Studio-Talk



STUDY FOR THE PAINTING "HYLAS AND THE NYMPHS"

BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

nymphs is relieved, are in happiest relation, and combine to produce an effect of subdued and mysterious reserve which aids delightfully in telling the story as Mr. Waterhouse has understood it. With less depth of suggestion in colour, with less largeness of accessory forms, the group of figures would have lost something of its exquisite refinement. There is an absolutely artistic contrast between the dainty delicacy and almost childish purity of the nymphs and the ruggedness of the wild surrounding in which they are placed ; and yet this contrast is, if it is possible to use such a paradox, entirely harmonious. Nothing makes the picture more credible and more acceptable, without possibility of question, than the manner in which it is carried out. We are made to feel that in such a place, if we could find it actually before us, we could still commune with the classic deities who have fled affrighted before the cynical unbelief of modern men. Mr. Waterhouse becomes in this work an apostle of the delight-

and to appreciate his success. They are evidences of the spirit in which he has laboured ; and they tell us how devotedly and thoughtfully he built up bit by bit the great canvas which marks the highest point to which he has, in the maturing of his powers, as yet attained. From them we gather how securely he has based his performance upon Nature ; but we also learn how skilful he is to select, even in tentative study, just those salient facts which when woven together will complete and round off the perfect whole.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers would have been justifiable had it contained nothing worthy of notice beside the contributions of M. Paul Helleu. These charming

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productions, with their exquisite elegance of manner and dainty refinement of technique, are absolutely modern in feeling and motive, and yet are entirely in accord with the best traditions of the art they represent. They are remarkable for their qualities of draughtsmanship and for their admirable arrangement of line, but they miss none of the requisites for perfection in point work. Their subjects, too, are eminently attractive because they are so delightfully human and true to nature of the most pleasing type. Such a quaint little domestic incident as the artist gives us in *Coucou*, for instance; such a scene from the life of our times as is treated in *Ellen et*

sa Grandmère; such portraits of attractive girlhood as he included in his contribution to the exhibition, are all things to remember and enjoy. No more effective contrast to them could be imagined than was provided by the solemn, deeply imaginative motives of M. Legros and his followers, Mr. Charles Holroyd and Mr. William Strang. The weighty line, the largeness of detail, and the curiously severe physical types which these artists affect, make their work akin in character to that of certain old masters. It is a strange and uncomfortable art, but its power is unquestionable.



"ON THE TEES"

FROM AN ETCHING BY ALFRED HARTLEY, A.R.E.

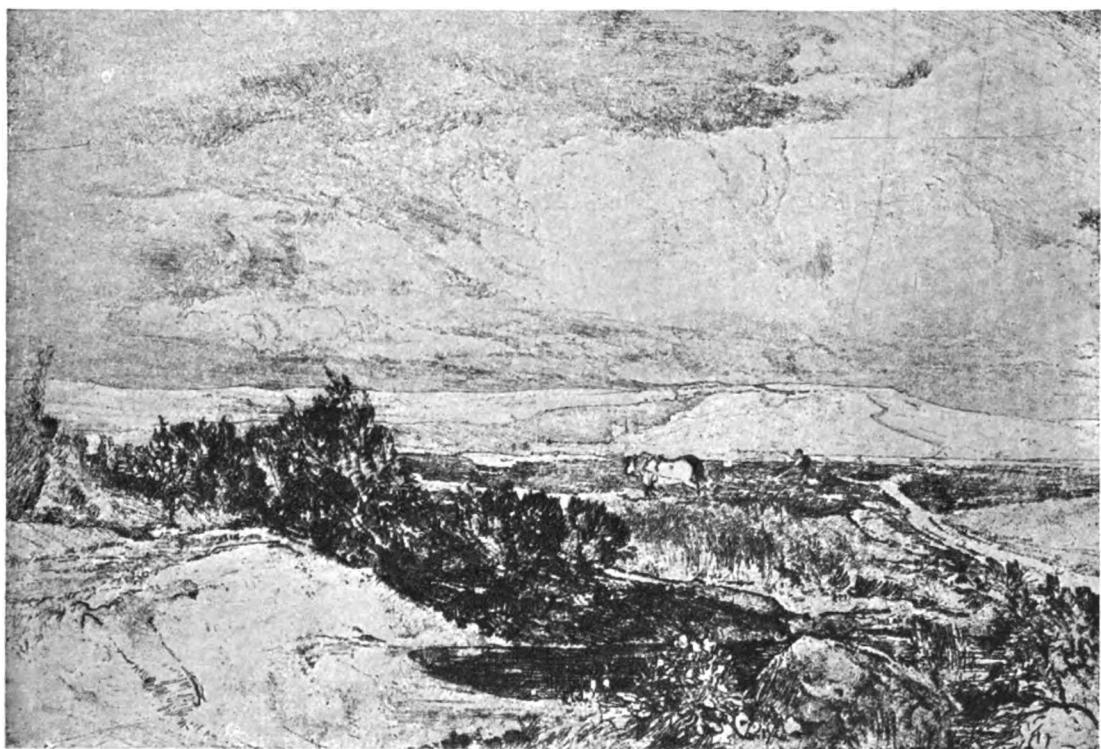
The remainder of the exhibition consisted almost entirely of landscapes, and in this section a fair amount of really good work was included. Mr. Oliver Hall showed all his usual capacity and fine sense of decorative value in *Lancaster Castle*, the *Kirby Pool*, and the exquisitely-drawn *Lancaster Moor*. Mr. D. Y. Cameron was equally successful with *A Lowland River*, in which the composition is extremely able, and with his management of the tone masses in the *Interior of Italian Wine Farm*; Colonel Goff has rarely done anything better than his *Deserted Quarry*, with its air of dignified solitude; Mr. Alfred East carries into his small landscape, *On the River Somme*, much of the elegance of manner which is the distinguishing characteristic of his pictures; and Mr. Alfred Hartley, in his subject *On the Tees* shows admirably with what power he can treat a difficult arrangement of lines. Mr. E. W. Charlton, too, is at his best in *A Sail! A Sail!*; his power of draughtsmanship is singularly well displayed in his treatment of the wrecked ship which occupies his fore-

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"AN EARLY RISER"

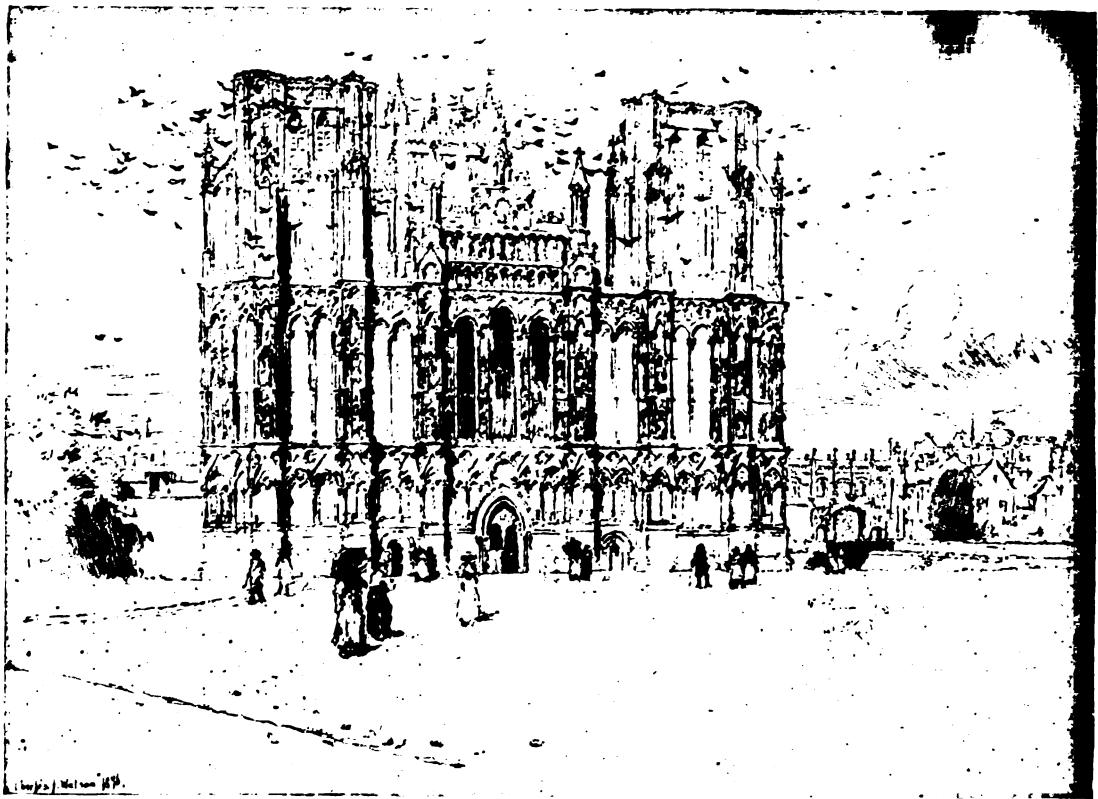
FROM A MEZZOTINT (FIRST STATE) BY SIR F. SEYMOUR HADEN, P.R.E.



"LANCASTER MOOR"

FROM AN ETCHING BY OLIVER HALL, R.E.

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"WELLS CATHEDRAL"

FROM AN ETCHING BY C. J. WATSON, R.E.

(By Permission of Mr. R. Dunthorne)



"WHERE THE WELL-USED PLOUGH LIES IN THE FURROW" FROM AN ETCHING BY MINNA BOLINGBROKE, A.R.E.



"ELLEN ET SA GRANDMERE"
FROM A DRY-POINT BY
PAUL HELLEU

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ground. Mr. John Finnie is to be praised for his appreciation of wave movement in his mezzotint *Outward Bound*, and has been successful in suggesting the turmoil of the sea without losing exactness of drawing and form; and Sir Seymour Haden contributed four very fine studies of atmospheric effects; the best was *An Early Riser*, of which plate we reproduce an early state. Among the architectural subjects hardly anything approached Mr. C. J.

There seems now some hope that the Royal Academy is going to wake up to the necessity of making a definite change in the arrangements for the spring exhibition. The possibility of reducing the number of works which outside artists may contribute has been for a long time discussed in a half-hearted way; but at last the absurdity of the present position of affairs and the reality of the injury done to contemporary art by the conditions



"INTERIOR OF ITALIAN WINE FARM"

FROM AN ETCHING BY D. Y. CAMERON, R.E.

Watson's *St. Pierre, Lisieux*, and *Wells Cathedral*, both of which illustrated to perfection his extraordinary skill in the rendering of minute detail which is yet never allowed to become obtrusive or over-laboured. Mr. A. H. Haig was as usual ambitious in his subjects, and exhaustive in his mode of expressing them; and Mr. C. O. Murray also gave very close attention to detail in his *Magdalen College, Oxford*. Miss M. Bolingbroke's piece of quaint imagining, *Where the well-used Plough lies in the Furrow*, is to be noted on account of its agreeable manner and its quality of execution.

under which the Academy exhibitions are managed, seem to have been brought home to the authorities at Burlington House. It is said that no less than fifteen thousand works of art—so-called—were submitted this spring to the council; and it may fairly be assumed that at least ten thousand of these were absolutely unfit for public display. Still all this huge mass of incompetent effort has had to pass solemnly before the jury of selection, and, no matter how anxious this body may have been to do its work thoroughly and fairly, something like exhaustion of the critical faculties must

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surely have resulted long before the labour of judging came to an end. It is quite conceivable that in such a turmoil many good pictures, sufficiently out of the beaten track to require careful consideration, should have been misunderstood and refused. With a less ample supply of raw material the finished exhibition would be very much more worth attention ; and if some decided check were put upon the outsiders' inclination to regard the Academy as a place where pictorial rubbish may be freely shot, both the sincere artist and the general public would gain greatly.

It is a long time since the New English Art Club has brought together so consistent and judicious an exhibition as the one which was opened at the Dudley Gallery in the middle of last month. The general quality of the work collected is extremely satisfactory, and the proportion of really memorable pictures is perceptibly greater than usual. There is nothing exhibited which could be condemned as unreasonably eccentric, and little to which objection could be taken on the score of incapacity. Both members and outside contributors have striven effectively to do themselves justice, and the result of their efforts has been to make the show as a whole exceedingly interesting. The most notable con-

tributions come from Mr. H. Tonks, who shows even more than his usual ability in the management of delicate colour ; Mr. P. Wilson Steer, who is represented by a couple of well-painted heads and a strong landscape ; Professor F. Brown, who sends a couple of nude figures ; Mr. J. E. Christie, whose large composition, *Vanity Fair*, has been lent by the Corporation of Glasgow ; Mr. C. Furse, whose best things are two portraits ; and Mr. George Thomson, who deals with a wide range of subjects. The best landscapes are those of Mr. J. Buxton Knight, Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mr. J. L. Henry, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. H. B. Brabazon, and the late Mr. C. E. Holloway. Mr. Francis Bate sends only a small *Sketch in Berkshire* ; and Mr. R. Anning Bell, one of his delightful little coloured bas-reliefs.

The Dürer Society, which is just enrolling members, bids fair to become a very valuable addition to the indirect education of the decorative school of illustrators. Its object is to provide subscribers with a very generous guinea's worth of fine reproductions from engravings by Dürer and other German masters of his time, with possibly occasional examples by Flemish and Italian contemporaries. Its committee includes several experts in process reproduction, who will be able to supplement the



"coucou"





"WINTER"

FROM A DESIGN BY MISS R. M. LIVESAY

labours of the artists' choice of works to be issued in a way no English society of similar import has before enjoyed. Particulars may be obtained from Mr. S. M. Peartree, 12 Chalcot Gardens, Haverstock Hill, N.W. As the number of members will be strictly limited, it is needless to counsel admirers of early engraving not to wait too long before enrolling themselves. The project shows a most liberal intention to give amazing value for the subscription, and modest though its aim may be, it will not be a surprise if it takes a very important place in the institutions which make for art.

The Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association will be held at the Royal Albert Hall from May 20 to 24. H.R.H. The Princess of Wales, whose classes at Sandringham will exhibit, has graciously signified her intention of visiting the Exhibition.

It is interesting to find that one of the prize designs for lunettes to be decorated by students at Burlington House has been given to a lady. Miss Livesay, whose composition, *Winter*, is here reproduced, studied first at Julien's, in Paris, and later at the Royal Academy schools, where she obtained a silver medal and several other prizes. As the illustration shows, the allotted space of this particular lunette is not an easy one to fill; and the artist has succeeded admirably in preserving symmetry and balance without ignoring the door-head which cuts into the field. The arc is also happily

echoed in the globe beneath the feet of the central figure. In fact, the lines and composition of the masses are singularly above the usual schemes for spaces of this shape. Above all is to be commended the absence of any forms breaking out of the panel. The arrangement of the ribbon and the legend upon it are distinctly the weakest details of an otherwise admirable design, which reflects great credit on an accomplished student.

At the Building Trades Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, were some very interesting wooden mantelpieces manufactured by Mr. John P. White of Bedford, after original designs by Messrs. W. R. Lethaby, G. Ll. Morris, C. H. B. Quennell, and C. F. A. Voysey. Those by Mr. Lethaby seemed to have been conceived for marble, and were not sufficiently massive when translated to wood. Mr. G. Ll. Morris had several ingenious and pleasantly arranged schemes with a distinct air of novelty in some features. Two by Mr. Voysey were of his best and most severely simple style; a third, no less charming, was far less personal, and yet, in the carving below the shelf and in many details betrayed its author. The stately architectural proportions of Mr. Quennell's mantelpiece, founded on the Italian Renaissance, presented a really rich effect, without unnecessary ornament. A design by the same artist shows a very novel feature suggested by Mr. Gleeson White, which he has named the *Portcullis* grate. This portcullis takes the form of a metal screen (pierced in

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the upper portion), which is arranged to slide down, to close part or the whole of the opening at will. It is claimed that, partly down, it would serve as a blower; quite closed, as a safeguard against embers of a dying fire when locking up the house for the night; and lastly, as an ornamental screen for summer use, behind which the fire would be always laid ready for lighting. The metal shutter works in the manner of a sash-window and retires into a receptacle of the overmantel. Mr. Quennell, who is responsible for the architectural features, may be congratulated on a nice sense of massing and a design complex, but not too ornate.

A very elaborate mantelpiece, with gorgeous

decoration in mosaic, designed by Mr. John P. Seddon, was the central feature of a group of drawings and designs by the same artist. For a restaurant or hotel it would be in keeping, but surely its splendour would soon cloy in one's home. Yet another group of overmantels, by Messrs. Bratt, Colbran & Co., showed some very good examples excellently wrought. The marble mantelpieces by the Marble Syndicate exhibited a good sense of the value of rich contrasted colours in forms more or less based on early Italian models. Some mosaic floors and other decorated surfaces, by Messrs. Diespeker & Co., must not be left without praise. The really fine tile decorations, by the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Co., Limited, some already familiar at the "Arts and Crafts," also claim our appreciation. Finally, a show of poster designs for the exhibition itself proved once more how much the average student has to learn before he can achieve an effective poster. Not one of those shown was really in even the second rank, judged by outside standards.



SKETCH OF THE PAINTING "THE DREAMERS"

BY TOM MOSTYN

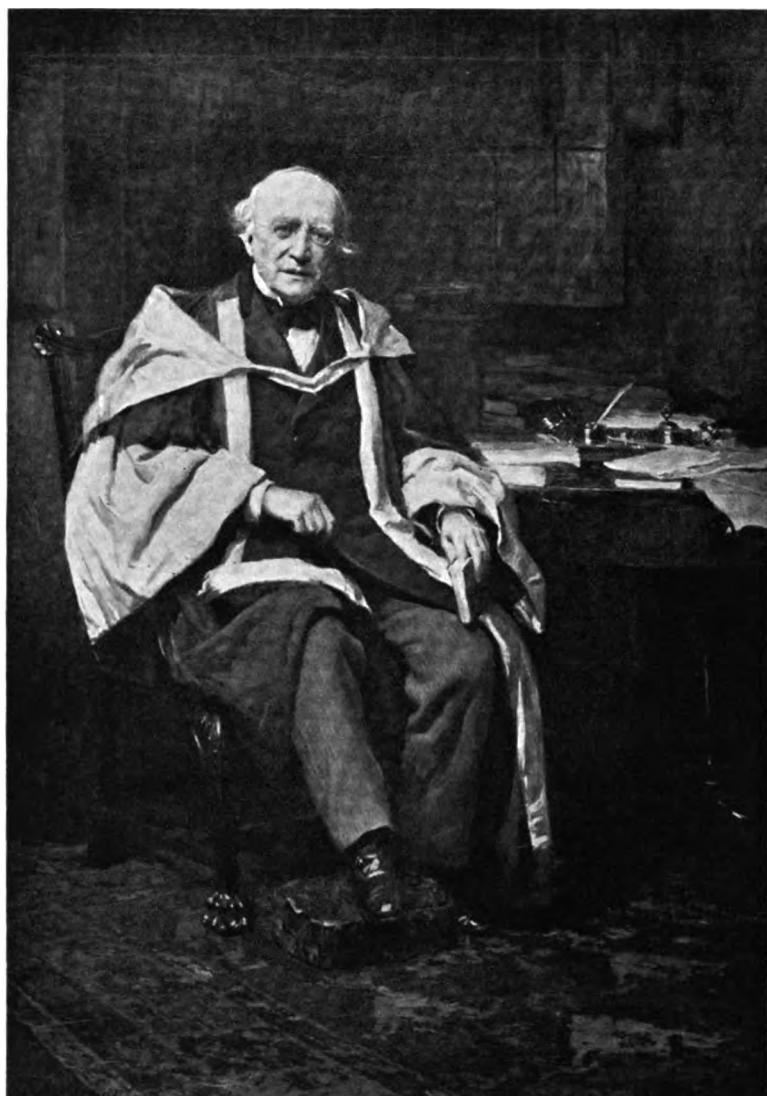
MANCHESTER.—The Spring Exhibition of the works of the members of the Manchester Academy is an event always looked forward to with interest. This year, unfortunately, Mr. Wm. Stott and Mr. H. S. Hopwood were not represented, but nevertheless a general improvement upon previous exhibitions was noticeable, and many of the works would attract attention in any exhibition.

The principal picture was *The Dreamers*, by Mr. Tom Mostyn. An old woman who has come through life's toils and cares is seated before the fire, while a young girl, full of hope and

expectancy, stands behind her chair gazing meditatively out of the window. The clever manipulation of the passages from red fire-light to daylight are remarkable, and Mr. Mostyn is to be congratulated on his high degree of success. Mr. Clarence Whaite, President of the Royal Cambrian Academy and of the Manchester Academy, sent one of his interesting rocky pictures, *Harlech Castle*, which was not as good an example of his work as usual. Mr. Anderson Hague, R.I., had several landscapes, notably *Autumn Mild*, which had a considerable amount of freshness and vigour, though the sky was somewhat dirty and heavy looking. Mr. F. W. Jackson had a large canvas, *The Last Load*, which just missed being a complete success. There is a pleasant pearly light over the scene, and the waggon and horses are carefully studied, but the haymakers walking by the side do not seem to belong to the scene, and throw the whole picture out of balance. His water-colours, *Contentment* and *To the Rescue*, had each considerable merit. Mr. Philip T. Gilchrist's *Creek near Southport* was a very clever piece of boat drawing, admirably concentrated, and with a pleasing warm light pervading the whole. The Academy is fortunate in possessing a sculptor of such ability as Mr. Cassidy, whose *Terminal Portrait of H. Clarence Whaite* was an excellent example of his work, while his portrait of *William Matthews, Esq.*, was also worthy of mention.

W. M. R.

DUBLIN.—The Royal Hibernian Academy Exhibition is a somewhat noteworthy one by reason of the number of good portraits, and the exceptional excellence of some of



PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS MOFFETT

BY WALTER OSBORNE, R.H.A.

them. The place of honour has been accorded by the Hanging Committee to a fine life-size portrait of *Lord Russell of Killowen*, the Lord Chief Justice of England, a striking work in which Mr. J. Doyle Penrose is seen at his best. Mr. Walter Osborne one of the younger Academicians, who only a few years ago, to the regret of his admirers, deserted landscape for portraiture, has a really noble study of *Sir Thomas Moffett*, President of the Queen's College, Galway, and, whatever may be the reason, it seems to possess more interest, and certainly proves irresistibly attractive to the visitors. Each artist has dealt very successfully with the colour problem in the robes, gown and hood. Upon the line, too, Miss S. H. Purser, an honorary member,

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whose work is virile to a degree, and invariably characterised by its strength and boldness, has several more or less important portraits, that of *Mrs. Henry Thompson* being the most individual and unconventional. The rich costume in various colours has been kept thoroughly subordinate. The flesh tints are charming and every detail has been patiently worked out.

Mr. Catterson Smith also has sent some good work, his *Mrs. H. Brougham Leech* being excellent in every respect. The large portrait of the late *Primate Gregg*, by Mr. Ponsonby Staples, is a worthy companion to the best in the room, but one turns without regret from the somewhat hard features of the cleric to the sweet and winsome face of a dainty little girl *Olive*, painted by Mr. Charles Russell, a study delightful in its simplicity. In striking contrast to this small gem is Mr. Henry Allen's remarkable *Portrait*, which is sadly suggestive in its colouring and in the almost painfully realistic drawing of the hands.

In landscape Mr. J. J. Inglis takes the first position with his large canvas *Borrowdale*, a masterly study of moorland, mountain and cloudland. The young artist has several other landscapes painted in the lowlands of the Eastern counties, but they lack the daring freedom of the larger work. Mr. Alexander Williams, who after coqueting with water-colours seems to have settled down steadily to oils, has a number of large transcripts of scenery in the wild west of Ireland, faithful and charming, but a smaller work, *The Colleen Bawn Rock, Killarney*, is one of the best he has contributed. Mr. Bingham McGuinness for some time back has not sent his best work to the Academy, but his *Looking towards Strom Ferry* is decidedly in his strongest manner and is full of evidence of outdoor study. A couple of landscapes by Mrs. Webb Robinson call for commendation, as also do Mr. Douglas Adams' *Glen Carr*, and Miss Mary K. Benson's *Renvyle, Connemara*.

Without a number of idylls of animal life from the veteran William Osborne, who in his 76th year paints as admirably as he did nearly half a century ago, the collection would lose one of its principal charms, while Mr. Alfred Grey in his excellent cattle pieces does not lag behind.

As regards sculpture little need be said, the contributions being comparatively unimportant. There is a small work by the President, and a small bust by Mr. Bruce Joy.

J. B.

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BRUSSELS.—It is greatly to be regretted that pecuniary considerations have caused the abandonment of the very interesting scheme conceived by MM. Hankar and Crespin in connection with this year's Exhibition in Brussels. It has been thought better to decide on another fanciful reconstruction of some of the old parts of the town; and thus "Brussels-Kermesse," with its somewhat fair-like attractions, will occupy the place in the programme which was to have been filled by the "Ville Moderne," a scheme of much greater artistic and scientific interest.

However, MM. Hankar and Crespin's labours will not have been wasted. Their idea is so good, that some day or other it must be realised; and they are probably indifferent as to whether it be in Brussels or elsewhere, for it is to be hoped that, in common with all artists worthy of the name, they regard as of only secondary importance the petty question of patriotism.

A reproduction is given here of the poster, designed by M. Van Rysselberghe, for the last exhibition of the "Libre Esthétique." In the open air it has a charming effect, the red and orange in the cloaks forming at a distance a very powerful piece of colour. Among other notable posters recently produced are two by M. Privat-Livemont. One was executed for the committee of the Brussels Universal Exhibition. Not long ago THE STUDIO published one of this artist's posters, remarkable for grace of form and colouring. M. Privat-Livemont may be advised, however, to limit his admiration of a certain Parisian *affichiste*, who is evidently exercising too great an influence over his Belgian *confrère*.

The exhibition of medals and kindred objects, organised by the Brussels Society of Fine Arts, promises to be very interesting. The promoters are being strongly seconded in their efforts by generous support on the part of collectors. M. Léon Cardou, of Brussels, will exhibit his beautiful collection of civic collars—containing several splendid specimens of a type of ornament now becoming very rare. He will also display an extremely curious *plaquette* in coloured pewter, representing Charles Quint on horseback. The French School of Medal Engraving will be well represented, and it will be interesting to compare this work with

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the Austrian exhibits, of which a goodly number are promised.

M. G. Serrurier-Bovy, of Liège, is preparing for the Congo section of the Brussels Exhibition a set of furniture in Congo wood; and I understand this indefatigable searcher after novelty will show us some entirely fresh and ingenious combinations of form and colouring.

On Monday evening, April 5, in the Salle d'Horloge, at the invitation and under the auspices of the New University, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson gave an address on "Book-binding: its Processes and Ideal." The subject of the address, a handicraft, had, Mr. Sanderson said, been chosen by him although at first sight the labour of the hands might seem to have very little to do, save in a very humble and utilitarian capacity, with the elevated functions of a university, because in his opinion the most pressing question waiting for solution at the present day was the formation of a grand Ideal of labour, an ideal which should give purpose and dignity to the lives of that vast majority whose duty and destiny it was to live by the daily labour of their hands. And if, as he believed, such was the most pressing question of the day, upon whom, he asked, should devolve the duty of forming that Ideal and through the spirit of its institutions and the lives of its members making it attractive, and dominant, and universal, if not upon the New University, whose own Ideal had been so admirably expounded in the inaugural address delivered at the opening of the session by its Rector, Monsieur de Greef? It was, therefore, that he had chosen a handicraft, and that he proposed, in its demonstration, to indicate the outlines of an

ideal, open as to its methods for realisation, indeed, by every one whatever his condition or estate, but especially open for realisation by the labourers who labour daily with their hands, and by their daily labour contribute to the creation, the maintenance and the amelioration of the material civilisation of mankind. And the core and central principle of his ideal, as Mr. Cobden-Sanderson hastened to explain, was this: that whereas a labour of the hands pursued in isolation is apt to appear, and in fact to be, a poor and monotonous occupation, a laying of brick upon brick and nothing more, such labour when pursued in full knowledge of the logical development of its processes, when pursued in full knowledge of its co-operative and historical associations, when followed in full knowledge of its purpose and possibilities,



POSTER

BY M. VAN RYSELBERGHE

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will be found to contain within itself the conditions of a lofty ideal, and to be, moreover, a method of admission to a vision of the universe, and a daily labour in sympathy with the sublime movements which constitute its own daily and unremitting evolution.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson then proceeded in pursuance of his purpose to call attention to the aims and meaning of book-binding—which he defined to be the giving permanence to the expressed and otherwise fleeting thought of mankind ; to its historical origins and varied development ; to the processes which constitute the Binding of to-day ; to the division of books, from the point of view of decoration, into Tools or books for use, and into Books Beautiful, or books of substantive value, which alone, Mr. Sanderson said, deserve to be decorated and set apart for admiration ; to the method of decoration of the Book Beautiful ; to the technique and origin of gold tooling ; to the technique of pattern and its modes of distribution over the covers of a book ; to the great French schools of tooled decoration of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ; to the decay of design and to the necessity of a return to Nature for motive and inspiration ; to the essentials and purpose of decoration, which Mr. Sanderson defined to be a sort of homage paid to the genius of the writer whose own substantive work of Art was enclosed within the covers of the book enshrined in the decoration.

Finally, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson returned to his point of departure and insisted upon two things as of essential importance in the formation of an ideal of the special craft of the Bookbinder and of labour generally—viz., upon the logical and organic relation of the processes and upon the symmetrical or geometrical framework of the decoration, for it was upon these two things that depended that relation between the work of the hand and the divine work of the universe which constituted the secret of the ideal not of labour only but of life. At the outset of civilisation man had filled the void of this ignorance by the creations of his imagination, but now the world stood revealed to us in science in the plenitude of its power and beauty, and it was, Mr. Sanderson concluded, the duty and privilege of man to enter into possession of that revelation and of the workman to extend the horizons of his own special work till they touched upon and were lost in the infinitudes of the whole.

F. K.

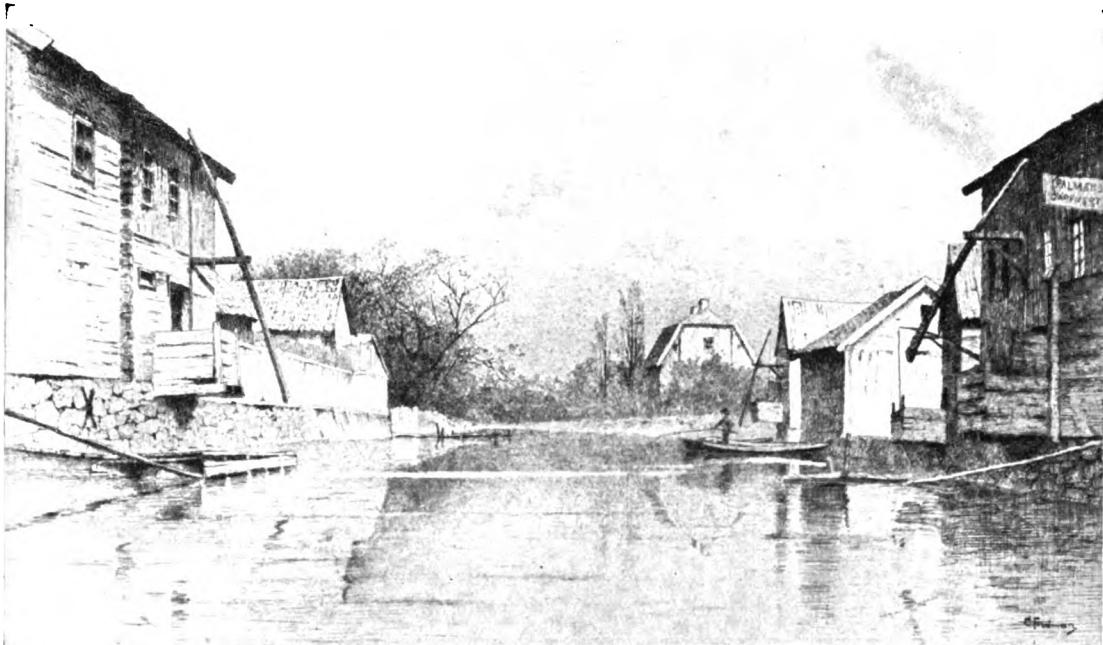
STOCKHOLM.—Swedish art counts at present among its representatives several eminent etchers. The art of etching has always been highly valued in Sweden, and several artists of the older generation—for instance, Count von Rosen—have carried it to a high standpoint. But in the year 1887 a change took place in the history of this branch of Swedish art, for then was formed, as had been formed before in other countries, an “Association of Engravers,” the object of which was to further the interests of engravers, and especially etchers. The Association has endeavoured to carry out its plan by holding exhibitions, and also by publishing and distributing every year to its associates a volume of etchings (generally containing five), and a larger sheet intended for framing. Some writings on the subject have also appeared. Among the artists who have contributed to these publications are three who are probably known to English lovers of art—namely, Zorn, Tallberg, and A. H. Haig, of which



FROM A CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH

BY CARL LARSSON

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FROM AN ETCHING

BY C. FLODMAN



FROM AN ETCHING

BY A. H. HAIG

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the two first named have worked in England, whilst the latter is still established there.

Among the others, one may especially name Carl Larsson, the well-known painter, and Flodman, whose unusually promising career was cut short when he was still young. Zorn and Larsson were known as eminent aquarellists, when they suddenly appeared as our greatest etchers. Zorn's manner is especially original ; his lines are broad and sure, as if drawn with a piece of chalk, giving at the first glance almost the appearance of carelessness, but full of charm, life, and confidence. Zorn's etchings are often printed on thick, yellowish paper, and bring a very high price. Larsson, on the other hand, is graceful in his art. An atmosphere of *esprit* and good humour surrounds his irresistibly fascinating creations, and his hand is light and docile. An illustration is here given of Larsson's first effort in chromo-lithography ; it appeared in the publication of the Association for last year.

Only once before has the Association taken part in an international exhibition. It was in the decennial Exhibition at Vienna, 1895, "Gesellschaft für vervielfältigende Kunst." The notice it attracted on this occasion is best shown by the fact that

among the eight reproductions which found place in its illustrated catalogue three were Swedish ; Zorn received one of the three gold medals, the other two being given to Max Klinger and August Lepère. The Association received also the diploma of honour of the Exhibition.

Readers of THE STUDIO will doubtless be interested to know that foreigners may also be elected as members. The cost for membership is 10 kronor (about 12 shillings), and one then receives the yearly publications.

For the coming summer, preparations are being made in Stockholm for an Exhibition of Arts and Industries, which will probably be the largest of its kind which has taken place in the Scandinavian countries, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Russia will also officially take part in the department for Industries. The three Scandinavian countries only take part in the Art Exhibition, but a number of the greatest living artists of other countries have been personally invited to take part, and nearly all have accepted the invitation.

The committee of the Exhibition has the good fortune to count as President the youngest son of



PORTRAIT OF PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

(Reproduced by special permission of His Royal Highness)

BY OSCAR BJÖRCK

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FROM AN ETCHING

BY ZORN

the King, Prince Eugen, who is one of our most original and sensitive artists. By his side stands as head commissioner the painter Oscar Björck, whose portrait of Prince Eugen is here reproduced. The portrait belongs to Stockholm's National Museum. The other commissioners are F. Boberg (architect); the painters Count von Rosen, Baron G. Cedersström, R. Bergh, and Zorn; and the sculptor, T. Lundberg.

B. M.

BERLIN.—About the end of winter, and shortly before the time for the delivery of the works intended for the big Exhibitions, some of our best artists begin to exhibit in little groups at the two regulation galleries—Schulte's and Gurlitt's—

and here one has an opportunity of becoming really acquainted with an artist's manner and personality; for with no crowded roomful of works to tire the eye, one is able to concentrate attention on any one production. And with one's sense of æsthetic pleasure unhampered the spectator is able to form a much broader judgment than would otherwise be the case. It is possible to understand and appreciate the point of view from which this or that particular work has been conceived in proportion to the degree of success achieved in the realisation, and one can at once appraise the picture at its proper value.

A few of the more interesting of these numerous displays may be noted. In the first place a word is due to the work of a young Munich sculptor, a pupil of Rümann, Hermann Hahn by name, which attracted much notice at the last Exhibition of the Secession, by its extraordinary power. In the first place there is a

pair of portrait busts, and beneath them a double bust of a married couple, the two half-figures, by a bold device of the artist, being joined by the hands. The sphere of life in which these subjects move is indicated with great subtlety, in the face of external difficulties, in the shape of their conventional dress, &c. Equally charming, especially as regards the pose, is a bust of a woman, who is looking out of window, half in meditation and half attracted by what is passing outside. Her chin rests on her right hand, and the left shoulder is, so to speak, quite effaced, and appears, as it were, in shadow—the whole being a most delightful piece of foreshortening.

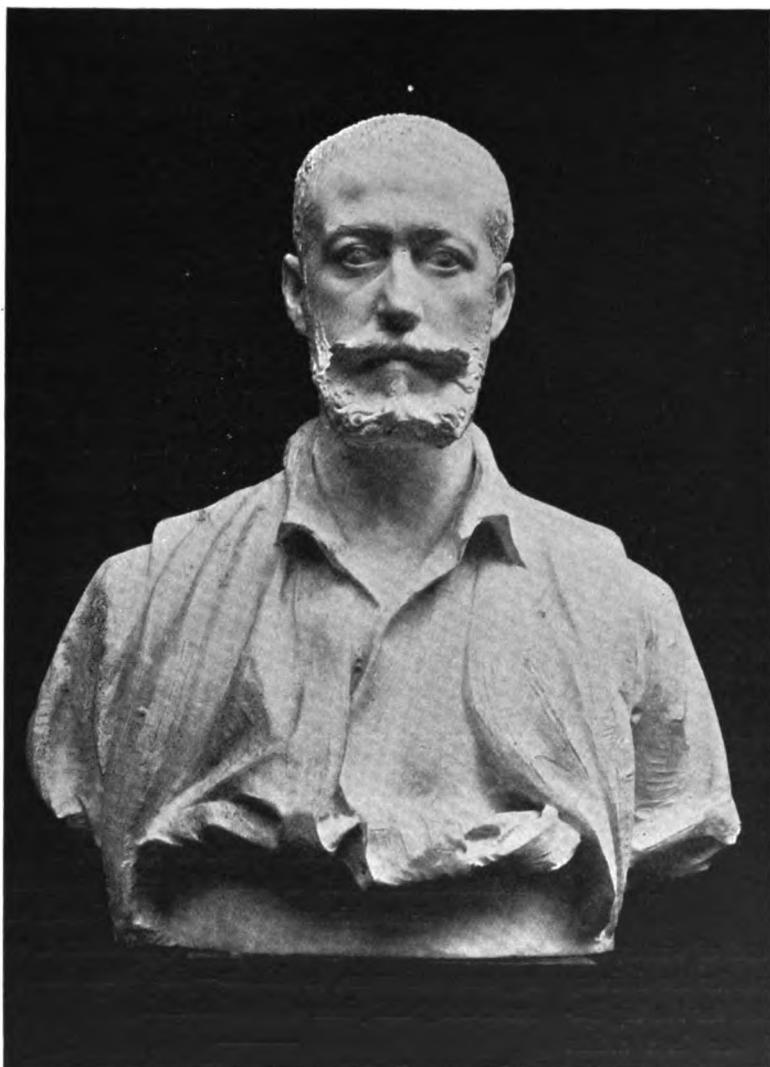
In several of these works Hahn has treated hair with singular effect. He deals with the wavy

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masses just as a Japanese artist might do. One feels the charm of this most unnaturalistic manner first of all, before realising the remarkable artistic insight displayed therein. The flesh parts of the head in Hahn's busts are fashioned most cunningly, the hand helping the eye to realise every delicate touch possible of attainment. And would not the effect of a similar treatment applied to the subordinate details detract from the impression produced by that which is most important of all—the face? This, I take it, is the explanation of a certain peculiarity of style which most decidedly cannot be attributed to any lack of ability on the part of the sculptor.

The same artist contributes a model for a monu-

ment of Peace. On a pedestal—high enough to be out of reach, and yet sufficiently low to prevent the effect being lost from underneath—sits a nude youth astride a horse at rest. Deep in thought he lets the long palm-branch in his hand droop over the neck of his steed. It is all thoroughly modern, and yet there is something about it genuinely antique in feeling, especially as the human figure is represented naked—that is to say, it is a real unclad human form, moving in the open air, and no mere model, who has taken off his clothes for the time being to pose before the artist. A wholesome realism is here allied with artistic ideality. It will be greatly to be regretted if—as so often happens with imaginative work of this kind—this fine monumental scheme is never carried out. G. G.



BUST

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BY HERMANN HAHN

While these collections

VIENN A.—At Miethke's Gallery there are two collections on view, one selected from some of the best portraits of H. v. Angeli, and the other from the works of Professor Rumpler, an artist of ability, of whom I hope to have an opportunity of writing later. Besides these there are some decidedly good potteries and vases by Professor Läuger, original in design, and of semi-realistic conception, not influenced by Japanese or any other patterns. The motives are principally taken from flowers and herbs in their natural state of growth and development, particularly water-plants, snowdrops, different kinds of grasses, &c. These are quite independent interpretations of Nature, and their adaptation to the crafts render them interesting both in regard to novelty, taste, and above all, in their *finesse* of tone and colour.

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sent, the result of which remains as yet to be seen.
W. S.



BRONZE STATUETTE

BY H. HAHN

are more calculated to attract the connoisseur and private collector, the Künstlerhaus has opened its annual Exhibition to the greater public. This is always an event of general, though not necessarily of great, artistic interest. The Künstlerhaus—being under high patronage and every year opened by the Emperor—is quite a fashionable resort of the upper circles. There are plenty of all-round good works to be seen this time among the portraits and landscapes (especially those by Max Koner, Leopold Horowitz, Arthur Ferraris, Pochwalski, F. v. Pausinger, and others). Rudolf Alt's watercolours are as fresh as ever, and there are also some good foreign contributions, among them a fine *Madonna in plein air* by George Hitchcock. In regard to sculpture, there is a marked falling off as compared with last year. Some of the younger artists have altogether abstained from participating in this Exhibition, there being a movement for "secession" going on at pre-

FLORENCE.—A curious feature of the Florence exhibition has been the "popular vote." "Popular" must, however, be understood in no very wide sense, as the "populace" consisted of subscribers and of such as had paid their entrance fee, but were not actually painters or sculptors. Still, the result was an odd one. Passing over story pictures, such as Dicksee's *Rêverie*, the lot and consequent prize fell on Prof. Senno's large canvas of heifers coming to drink at a copse-shaded pool. Everything is brilliant here, in the light of that hour in the late afternoon which, in a clear atmosphere, rivals the early morning in intensity; the knap-weeds are growing jewels, the leaves are of a peculiar vividness, the glimpse of sky on the right, where the eye is carried to the required distance and human dwellings suggested, seems cut out from the glorious Elban heavens; for although Senno has been so long away from his "Island," he still carries its sky and its crystalline atmosphere in his mind. Every detail reveals the Professor's delicate observation and feeling, from the movement of the heifer's uplifted head to that of the wagtail perched on the branch ("there are always wagtails where there are cows," says Senno, though we may be allowed to doubt whether they perch just in front of the nose of a moving heifer). The execution is as solid and conscientious as is usual with this artist. Yet the picture does not represent him at his best. Although full of air, it is essentially a studio picture, and this on account of its over-elaboration; there is too much detail: it does not compose as one looks at it.

Prof. Senno is the most poetical of landscape painters. He calls himself sentimental; but that is a mistake. He is too robust and reserved for sentimentality. His pictures are thought out, are conceptions in the true sense of the word. "I think," he said, as I was chatting with him the other day, "that pictures should be synthetic. You should observe unceasingly, so unceasingly as to do so as unconsciously as you breathe. But you should not sit down and copy what you observe on to your canvas as though you were a photographic lens. You should carry your pictures within you, let them take form and proportion in your mind, composing themselves out of even your unconscious observations, before you give birth to them. Then paint,

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and paint conscientiously, and your work will mean something."

The combination of observation, power of conception, conscientiousness and good technique make Senno a remarkably fine and sympathetic painter. Sometimes his conscientiousness runs away with him, as in the heifer picture just mentioned ; but in those, both sea-scapes and landscapes, which hang round his studio walls and have not been worked up for exhibition, his poetry, his synthetic method and his virile technique are very apparent. They are the outcome of a cultivated mind wedded to the spirit of a true artist.

I. M. A.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Jean François Millet: His Life and Letters. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. HENRY ADV). (London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)—The mission of art, as

Jean François Millet expressed it, is to interpret Nature to those who cannot understand her language. To do this successfully he added : " All you need is intelligence and *a great desire*." Obviously this dictum, in common with the dicta of most men who use pictorial rather than literary symbols as the medium of expression, is not strictly accurate. Millet's first appeal was distinctly to men who do understand Nature's language, who have spent their lives in consciously or unconsciously contemplating and studying her. Again, to interpret her, something more than intelligence is needed, as the highly creditable productions of a thousand-and-one distinctly intelligent landscape painters show. But Millet was right when he emphasised the important part which an all-consuming, impelling and compelling desire plays in the equipment of a great painter. Desire, however, must have a legion of qualities at its back—patience, consistency, virility, and concentration. Given these, everything else will follow. It is not necessary to have facility ; not necessary to have academic



FROM A PAINTING

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BY PROFESSOR PIETRO SENNO

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training; in fact, it is scarcely saying too much to say that it is necessary to have neither. The painter of genius must be a self-impelled, self-directed power; the force which drives him along must come from within, as Jean François' life proves.

The story of Millet's life, told in part, and not without the desire to add to himself reflected glory, by Alfred Sensier, was fragmentary. Mrs. Ady has attempted, and with success, the task of presenting to the world a full and comprehensive record of that life. Occasionally she has, perhaps, been guilty of some redundancy. It was scarcely necessary to give Millet's letters to Sensier and to paraphrase them too. Again, although it was well to correct certain false impressions which Sensier's work left on the mind of the average reader, Mrs. Ady has by no means altered facts. Millet was essentially a man of sorrows. That in his wife he had an almost perfect helpmeet, a woman absolute in her fidelity and loyalty—fidelity and loyalty of thought as well as act—who believed in him and in a measure understood him, is certain. But that she was Millet's intellectual equal is not to be supposed for a moment. Had she been, these letters to Sensier would never have been written. Again, the constant headaches and other physical ills from which Millet suffered; the cruel struggle with poverty which dogged his footsteps until they had already entered the path which led to the grave; the persistent abuse and neglect which were his portion, would in the aggregate have made any man a man of sorrows, had his temperament been ever so cheerful. Millet's temperament was not cheerful. He was not lugubrious, complaining, or fretful. But he was profoundly imbued with that deep melancholy which must ever be the portion of the man who concludes a sacred alliance with Nature.

It must be confessed that the constant reference to Millet as a peasant-painter is somewhat misleading. Millet's culture was of the highest. He knew nothing of the artificial externals of human affairs, of markets and values, of pounds, shillings, and pence; but of the things that are vital and eternal—of literature, the finest the world has produced—he knew everything that it is essential to know. This knowledge gave him a solid groundwork upon which he founded and built his own philosophy. The basis of Millet's philosophy was as simple as that of his art, because it was elemental. As to the direct teaching of this art, Millet himself declared over and over again that it had none. A great poet is not to be confounded with a mere propagandist. Millet scorned to associate himself with the men

who imagined that they had discovered in a cut-and-dried shibboleth a panacea for human ills. He loved the people of the fields; he sympathised with their trials and sorrows, the joys and the compensations of their lives, because he knew them all. He was never, however, in any sense of the word a propagandist, much less a mere Socialist or Anarchist. Nevertheless, his life reads like a great epic: his pictures constitute the greatest epic of the fields, and the dwellers and toilers in them, that the world has ever seen in paint. In reading his life we see in his ancestry, in his bringing up, in his environment, the forces which went to make him. And they made him the most complete and satisfying painter of "La Terre" of all time. It is not too much to say of Millet's art that it is monumental, and the monument is of colossal proportions. Of facility he had next to none; of cleverness, in the ordinary sense of the word, as little; but he had an enormous soul, a phenomenal gift of seeing, and a memory, for such things as he wanted to remember, of extraordinary accuracy and tenacity. To this he added an all-consuming desire to give outward expression to the things he had seen and felt. In his life he turned his back on everything that was superficial and ephemeral—Paris and all its works, academies and all their recipes. In art, too, he vigorously excluded everything which was immaterial or frivolous. As he himself expressed it, he gave to art everything—body and soul. He painted great pictures because he was a great man.

In the compass of a short article dealing with a subject of such magnitude, what can be said? This, however, may be said: that Miss Julia Cartwright, in giving the world this clearly and carefully written monograph of Jean François Millet, has earned the gratitude of every one capable of valuing and reverencing greatness. The book is full of pathos, full of beauty. We cannot all possess a Millet, but to possess such a work as this is to possess a volume which would add dignity to any library. The story of Jean François Millet's life is an entrancing one, from the moment of his birth to that of his death. To contemplate that life at close quarters is to renew one's faith in humanity.

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

Japanese Illustration. A History of Woodcuts and Colour-Printing in Japan. By EDWARD F. STRANGE. (London: George Bell & Sons.) 12s. 6d. net.—The beauty of old Japanese colour-prints is now being recognised more generally by Western connoisseurs than has hitherto been the case. Collectors of art objects, who a few years ago would not have looked twice at a Japanese

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engraving, are beginning to realise that there is a wealth of untold beauty to be found in the books and broadsides of the far East. What they erstwhile declined to purchase at a few shillings they are now eager to buy at as many pounds.

Reliable information upon these treasures is, on the whole, somewhat meagre. The best accounts we possess are too short and too general, and they lie, for the most part, hidden away in the pages of the transactions of learned societies and little read books.¹ That such information should be collected and presented in a convenient form to those interested in the subject was a happy idea, and Mr. Strange, in the work before us, has succeeded in making a most readable book out of the material at his command. The subject he has ventured to treat upon is such a very large one and has so many ramifications, that we feel it to be a matter of regret that he should not have limited himself more severely to one section of it. The chapter upon the "Early Illustrated Books," already recently treated upon by Professor Anderson, is too "sketchy" to be of real value, and the space it occupies might have been very well filled by further information upon what forms the main portion of the work, namely, colour-prints and their designers. As it is, in the limited space at his command, the author has been compelled to condense far too much his information upon men of repute, while of lesser known ones he makes only the barest mention or omits them altogether.

In his researches into his subject, the author has made sundry "discoveries," some of which are certain to meet with adverse criticism. He tells us, for example, that he considers that two well-known designers of colour-prints of the last century, namely, Harunobu and Koriusai, are one and the same man. In support of his theory, he adduces certain resemblances in the manner of drawing, traceable alike in the work signed by each of the artists. Perhaps the most remarkable coincidence to which he refers is in regard to a peculiar white line in the delineation of the ladies' coiffures and the shading of the hair behind the ears. Apart from the fact that there are other designers whose works present the same peculiarities—Ip-pitsusai Buncho being a notable example—there are so many differences of general treatment between the works signed by the two names in question, that the hypothesis requires much fuller confirmation than it has at present received, before it can be finally accepted. It is only necessary to compare the illustrations on pages 30 and 33, signed respectively by the two artists, to note that the composition by Harunobu

is more classic and formal in arrangement than that by Koriusai, and this difference, besides others which we have not the space here to particularise, will be readily noticeable in the careful comparison of a collection of drawings bearing the two signatures. Japanese painters are essentially stylists. Their daily education is an instruction in style. The mannerisms and methods of masters are those which are first learnt, and it is only when the artist arrives at maturity that his individuality becomes developed. The tricks of technique are copied by one from another, and it is therefore dangerous to arrive at important conclusions from any apparent similarities of technique.

We do not complain that Mr. Strange should give expression to the opinions formed by him. On the contrary, such opinions, whether they be accepted by others or not, cannot fail to give rise to healthy discussions upon subjects which are interesting to all true lovers of art.

French Wood Carvings. Third series. (London : B. T. Batsford.)—Without contradiction of the principle which in the main supplies the text of every article in THE STUDIO—namely, that the art of the present should be absolutely governed by the mood of to-day, one may yet give very appreciative welcome to the third and last volume of Miss Eleanor Rowe's *French Wood Carvings from the National Museums*. She has done her self-allotted task admirably; for only with full knowledge of the past can any new genius create a style of his own. Before you can make a rule with dignity, you must recognise it. In wood-carving at present new inspiration is especially important, but knowledge of past triumphs will save a would-be innovator from many disasters. Only two courses are open to an artist: the one loyal obedience to precedent, the other a fixed purpose to disregard tradition; but at the same time to equal or surpass, in a new way, the best works of all periods. Very few dare attempt the second of these, and for the majority it is safer to rely on experience of the past. It would take pages of THE STUDIO to express adequately the advantage of such a publication as this. At the same time, the real future of any craft must needs lie in the direction of progress out of retrospection. Miss Eleanor Rowe by her admirable recognition of the best qualities of the masterpieces of French carving, pleads indirectly, not for imitation of the art of a bygone century, but for the spirit which used the idiom of its day to express its sense of beauty as we should do in ours. We only second her purpose in directing students to study the admirably chosen examples

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she records, not as copies but as documents. In these excellent collotypes are a store of pregnant suggestions to those who can appreciate them. No more valuable assistance to the arts is possible than carefully selected examples of masterpieces; but to reap the benefit of such lessons one must study and analyse the work only to discard it, and imbibe the spirit without regarding the letter. Miss Rowe is too good an artist to advise blind imitation, and her catholic criticism of the period of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries here considered is an admirable example of reverence, untainted with superstition. To excel every example here given, good as they are, should be the unspoken intention of every student.

Measured drawings of French furniture from the Collection in South Kensington Museum. By W. G. Paulson Townsend. Part I. (London: 16 Coleherne Mansions, S.W.)—The intention of this work is explained by the title, and is well carried out in a series of plates. The specimens depicted in this fascicule, are an escritoire, French, 1780–90, in the Jones collection; and an oak cabinet, French, sixteenth century, from the Peyre collection. To these two are devoted a dozen full-page lithographs, showing views and measured details, with sections and working drawings of not only the structure, but the ormolu mouldings of one and the incised details of the other. It is a worthy idea most excellently carried out. Let us hope it will not lead to the making of sham antiques, but that every craftsman who has sufficiently mastered technique to reproduce these will not be satisfied to make copies, but will be inspired to new efforts in similar but not too faithfully imitative ways.

La Battaglia di Pavia. Illustrata negli ARAZZI DEL MARCHESE DEL VASTO, al Museo Nazionale di Napoli. Con cenni storici e descrittivi dell' Arch. (Milano: Luca Beltrami. 1896.)—This is a handsome number in large folio, containing full descriptive text of the celebrated battle of Pavia, which took place February 24, 1525. The principal feature of this work, however, is a series of beautifully printed heliotypes of seven well known and finely worked illustrations of this battle in tapestry. These tapestries, now in the National Museum at Naples, belonged originally to the family of the Marchesi del Vasto, from whom they passed by testamentary bequest to the Italian Government in 1860. They were presented by Charles V. to Ferdinand Francesco d'Avalos, in recognition of his bravery in the above battle. It is said that the emperor called in the assistance of Titian and Tin-

toretto in the design of these tapestries, which were executed by Flemish ladies.

The Cabinet Makers' and Upholsterers' Guide. By A. HEPPLEWHITE & Co. 1794. (London: B. T. Batsford, 1897.)—This is a re-issue of the third edition (improved) of Hepplewhite's famous designs for furniture. After a hundred years a phrase in the original preface may again (for the first time since it saw light) be used truthfully. It runs, “English taste and workmanship have of late years been much sought for by surrounding nations.” But the rest of the sentence—“the mutability (*sic*) of all things, but more especially of fashions, has rendered the labours of our predecessors in this line of little use”—is obviously not so apt now, else were this book left unreprinted. That many of the designs are both beautiful and fit is true—yet we must needs own that the twentieth century should have courage to design its furniture without continually harking back to the past. This very beautiful book is a volume of which the importance can hardly be over-estimated—and yet, instead of working out its projects anew, we would rather see even the excesses and failures of genuinely new efforts to do for us that which Hepplewhite did for his contemporaries.

It is easy to be retrospectively sentimental over the pleasant shapes herein depicted, and hardly possible to over-value the knowledge of construction displayed in many, and the superb craft they exacted from their artisans a hundred years ago. But they breathe of past manners and past tastes, and—with no disrespect to a great designer—you are driven to conclude that his most worthy disciple will admire, study, and understand these designs only to forget them straight-away and do his best to surpass them in ways that belong to the present day. You could not revive the political beliefs of 1794, nor the social habits, the insular self-satisfaction and ignorance of cosmopolitan tastes which obtained then. Therefore in place of sham Hepplewhite, sham Chippendale, or sham Mediæval furniture, let us hope we shall see finely designed, well-wrought pieces owing little to precedent, turned out with all the conscientious skill the early students of this book bestowed on their cabinet making. Mr. Batsford deserves warm praise for this notable re-issue—it is a series that every designer and architect will value as a standard work of reference.

M. A. Lepère has this year supplied the illustrations for the *Paris Almanac*, published by M. Sagot, of Paris. The little book is a most dainty one and creditable alike to illustrator and publisher.

The Lay Figure at Home

THE LAY FIGURE AT HOME.

T"I HAVE just read with great delight a charming depreciation of the last 'Arts and Crafts' by an eminent French critic," said the Journalist. "It is so obviously an attempt to re-assure his fellow countrymen who, startled by illustrations in THE STUDIO and elsewhere, feared the 'movement' was *outre manche*."

"I have also read it," said the Lay Figure, "and enjoyed its adroit felicity of phrase; its ample appreciation of chimney pieces and other furniture, inspired by William Morris (?), of the Chippendale imitations so common at the Arts and Crafts; and I find that 'perfide Albion,' who would steal Egypt from its Sultan, steals also its decorative motives from the Egyptian Gallery at the British Museum."

"Perhaps he lunched at the British Museum refreshment room, and took its simple and satisfying menu as a native sample of *l'art de cuisine*—a Bath bun and a cup of British coffee might prejudice a French art critic," the Journalist suggested.

"Did he find nothing to admire at the New Gallery?" said the æsthetic Architect, sadly.

"Oh, yes. Morris, Crane, Voysey, Burne-Jones, Townsend and Frampton were all 'highly commended'; but the prizes he had meant to bestow were 'not awarded owing to the low average' of works submitted," the Lay Figure replied. "The one object that really provoked his enthusiasm was a certain bookcase of Belgian origin, placed near the secretary's desk."

"I respect his verdict," said the æsthetic Architect. "It seems to me the most unintentional compliment he could pay us. You see he has had time to grow accustomed to the Kelmscott Press books and the Morris fabrics, the Crane illustrations, the Voysey wall-papers, and the rest. Now it seems to me that the very fact that our later designs fail to please a sympathetic, courteous and accomplished critic after visiting a single 'Arts and Crafts' is by no means surprising."

"I do not know," said the Journalist; "one had thought 'all Paris' was curious and tolerant."

"If 'all Paris' is, then be sure that a French critic would naturally head a reaction," said the Lay Figure. "The supremacy of Paris as the art centre is a fact so long established that it is only natural that the mere suggestion of a rival, even in the domain of Art, would provoke unconsciously even the most judicial critic."

"The difference is deeper than that," said the æsthetic Architect, "it comes to one as a most invigorating breeze. Popularity is a miasma, and

we were in danger of thinking our intentions had already convinced Europe. This should suggest to us that the lack of novelty our Parisian visitor deplored is a sign of something less ephemeral. Are we indebted to Egyptian Art for our latest renaissance? Then indeed have we gone to the fountain-head, and may hope to succeed in accomplishing not merely a new mode, but, in time, a 'style of the twentieth century.'

"I know why you don't mind Egypt as an inspiration," the Lay Figure broke in. "You think there is so little there beyond sphinxes and pyramids that we shall not be hampered by precedents."

"I don't wonder we bore a Parisian," the decadent Poet sneered. "How he must have laughed at your dull attempts to be sublime. Only Paris can be in earnest without appearing ridiculous."

"Yes," said the Man with a Clay Pipe, "you are yourself a living instance of that."

"But why Chippendale?" said the æsthetic Architect. "What was there at the Arts and Crafts that owed aught to Chippendale? and where on earth does Japanese influence come in—in Wilson's doors of beaten metal especially?"

"In the critic's imagination of course," said the Lay Figure. "That is where a French writer is so fascinating. He evolves a theory and plays with it; makes pretty phrases and attractive syllogisms; lightly dismisses awkward facts, and explains your very existence away, 'most politely, most politely.'"

"But what specific reproach does he bestow on his so-called Chippendale exhibits at the Arts and Crafts?" said the æsthetic Architect. "I can recall nothing even remotely derived from *l'Anglo-flamand de la reine Anne*."

"He does not instance examples," said the Lay Figure, "but he says the only difference which exists between the Chippendale of former days and its imitation to-day is that the first, despite its lightness, is solid, and the latter endangers a worthy fragility by its poor construction (*malfaçon*). Please do not think I wish to refute the statements of an ingenious and most artistic critic. It only strengthens our insular self-satisfaction to find our efforts quite misunderstood. When in time he grasps our principles fully he may again rebuke us; then we will listen seriously and take the reproof to heart. At present we can but regret that so graceful a writer has not yet caught the idiom of our argument, and, appalled at first by its *patois*, is driven to conclude that what is being said in the unfamiliar tongue is not worth saying."

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT



SKETCH OF PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO RICHARD M. HUNT

DANIEL C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

BRUCE PRICE, ARCHITECT

(From the Catalogue of the Architectural League, by permission)

AMERICAN STUDIO TALK

WITH the closing in May of the Academy, and the American Artists' exhibitions, the art season in New York terminates. There is a slight afterglow, as it were, in the school exhibitions, where the artists of to-morrow give us a glimpse of what they will do in the future. The Metropolitan Museum of Art also opens its galleries anew with a few English pictures and other acquisitions not seen before, but, for the most part, the season is over. The artists hie themselves to the seaside and mountains to prepare their studies for next autumn's campaign.

This arresting of the art activity as soon as the exhibitions close indicates an unsatisfactory state of affairs in our art circles. It is to be regretted that the whole nervous force of our artists is given to the preparation of show pictures at stated periods of the year, and that their encouragement or discouragement depends upon the success with which their work is hung, and received by the public. It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" that our artistic tendencies should turn towards the production of works of art that will fill niches, surfaces, pediments, awaiting the adjunct of beauty, that shall give painting and

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sculpture the same stability as architecture. The itinerary of a modern canvas that works its way from being placed "on the line" or "skied" in exhibitions, from the East to the West, and from the North to the South, and then, failing to secure a lodgment in some American home, returns to the studio of the artist, with battered frame, to be relegated to the lumber pile of the studio, — is something to be lamented.

The signing by the Governor, on May 4th, of the Greater New York Bill, creating a metropolis second only to London, and the contemplation in that charter of a provision for an art commission, without whose approval no work of art shall be accepted by the city, suggests a channel in which our artistic activity might soon be diverted. The recent dedication of the Grant mausoleum, and the bi-centennial of Trinity Church in New York, implies that we have arrived at that mature age when we can begin to commemorate with monuments the achievements of the past. Whether the public realized that on Grant day there was anything more than a holiday and a parade, is a question. We fancy that few of the spectators at the dedication of the Grant tomb for a moment inquired who was the architect of the monument. Whether he — Mr. J. H. Duncan — had achieved his idea, and whether he could have done better with the theme at his disposal, the site at his command, or whether he had failed, hardly entered the mind of the crowd.

Nor do we think that a single spectator or listener at Trinity Church realized the effect and charm of the row of angels supporting the electric lights flanking the nave, giving to the gothic interior a brightness that it never had before. They had little conception that art had played a material part in enriching the occasion, and much less the conception that every angle of the street, every pinnacle of our high buildings, in the whole length and breadth of our city, presents a similar opportunity for architectural adornment.

We fear that this provision in the charter is capable of such narrow interpretation that it may lead to a well-nigh sterile effect. It provides that no work of art shall be accepted for the city without having first been approved of by a commission, consisting of the Mayor, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, President of the New York Public Library, President of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, and three citizens.

Indeed, we are reminded of the trite anecdote

of the actor who was refused admission into heaven, and who called St. Peter's attention to the fact that he saw an old stage friend inside the gate. "Ah," said the saint, "but he is no actor." The probability in regard to our Art Commission is that when we demand that our "Borough Halls," lamp-posts, park-gates, school-houses, and other municipal edifices shall be artistic, the politicians will turn to us and say, "Ah, but they are not art." The chances are that our Commission will be restricted to passing upon and accepting an occasional statue or drinking-fountain, while miles of metal cornice, acres of cast iron, and interminable measures of dressed and undressed stone, will be given out by contract at the word of the politician, without the slightest regard for beauty or symmetry.

When we contemplate the opportunities that this Greater New York offers for a grand lesson in municipal decoration, we long for some such uniting of our art interests under the guidance of a cultured head as made the White City of 1893 a possibility.

IT is only through some such pilotage that we can hope for the regeneration of New York's architecture. If at some time or other a second Richardson or Hunt should by chance find his way into this commission, he might be able to control it and stamp his individuality upon the city, so that from one end of the borough of Manhattan to the end of the borough of Bronxville the bicyclist, passing from the decorated wharf-head, past the electric-light poles, over the Harlem bridges, past schoolhouse and borough-hall, and through the park-ways, would recognize, as one did in the "White City," a continuous ensemble of harmonious decoration. One could not approach Grant's tomb without a quaver of emotion at the natural grandeur of the site, and we should be thankful that no blunder was made in the designing of the mausoleum. But it would be a great day for American art if some natural spot of this kind should be taken advantage of, and a monument erected that should be, like Thorwaldsen's "Lion of Luzerne," a part and parcel of the spot. We may congratulate ourselves that our triumphal arches are well-nigh perfect replicas of Roman models ; that the Herald Building gives a good idea of a Renaissance palace ; that the Bartholdi statue is not a bad example of Parisian bronzes ; that the Madison Square Garden need not be unfavorably compared with the Giralda tower ; that

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Grant's tomb is a good example of European Mausoleum architecture; but certainly it is with greater pride that, in one case at least, we can turn to the St. Gaudens statue of Farragut in Madison Square and say, "Here is something that is not an echo of a European model, but may stand as an American monument, capable of holding its own with the art of the old world."

We do not for a moment mean to say that there is any great opportunity for originality in architecture, or that a striving to create an American "style" would be a wise procedure; but if by happy accident we could adorn our city with that which would be less a mere replica of the art of Europe (even though it should be done by making subservient for the moment the architectural element, and allowing it to become but a pedestal for sculpture), we think there might be a gain. If, for instance, a memorial were to be erected to Audubon in Central Park, and two models were submitted, would it not be better to reject a fine Renaissance mausoleum in favor of a bas-relief by St. Gaudens, cut in the natural stone of the park?

The William M. Hunt Memorial, mentioned in our April Studio Talk, is a most happy uniting of sculpture and architecture. In this case the conventional architectural setting is in perfect keeping with the motive of the monument, and when placed in Central Park near the Metropolitan Museum it promises to be a worthy companion to the St. Gaudens statue.

The decorations in Trinity Church, to which we have already referred, were by Mr. Frederic Wilson; the angels were by the Tiffany Stained Glass Company. We consider this work, which greatly enhanced the appearance of the church on a special occasion, far more important than much exhibition work that is without purpose or effect. The electric lighting — not a naked lamp was seen — was under the direction of Mr. H. D. Bayne.



SUGGESTION FOR ELECTRIC-LIGHT FIXTURE HENRY LINDER, SCULPTOR

(From the Catalogue of the Architectural League, by permission)

The introduction of the electric-light bracket and support has opened an attractive field for the designer; and much better work has been done in connection with it than was done in connection with the gas-light fixtures for over a quarter of a century. The most charming models for electric-light fixtures were those by Mr. Henry Linder, exhibited at the Architectural League, one of which we reproduce.

If we could only be sure that this art committee would understand its prerogative so as to embrace all the ramifications of our city's edifices, and if it could guarantee us such monuments as the Hunt Memorial, such interior decorations as those in Trinity Church, and surmount our electric-light

American Studio Talk.

poles with sculpture of the character of Mr. Linde's, the prospect would be inviting indeed. Our proposition that our wharf-heads should receive decoration may, at first reading, provoke a smile, but no visitor to the World's Fair will forget the cheerful effect of the lavishly distributed gonfalone, — a very inexpensive embellishment, — that gave a gala-day appearance to the grounds, and was by no means the least successful incident of the exhibition. The effect upon a foreigner entering our harbor of battered pier-heads and ugly wharf structures is gloomy in the extreme. It would be an easy matter for an architect to suggest vast improvement in their construction.

The late activity in poster designing, however absurd it seemed in some of its developments, certainly improved the appearance of our hoardings. Though we might not wish the Art Committee to pass upon the actual designs of our posters, it might properly limit the posting of the same upon suitably erected hoardings, and not allow the unsightly custom of pasting flaring designs upon every available ash barrel and lumber pile.

There is an opportunity for improvement in the city printing, and the Brooklyn Bridge tickets certainly offer a field for design that the present device does not fill very satisfactorily.

We fear, however, that the committee will neither have the power nor the good taste to effect any such regeneration. Certainly the Mayor and President of the New York Public Library cannot be expected to know anything about the decorative arts. In regard to the Metropolitan Museum, its treatment of the public does not indicate that having its president in the committee will greatly help matters. It is putting it mildly to say that the architecture of the building is not an "example" of any kind of architecture, that the catalogues issued to the public are ridiculously inadequate, that the annual exhibitions are by no means all that they should be, and that, considering the cost of the whole institution, the facilities it offers to the student of art, and the public generally, are facts too often adversely commented upon. It is certainly surprising that the president of the Architectural League should not have been made a member of this committee, and it seems to us proper that it should become an unwritten law that the "architect" to be appointed by the committee should always be the incumbent of the Architectural League presidency, while it would be equally proper that the "painter" should be the president

x

of either the Municipal Art Society or the Society of Mural Painters.

At the recent school exhibitions there were evidences that despite the hard times the number of students in New York is not decreasing. The enthusiasm among the workers produces a high average of draughtsmanship and promises a steady improvement in our art work of the future, particularly in technical excellence.

At the Art Students' League there was in the Life and Antique classes an evenness of standard that was sustained in a remarkable manner. The decorative tendency has been developed more than usual in this school during the past few years, and some of the compositions shown were well carried out, though not thoroughly original in conception. In the Head class, under J. Alden Wier, a mannerism, not to say eccentricity, was prevalent that was ill suited to school work. This season the Henderson scholarship, \$250 and a year's tuition, given to the student who has done the best work during the year, went to Paul Moschowitz. The J. Sanford Saltus prize, \$50, for the best life-size head, was won by Miss Marie O. Kobbé; second prize, \$50, is awarded to Mr. Louis David Vaillant; third prize, \$25, to Miss Anner Laner.

At Ortgies galleries we saw the work of the School of Applied Design for Women, which showed what the feminine mind can do in the way of fabric designing when directed by an experienced workman.

In the silk designs, Augusta Rankin's geraniums and Louise J. Cuddy's carnations were well-nigh perfect. In the architectural department, N. Catherine Line's façade for an Art School was in admirable taste and a strong example of "rendering," while a good understanding of her subject was shown by Amelia T. Day for her Lodging House for factory hands. Among the book-covers, Florence W. Fulton's mosaic cover, 16th century style, in green and orange, stood out conspicuously. The exercises in this department were rather in imitating the tooled and mosaic work of past ages than in originating the pictorial printed cloth or paper cover that is demanded by the publishers of to-day. Had a visitor to Ortgies, after leaving, continued his way down Fifth Avenue till he came to the Aldine Club, and there dropped in to see the book-cover designs lent by D. Appleton & Co., Chas. Scribner's Sons, John Lane, Dodd, Mead & Co., Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Harper & Bros., etc.,

(Continued on Page II. of Cover.)

(Continued from second page of cover.)

third, or honourable mention, Emma Harrison. Wall-paper designs: Agnes Sterling, Helen Curtis, Ella Wells Lamb. Silk: first prize, Miss Raynor; second, Effie Whittredge; honourable mention, Florence Bradley. Illustrations: first prize, Mary King; second, Leona E. Wells; third, Miss Alexander. Animal drawings: first prize, Elizabeth De Witt; second, Henrietta Williams; third, Louise C. Heard.

At the Artist-Artisans' exhibition the small number of scholars was, of course, very discernible, so that it could not, in any way, be compared with the Art Students' League. The best examples were by "Post Graduates," so to speak, who are already professional illustrators. A piece of sculpture, *A Drowned Man*, by Miss M. Carpenter, was worthy of special mention.

At the Chase Art School we saw a fine progressive spirit displayed, with here and there an originality that was explained by the fact that here also much of the work emanated from the brushes of those who are no longer beginners.

This school differs from others in that Mr. William M. Chase is the only instructor. Again, the usual curriculum of Art Schools requires that the student begin with cast drawing, and then spend from six months to a year with the antique before taking up "The Life," while Mr. Chase's students frequently begin with the life, reverting to the cast later on. This is certainly an excellent method, though harder for the teacher than when the student begins with the cast. The antique can only be really appreciated after the student has become acquainted with the anatomy of the human figure. He thus appreciates the synthesis which the Greek sculpture gave us of the human form; he understands pretty thoroughly that the sculptor took that which was typical of man at his best, and gave us, not a mere snap-shot of an athlete, but an epitome of a running figure. Again, the student who works from life — where the model moves, not only losing his pose before the first rest, as he sinks into lethargy before the half-hour is over, but rarely getting the same pose the second time — has an experience that leads him to appreciate the "constancy" of the plaster cast. It may be remarked, also, that this school allows the students to assert their individuality in working; it has a much less academic trend than the Art Students' League. In the Life class the work was perhaps less finished than at the League, though it must be remembered that the number of students was much smaller. In painting from the nude the drawing was again not so severe, but the general colour ensemble of the studies was more

remarkable than in any other school, the figure being invariably painted in relation to its background, while the portraits by the Misses Redmond and Heustis were as mature as exhibition work.

Here there are no yearly prizes, but monthly awards are made. The recipients of these were: For painting, life: Melvin Nichols, C. W. Hawthorne, Henry Sorensen, Miss Maude Keller, A. R. Freedlander. Drawing, life: Walter Appleton Clark, P. H. Farron, Kenneth Miller, Richard Tweedy, Melvin Nichols, Emile Hering. Composition: W. A. Clark, Kenneth Miller, Henry Sorensen. Portrait: H. Redmond, Louise L. Heustis. A scholarship for next season has been presented by Rudolph Julian, of the Julian Academy, Paris, which will send the winner to that celebrated school for a year.

The prizes at The School of the National Academy of Design were: In the Life classes, \$120 to J. Redding Kelley; silver Elliott medals: Miss M. E. Boyd and Jesse Hatfield; bronze Elliott medals to Carl Abel and David Karfunkle. Honourable mention was given Miss Mabel E. Russell, Israel Olinsky, and Miner Santee. In painting from the head: Miss Margaret Eckerson, \$40 from the Hallgarten School prize fund; to Frederic Stahr, \$20; to Miss Elizabeth Van Elten, and to H. D. Ramsdell, honourable mention. In the Antique classes, silver Suydam medals to Sherwood B. Fassin and Miss Amelia Langley; bronze Suydam medals to Miss Edith M. Day, Miss Eleanor R. Carter, Ernest D. Roth, Charles C. Haines, and L. Clifford Golson. The work of Henry Scheele, Nathan Goldfarb, Samuel Weinstein, H. I. Lindberg, Peter E. Walling, and the Misses Eleanor Hitch, Betty Rogers, and Mabel Harry received honourable mention. In the composition Class \$100 to Van D. Perrine, \$50 to Clarice M. Burd, both from the Hallgarten fund. Wallace Morgan received honourable mention.

NOTES

NEW YORK, May 13, 1897. Exhibition of book-covers, posters, etc., at the Aldine Club, 75 Fifth Avenue.

The May exhibition of the Lotos Club was devoted to American figure-painting. The beautiful *Romany Girl*, by Fuller, was shown to better advantage in the brilliantly lighted club gallery than we have ever seen it before. Winslow Homer's *Cotton Pickers* was also a grand example of individuality in art.

At Klackner's, April 26 to May 8. Portraits by Wallace Bryant.

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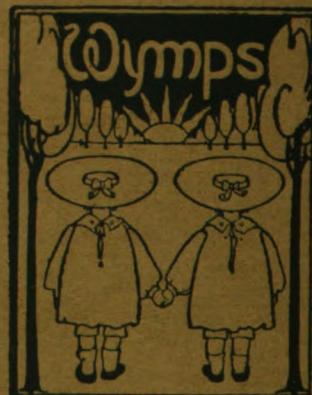
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The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME.

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SUPPLEMENT NOTES

NEW YORK. On May 25, J. and R. Lamb exhibited the Rose window designed by C. R. Lamb and destined for the Woman's Building at the Nashville Exposition, afterward to be placed in the permanent Woman's Building in Memphis. It consisted of three figures, — one in white drapery, one in red, and one in green, against a dark blue sky. A city in the distance and the intervening landscape were very happily brought out in the glass. The drapery of the white and green figures was more successfully managed than that of the red figure. Possibly, also, the faces lacked variety, the hair of the brunette was a trifle gray, and white steps and seat in the foreground made the latter seem lacking in colour. But the design, which we believe was executed in limited time, was certainly refined and noble.

The Berlin Photographic Company's latest publication is a set of twelve photogravures taken from the original paintings in the Prado Museum at Madrid.

(Continued on third page of cover.)

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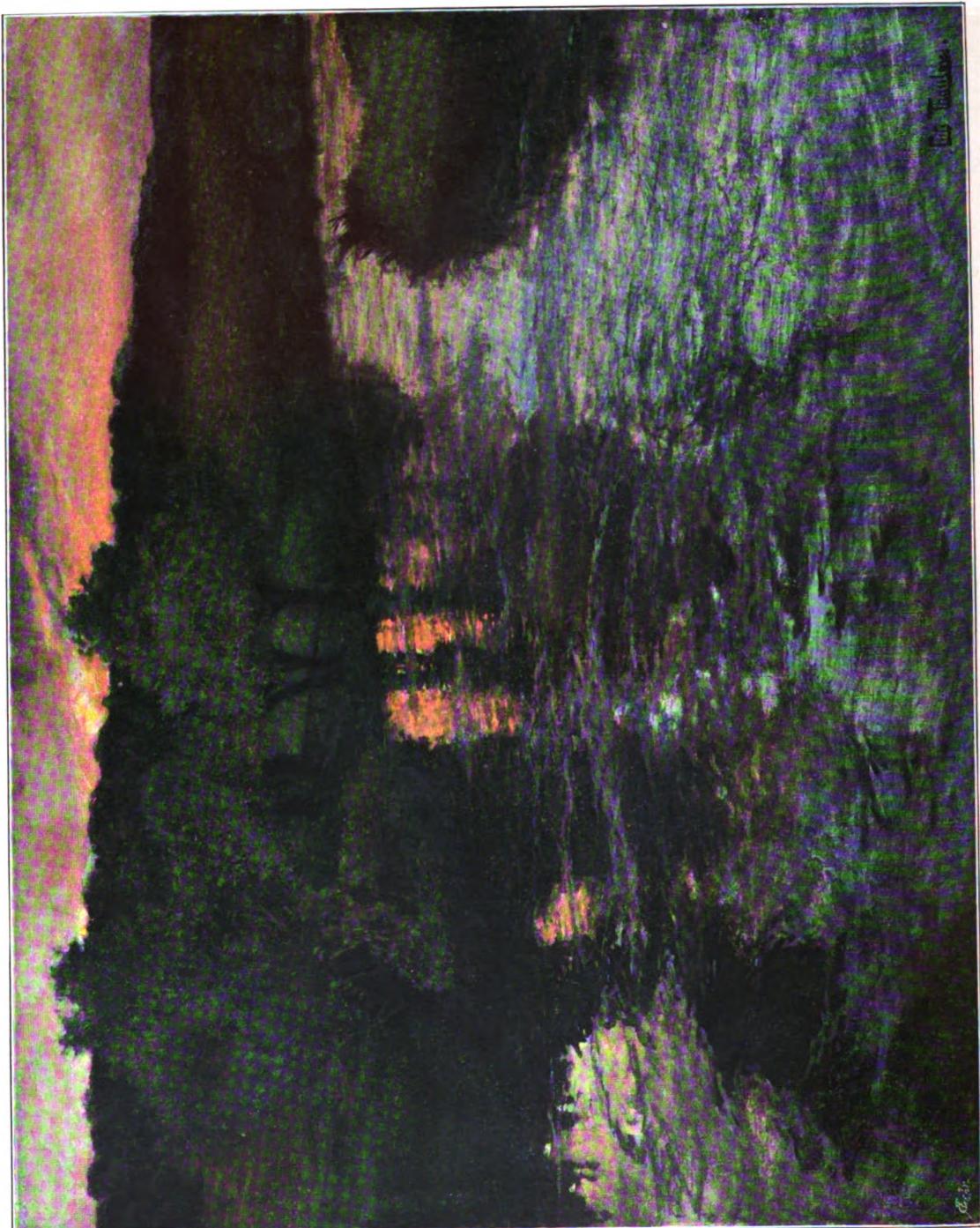
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THE EXHIBITION OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN NEW YORK CITY.

"LE SOIR," FROM A PAINTING
BY FRITZ THAULOW

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Fritz Thaulow—The Man and the Artist. By Gabriel Mourey.

In the general history of art the nineteenth century might justly be styled the Age of Landscape. For this, I think, will be in times to come, if not its most undoubted claim to glory, at least one of its most pronounced characteristics.

The constellation of landscapists whose work calls for admiration or esteem, or arouses interest simply, is indeed innumerable. One may count them by hundreds, each in his own fashion endeavouring—often in a limited and fragmentary manner, it is true, but nevertheless in a fresh and original spirit—to grasp the mysteries of Nature.

Moreover, the world has grown larger. The landscape-painter of the past was content to look around him, and saw nothing more than was contained within the horizon of his birthplace, the little spot where he had been reared, with ever the self-same trees, the self-same stream and the self-same hills. But with our modern facilities for rapid travelling the landscape-painter of to-day scours the whole wide world, seeking for new impressions, and finding everywhere the wherewithal to satisfy his passion for novelty. Attraction and charm are in all around, and as he sees, his observation grows keener and more keen. The mere external aspect of things no longer suffices for him; his ambition is to show us the very soul of the land, quivering in its proper atmosphere; to reveal the hidden meaning of its shape and aspect; and with his sensitive nerves, his highly trained eye, his education and his reading, the modern landscape-painter is admirably equipped for the task he has set himself to perform.

The taste of the day is strangely in his favour. Formerly no one would have looked at the brief "notes," the studies of particular effects, the bits of impressionism which now are the delight of the amateur. A picture, complete and finished in all respects, was what was wanted in the past;

while now one is satisfied with a scrap of Nature reproduced on the instant—just a momentary glimpse as it were. The search after truth is closer and keener than before; and the public intelligence, which has grown deeper and better informed, is capable of imagining the whole scene from the fragment presented. It may, indeed, be urged that there is an undue partiality shown for too slight and sketchy impressions. The public is sometimes taken in by a few clever strokes of the brush, and thinks to discover depth of thought, where too often, alas! there is nought but incompetence.

Whence springs this modern taste of ours for landscape? Its causes are many and various. Apart from any question of æsthetics, and from a purely general point of view, the matter may be explained psychologically in the need that exists



Fritz Thaulow

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Fritz Thaulow

for the man of to-day to escape from the artificial, overheated atmosphere of his every-day life, as lived among the abnormal crowds in the large towns, into the real air, where he may tread real earth and gaze on real water and real trees and real grass. And seeing that his actual intercourse with Nature must necessarily be somewhat of a rare event, he is all the more susceptible of fresh

of trees appears majestic as a forest, the smallest hill high as a mountain ; a few miles out of town he fancies himself in the heart of the country, instead of in some sordid suburb, as is generally the case.

Unquestionably the love of Nature in this sense has never before been so general, so active and so intense as now. What a splendid collection could be formed of the works of the landscapists of this generation, without distinction of school or nationality ! It would form a complete panorama of the world, seen through the medium of each artist's individual temperament, and would prove a source of deepest delight to eye and mind alike. Therein one would realise the incontestable fact that nothing in art is so subjective, so many-sided, as truth itself. Nature, indeed, never changes ; it only differs according to the manner in which it is seen and understood and interpreted. The truth of the adage, "There's nothing new under the sun," seems doubtful in regard to art ; for if fundamentally there be nothing new, each age, each race, each individuality exhibits a distinction in form. Our modes of expression are constantly changing, according to the way in which things appeal to us ; and is not art the interpretation rather



"NOCTURNE"

FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

impressions, and such a thing as satiety in this respect is unknown to him. For this reason there is no one better qualified than your citizen to appreciate the beauty and the charm of a landscape painting. To the man who has spent a whole week in office or factory, amid the hurry and worry of business, in a whirlwind of anxieties and struggles and hopes deceived, in that state of tension and nervous excitement inseparable from all work nowadays—to such a man a modest clump

than the reproduction of truth?

I cannot resist the temptation to quote a few significant words from the pen of one of the greatest artists of the century, Eugène Delacroix :

"The artist's object is not to reproduce exactly, for he would at once be stopped by the impossibility of so doing. Many very ordinary effects are entirely without the range of painting, and can only be reproduced by their equivalents. It is the spirit of the thing that must be realised, and the



"FERME EN NORMANDIE."
FROM A PAINTING BY
FRITZ THAULOW

Fritz Thaulow

equivalents suffice for this. Interest must be aroused first of all. Who can be sure, when he looks upon even the most delightful piece of nature, that the pleasure is derived exclusively from what his eyes behold? A landscape charms us, not by its own beauties alone, but by means of a thousand other things which carry the imagination far beyond this or that particular scene."

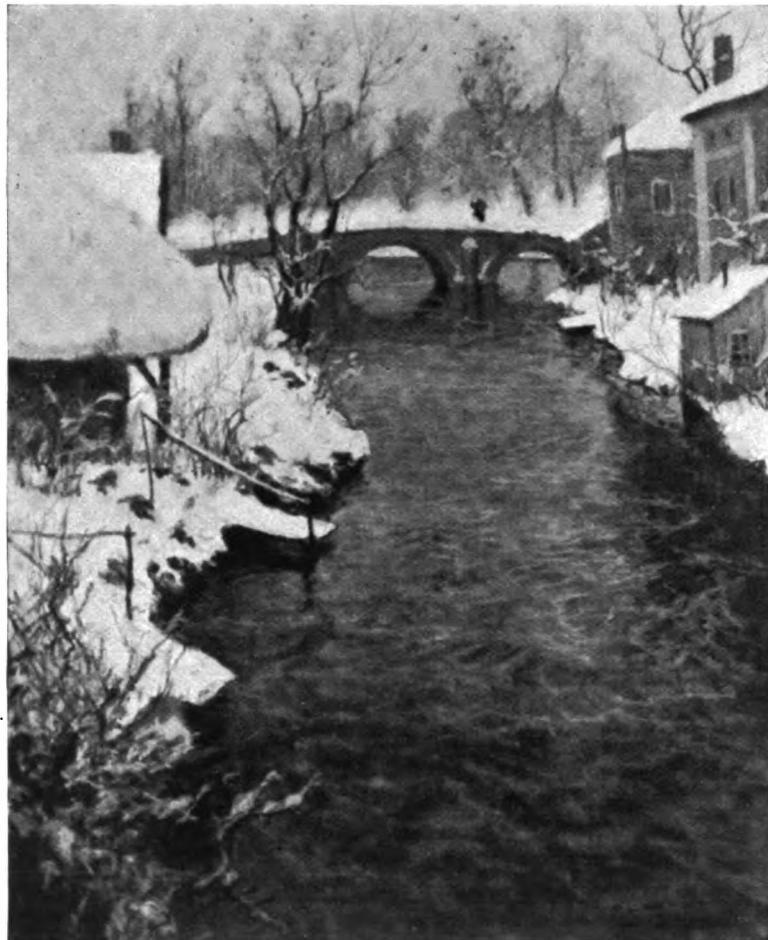
I have thought it well to make these prefatory remarks in order that the reader may the better understand the genius of the artist to whom I am about to refer—Fritz Thaulow. Not that his work needs explaining; it asserts itself too clearly and too frankly to render any such thing necessary. But what I have said may perhaps be of assistance in enabling one to gain a more intimate appreciation of his personality.

Fritz Thaulow is the painter of the Stream, the Snow and the Night. From out the infinite, the innumerable aspects of Nature's garden, he has chosen these; and these, it may be supposed, have caused him the keenest emotion. Most of all their mystery must have attracted him, and their various manifestations must be in direct communion with his feelings and his nerves. Irresistible fancies there are which sway us and bear us along as by magic. All true artists have felt their influence. Slaves at first, they have at last conquered their masters, and turned them to practical service. They have become possessed of Nature's secrets, one by one; and in their revelation of these secrets we learn to know the artists themselves.

The ignorant public often reproaches an artist with his fondness for certain effects, certain aspects of Nature which he delights in reproducing; and this is simply because the great majority of people are incapable of realising what an amount of effort, what

patient study, are demanded of a painter before he can succeed in grasping—however inadequately—the secret of these effects, these special phases of his art. What have the greatest masters of all time done but spend their lives in repeating the same picture, or rather in looking at Truth ever from the same angle? One should ponder long over an artist's work before passing judgment upon it. Thaulow's, for instance, which to the superficial observer may seem monotonous, is, on the contrary, bubbling over with rich and abundant variety. Through the medium of the three subjects he particularly affects—the running water, the snow, and the night scene—he has expressed the most delicate and lovely things. It is like the expansion of a musical theme, an opening phrase which develops and expands until it finally swells into the richest "concourse of sweet sounds."

Thaulow has no superior in rendering the real



"RIVIÈRE EN NORMANDIE"

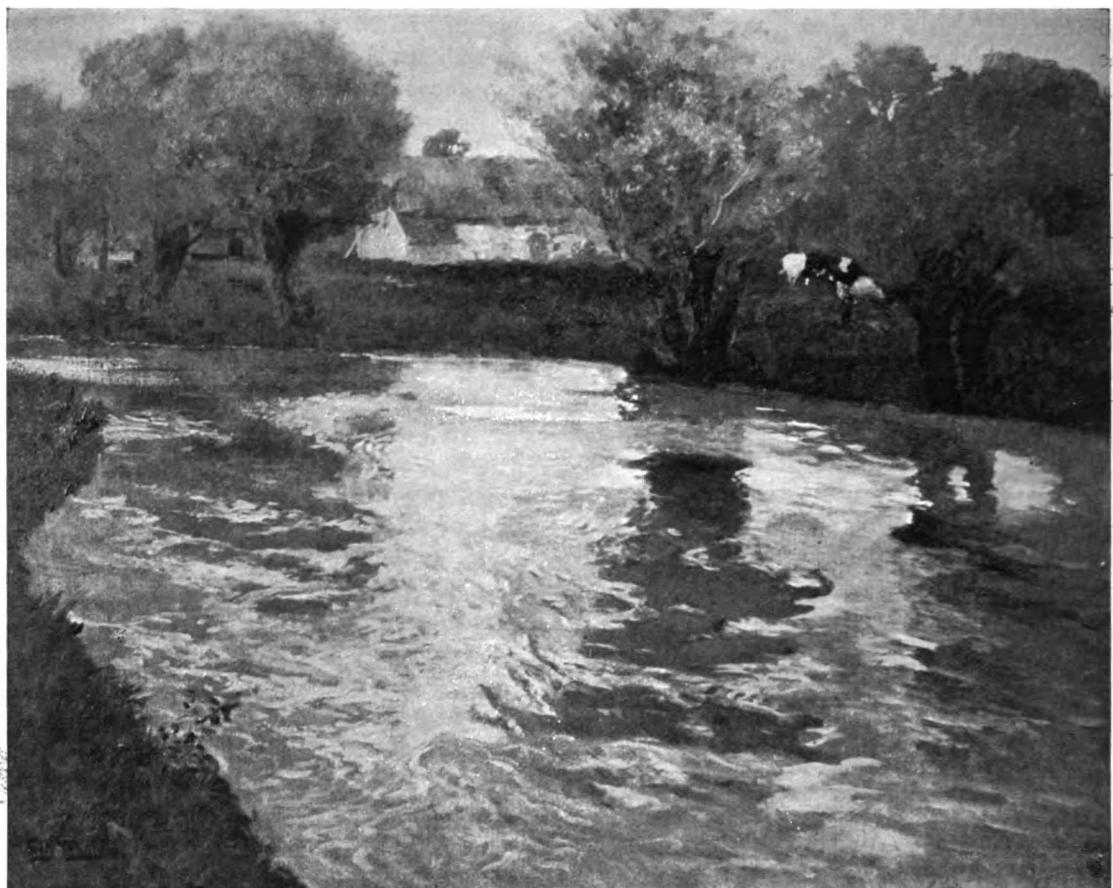
FROM A PASTEL BY FRITZ THAULOW

Fritz Thaulow

charm, the fascination, of the little streams and watercourses gliding through the smiling meadows, reflecting the infinite sky in their crystal surface ; none has realised more completely than he the delicate poetry that lies in the waters, as they bear their fertile freshness through the land, now rippling along, as though in haste, now lying placid and still as a mirror. At times, as in *Les Saules*, for example, a little of the sky is seen, with a

subject, the principal *motif* of the picture. Delicate blues and pinks, and transparent greens—all the delightful harmony of reflected colours—are there, making music and casting radiance around.

Elsewhere we see the cold gloom of the snow banked up beside the watercourse in shapeless masses. The sky is whitish, the dull white of snow-time, when the bare branches stand out so blackly ; and the water is white too, or rather grey, with here



"LES SAULES"

FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

glimpse of one of the thatched, white-walled farms of Normandy, through the trees ; but all the splendour of the light lies in the transparent water, which illuminates the landscape with its reflections.

In *Le Village Bleu*, on the other hand, the river banks are flanked by houses, the foundations of their ancient, shaky walls separated from the stream only by a little stretch of grass. A sky of extraordinary clearness stretches away above them, behind the trees of the neighbouring hillside ; but it is the flowing water once more which is the real

and there patches of light, and rosy reflections of the red-brick houses hard by—giving a sort of melancholy gaiety, amid all the gloom around, and looking as though seen through a breath-dimmed window-pane on a winter's day.

The snow—which Thaulow understands and loves—has inspired some of his finest work. In certain of his smaller canvases, where he has only attempted to reproduce some particular little bit of nature, he has contrived to express all the grand and sorrowful features of the frozen season.



"PORT DE DIEPPE." FROM
A DRAWING BY FRITZ
THAULOW

Fritz Thaulow

A silence as of death rises from these snowy landscapes towards the heavens where all light seems for ever banished, for should a stray beam pierce the denseness of the clouds, and flicker feebly to the earth, it is so weak, so sickly pale, and lingers so sadly on the livid snow, that one feels as though the sun were dead—dead for ever, with no chance of resurrection ; and one has no hope more that the trees will blossom once again, no hope more of light or springtide or life itself !

But I am straying into rhapsody ! Instead of the technical phrases needed to describe this great artist's manner, I can find nothing but fanciful and poetical figures to employ, for they spring unsummoned from my pen. Powerful, indeed, this art must be, fully charged with Nature and Truth, to arouse feelings like these. Was I wrong in quoting from Delacroix, as I did just now? "In presence of Nature herself, 'tis imagination makes the picture."

And the truth of this seems clearer than ever to me when I think of Thaulow's night scenes. In a greater degree here, perhaps, than anywhere else he appears as a matchless poet. It is not possible to

go further than he has gone in intensity of truth and poetic feeling, and there is probably no painter alive to-day who has realised these moonlight nights, with their fluid limpidity and their soft splendour, better than he. There is no resisting their charm. The painter disappears, and in his place we simply see the artist's soul, which has penetrated so deeply into the mystery of things that it can re-create them, so to speak, in all their ineffable beauty.

The artist has little concern for this or that technical process. His subject absorbs him too much for that, and the emotions he feels—for feel them he must if he would have us share them—are too great to permit him to think of matters of secondary consideration. For, after all, they are but of minor importance, these technical details to which nowadays many artists attach so much weight. The question of processes seems insignificant enough before the splendour of the blazing sun, the sparkling waters, the spreading foliage, with Life itself quivering and palpitating before our eyes ! Enough to do to grasp the scene, by whatever means be at hand, and with-



"ORAGE"

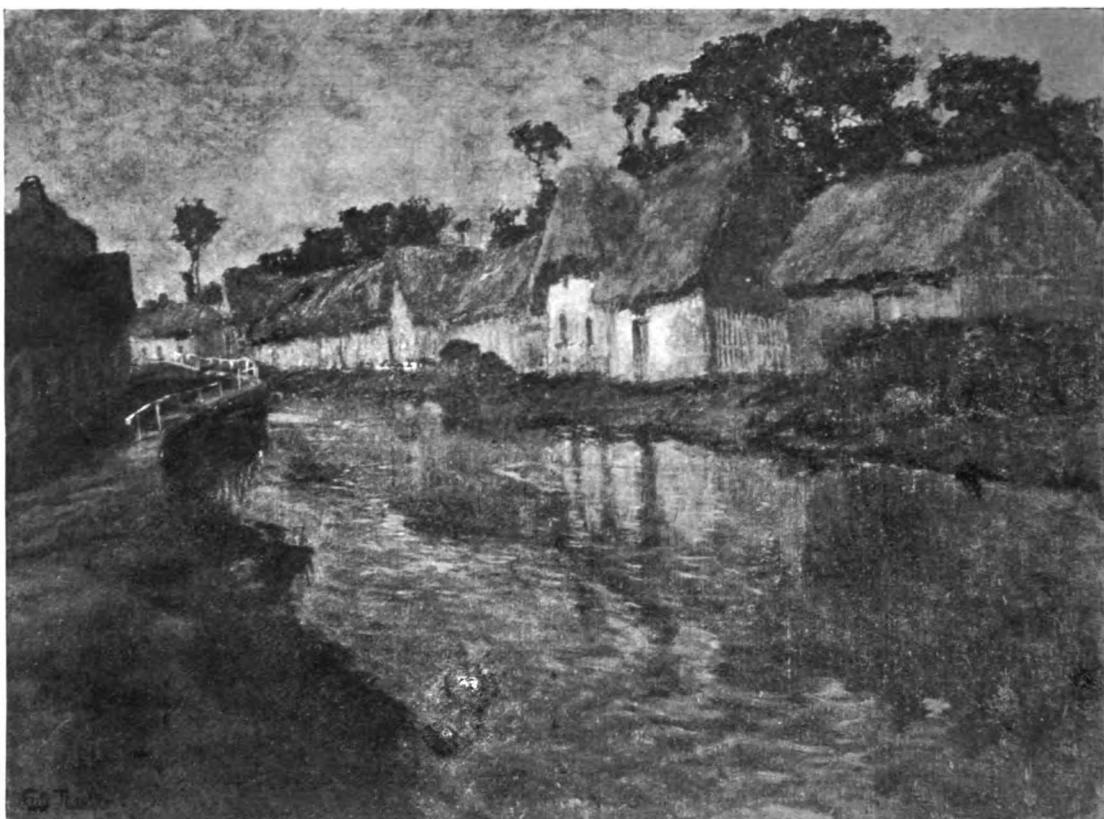
FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

Fritz Thaulow

out fettering oneself by all sorts of restrictions. One feels grateful to an artist who can shake off all these shackles, for it is a clear proof that he looks on all concerning art from a lofty standpoint; and so it must be regarded if strong and lasting work is to be the result.

Dealing as I am with a landscapist, I have not attempted—for reasons which will no doubt be appreciated—to give minute descriptions of his works in detail; for the title of a picture, here

ful. These qualities of softness and strength rarely go together nowadays; for delicacy speedily lapses into flabbiness, power into coarseness, and refinement into trickery. Thaulow's work affords a rare example of perfect balance. His brush has a touch of extraordinary delicacy, allied with a truly masculine force. It must not be imagined from what I have already said that he bestows an exaggerated care upon detail, upon the superfluous realisation of minute trifles. On the contrary, he wields his



"LE VILLAGE BLEU"

FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

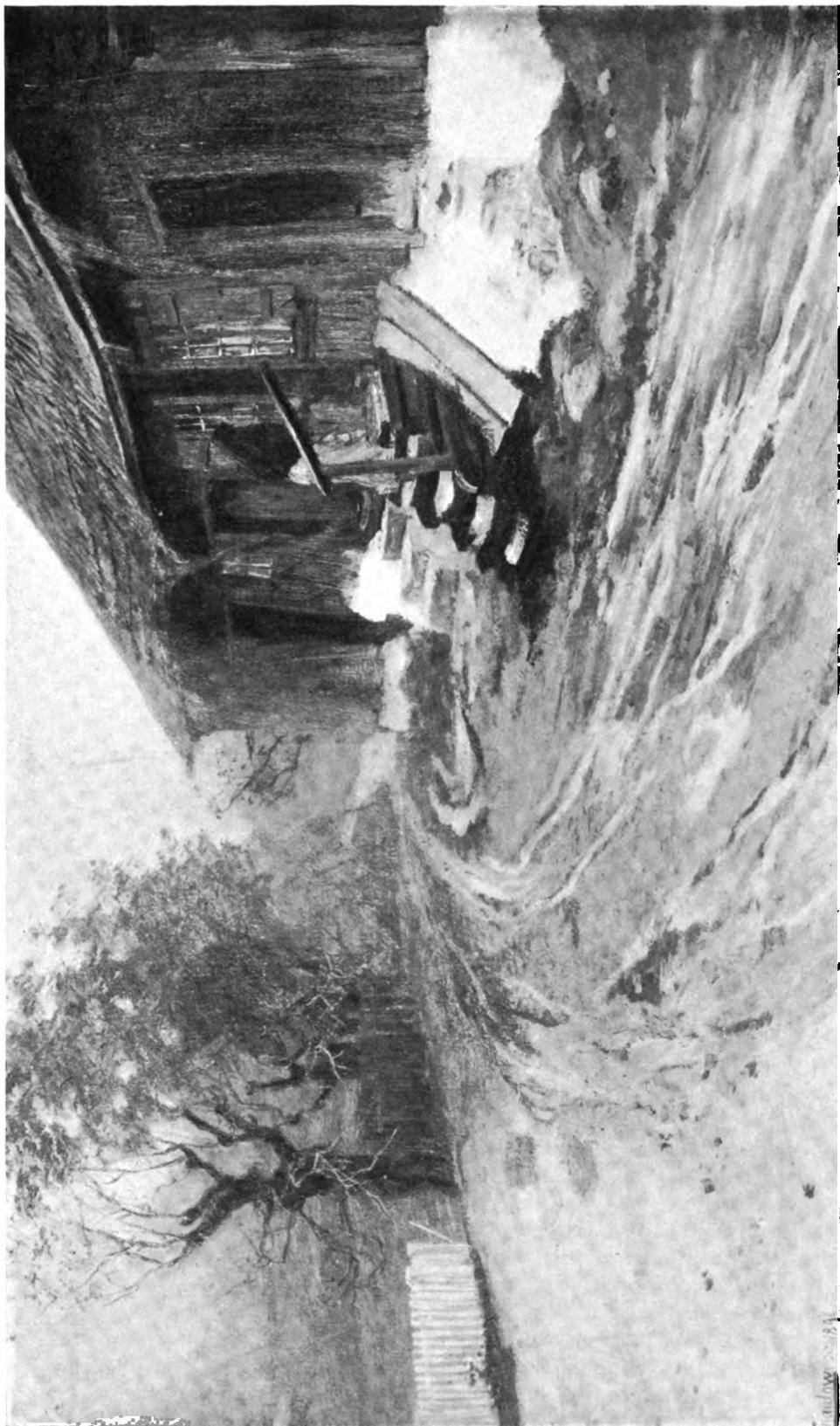
more than in any other branch of art, means absolutely nothing, and tells one nothing. Work such as this must be estimated by its colouring, by the fidelity of its effects, by its accuracy of expression, and particularly by the degree of emotion it produces. Thaulow's productions are very numerous. He has worked with indefatigable ardour, and with the utmost sincerity of purpose; and I know of nothing which has proceeded from his hand that does not bear the stamp of the most conscientious searching after truth, and does not contain something of his individuality.

Thaulow is an artist at once delicate and force-

brush in the broadest, freest manner, and never fails to produce a beautiful and noble harmony of effects—as witness his *Village Bleu*, his *Nocturnes*, his *Rivière d'Arques*, his moonlight scenes at Montreuil, at Dieppe and in Norway, or his *Pluie d'Octobre en Norvège*, his *Orage*, or his *La Vieille Fabrique* in the Luxembourg collection.

Thaulow has won the high position he holds among the landscapists of our day by reason of his great gifts as painter and artist—I purposely draw a distinction between the art worker and the interpreter of Nature—and also by his particularly generous and sensitive temperament. His good

"PLUIE D'OCTOBRE EN NORVÈGE."
FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW



Fritz Thaulow



"TEMPÈTE DE NEIGE EN NORWÈGE"

FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

fortune is well deserved, and those who know him both as artist and as man are rejoiced at his success.

The man himself, quite apart from his work, is a curious and an interesting study, and I cannot resist the inclination to make a brief sketch of him.

Of imposing height, he has all the typical appearance of the men of the North, and suggests the mild but terrible Vikings, of whose victorious exploits the Sagas tell. And with this are combined a light and fanciful spirit and an equable temper full of charm, revealing themselves in the hearty jovial laugh, the sunny schoolboy gaiety. In every way Thaulow is the most "sympathetic" of men. To understand his nature thoroughly one must see him at Dieppe, in his Villa des Orchidées, where he has lived for some years, in the midst of his family. His life is one of joyous wholesome work, relieved by long bicycle rides. It is good, too, to listen to him, as he tells the story of his career and its ups-and-downs; for his success has not been attained without its attendant sorrows and disappointments.

He was born at Christiania. His father was a distinguished chemist, and his grandfather a painter.

Immediately after leaving school he entered the Academy at Copenhagen, but his drawing was so bad that he was sent back very soon. He had shown some promise as a colourist, but his draughtsmanship was shocking!

At twenty-seven years of age he left Copenhagen and took up his abode at Carlsruhe, where for two years he studied under the well-known painter Gude, who is now a professor in the Berlin Academy. But he was not a flattering pupil. His work was refused all round, and he himself was regarded as a sickly revolutionary. His parents were greatly grieved at his want of success, and he returned to Norway to console them.

About that time a revolt was in progress against the pretty, conventional art of the day, the sham German idealism and antiquated traditions of the Düsseldorf school. They were only three or four young men, longing for freshness in their art, and they brought about the revolution. It didn't take long. They made it their business to force upon the public just that which the great majority regarded as hideous, and ugly, and unworthy of the artist's brush. The campaign was fierce. The revolutionaries simply violated the public taste. Educated on anecdotal pictures, nicely painted and

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composed, very neat and very pretty, the public found themselves suddenly transported into the depths of naturalism. "There was," says Thaulow, "something at once comical and grand about the matter. We were looked upon as madmen, and every sort of insult was heaped upon us. While to-day—and this is the funniest part of it all—we are the "official" painters, and Norway counts us among those who do her honour. Funny, isn't it, to think that now it is the Symbolists and the Idealists who are carrying on the revolutionary movement; while we, whom they are striving to crush—Werenskiold, Muntha, jun., Krohg, Heyerdahl, and myself—are now considered quite *vieux ieu*?"

Thaulow came to Paris in 1880, and received no very cordial welcome. He was rejected for the Salon, but, in no way discouraged, made repeated attempts until at last his work was hung—so badly that no one could see it! With resignation he bides his time and prepares a *coup* for the exhibition of 1889, to which he sends some of his snow scenes. They are an immense success. One is bought for the Luxembourg, and the artist is decorated with the Legion of Honour. "After that," says Thaulow, "I never look back. Fortune had smiled on me at last."

In 1892 Thaulow, with his wife and children, went to London, his object being to study the River Thames; but "there were too many Englishmen in London" for his taste. So, fond as he is of your countrymen, he resolves to escape to Italy, where he would find too many Italians! He starts off to buy his coupons for the South; but at the tourist office they advise him to take his tickets in Paris, and without worrying himself any more about the matter, back to Paris he goes!

He never reached Italy after all, for on the way back they got out at a village called Camières, in the Pas-de-Calais—a little place with red roofs and white houses and beautiful trees, and a stream running under the willows. They resolved to rest there for an hour or two—and ended by staying two years!

But he still yearned for Italy, the fatherland of masterpieces, and at last, only a month or two ago, he went, and is back again. Is he back for good? Who

knows? He is capable of spending the rest of his life there.

Thaulow is a happy man, with only one grievance—his effects of running water have been successful, and now his admirers will have nothing else. The same with his snows and his night scenes. He wants to do something different; and the thought that when this "something else" shall have been produced, other subjects must be found, makes him rather uneasy.

"What will you do then, my dear Thaulow?" "I hardly know," he replies with comic gravity; "je ferai des chevaux blancs!"

Such is the man and the artist whom we know as Fritz Thaulow.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

THE REVIVAL OF ENGLISH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. VI. THE WORK OF MR. C. F. A. VOYSEY.

THE former chapters on the revival of English domestic architecture have been devoted to the work of men long since recognised as masters, and have embraced palaces and mansions as well as houses for people of moderate incomes. But the work of Mr. C. F. A. Voysey to be considered here belongs to quite another order. For it is no exaggeration to say that some of the entirely delightful houses he has called into being would compare favourably in cost with the miserable shams of the jerry-builder. To beat the vulgar and badly constructed dwelling—on economic as



HOUSE AT FRENSHAM

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

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HOUSE AT CASTLE MORTON, WORCESTERSHIRE

(From a photograph by H. J. L. Massé)

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

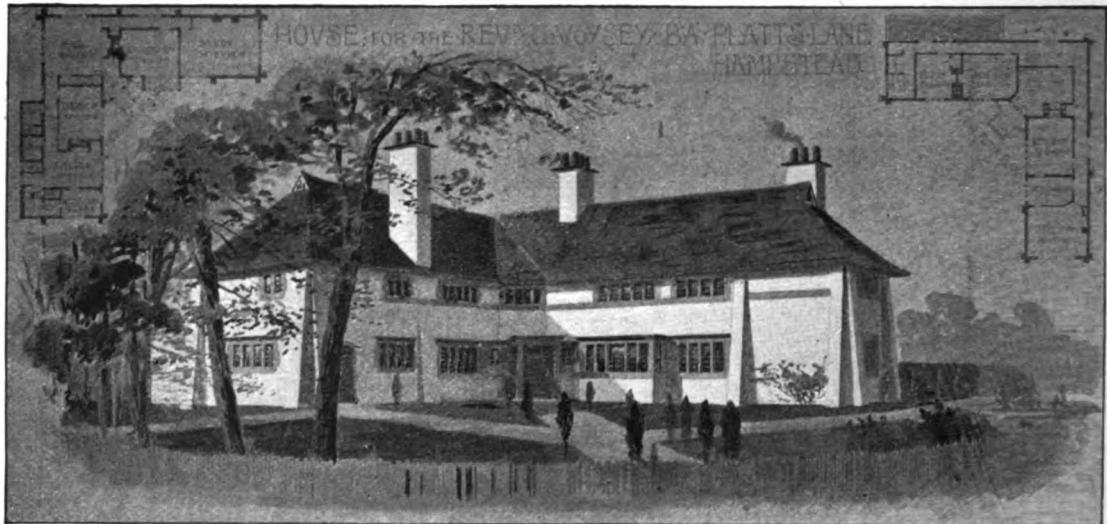
well as artistic grounds—is a notable achievement. But that Mr. Voysey has done it more than once remains as abiding evidence that art may not only be obedient to the demands of common sense, but that it is able to use worthy materials honestly, and give you a lasting structure as cheaply as the most scamping rival could produce it. This is doubtless due to the fact that Mr. Voysey in such a building almost entirely ignores ornament, especially of the sort that is applied so lavishly to distract attention from faulty workmanship and unsound material.

It is often the plaint of poor but artistic house-builders, that lack of money obliges them to forego beautiful things. This is a fallacy of the worst order. For it implies that beauty is a thing of decoration and non-essentials. In theory we all agree to protest against such a distorted view of beauty; but in practice, especially in architectural practice, the presence of so much superfluous, if not, possibly, bad ornament, can be attributed to no other cause. But because Mr. Voysey in almost every case hitherto, has abjured carvings, stained glass, tiles, and the ordinary items of applied decoration, it would be absurd to argue therefrom his dislike or contempt. Should he ever accept a commission to

build a palace for a millionaire (and one may be sure he would not unless he had full liberty to discard the commonplace decorations of the hour) then we have no reason to suppose it would be unadorned. On the contrary, while we should find exquisite proportion and harmonious arrangement of masses his first aims, there is little doubt but that he would employ fellow craftsmen to enrich certain portions as superbly as they knew how. One sees in his furniture no reliance on mouldings or machine carvings, ormolu mountings, or other "stuck on" decorations; but all the same in hinges, escutcheons, and other portions where ornament can be used wisely, he does not shun it, but rather welcomes and amplifies it so that these few portions impart the effect of sumptuous adornment to the whole of a structure that else relies solely on good material, shaped to fine proportion.

In another context he has explained his theory of the decoration of the house. If you have really beautiful furniture, and only fine pictures, and such pieces of bric-à-brac as are entitled to be called works of art, then he counsels exquisite reticence in internal decoration. But if you must needs use unlovely ornate furniture, and fabrics

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HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

with patterns, then he would have you unafraid to welcome pattern everywhere; so that in its very abundance you may escape the contours of badly shaped furniture sharply defined against a plain wall, or some one dominant pattern thrusting itself on you without any rivals to modify its insistent claim to be noticed.

That Mr. Voysey is fond of green painted wood-work, or of green-coloured furniture, one has heard urged against him. This is as ignoble a reason for urging against a craftsman's schemes as the ordinary slang of the "art-at-home" columns of weekly papers. There, we read lately, "green furniture is coming in again," as if it were a mode in hair-dressing, or a fabric for spring costumes. If with experience of its utility, and with full belief in

its economy, you find a certain treatment for wood-work, structural or movable, better adapted than others, why for the sake of variety should you use less admirable methods?

Painting in simple, pleasant colours has found its opponents at certain times. Yet the common stained deal of the mission-room Gothic, or the small vicarage, is no more honest. It is more indiscreet, but indiscretion is not necessarily truth. Mr. Voysey's doctrine of honesty is not founded on quibbles of this sort. Paint will not hide bad material, and cover up clumsy workmanship from the eye of an expert. But well applied it can give a far more pleasant surface than is likely to be obtained from cheap wood, smeared with a sticky-looking varnish.

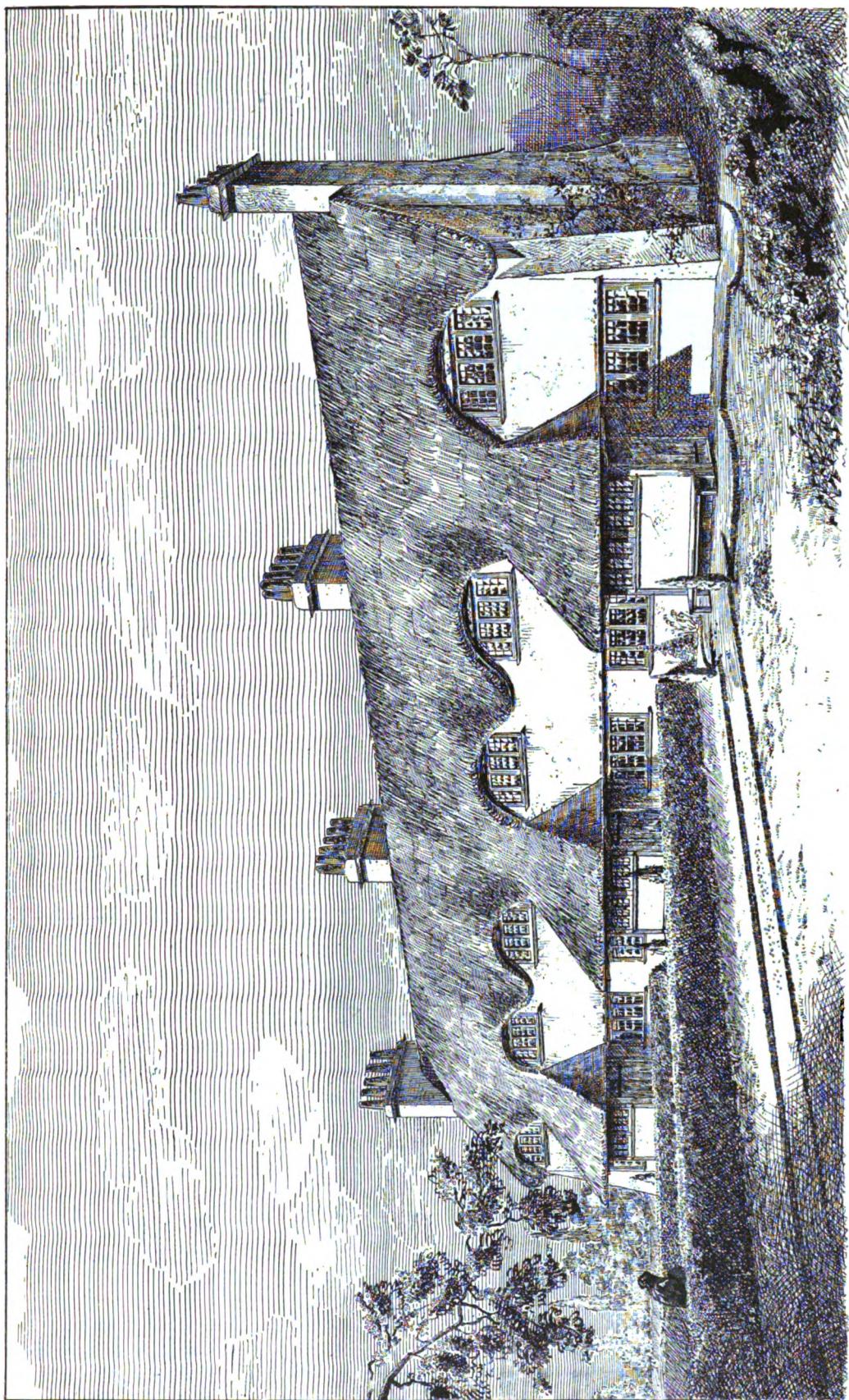
There is such a thing as sham honesty, an affectation of being superior to one's fellows in exact truth of statement, which is not far removed from hypocrisy, although it aims to be at the very opposite extreme. As, for example, in woodwork of the Early Victorian Gothic revival, where every mortice showed its keyed tenon, and buttresses, whether needed or not by the construction, were a favourite motive of applied decoration—to buildings as well as furniture.

In Mr. Voysey's designs for small houses buttresses frequently occur, but these are not used



FIREPLACE IN THE HOUSE AT FRENTHAM C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

SIX·COTTAGES·AT·ELMESTHORPE·NEAR·LEICESTER·FOR·THE·EARL·OF·LOVELACE·C·F·A·VOYSEY·ARCH.



Revival of English Domestic Architecture

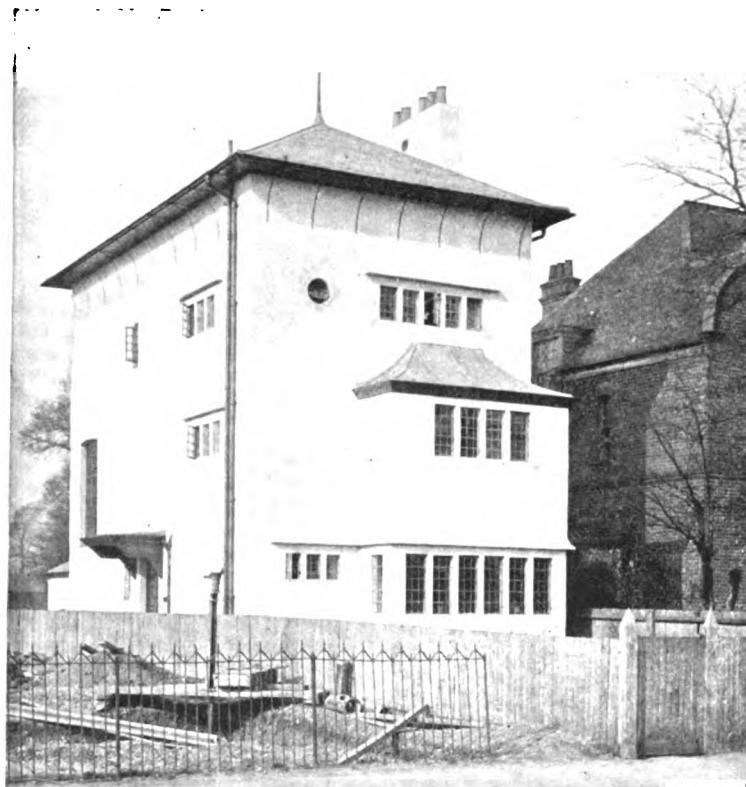
because mediæval builders employed them, still less are they added to walls already strong enough to impart a "quaint" or "picturesque" effect. Mr. Voysey employs these buttresses to save the cost of thicker walls for the lower story of his buildings. That they chance to afford pleasant-looking shelters for a garden seat, and break up the wall-surface happily, giving the *façade* a certain architectural pattern of shadows he realises, and is, beyond doubt, delighted by the picturesque qualities which happen to result from their use. Although the fact is patent enough from study of the architect's works, it may be as well to re-state it—Mr. Voysey would no more dream of adding a superfluous buttress than he would add an unnecessary panel of cheap ornament. If, after knowledge of his designs, you still believe he is purposely eccentric, or deliberately strains after unusual effects, it does but prove how hard it is for any sincere worker to express himself that all who run may read clearly, and that those not sympathetic can realise his intentions.

Unless one approaches Mr. Voysey's designs for houses with some appreciation of his intention,

there is danger in confusing his essential principles with those which chance to be also æsthetic. No one who sketches from Nature will deny that a Voysey cottage is a far more seemly building for the foreground of a fine landscape than is the average suburban villa with "high art," as commerce understands it, proclaimed boldly in every detail. Given a few creeping plants, and some time-stains—that last painting which nature slowly but gratuitously adds to every picture, and the houses he has built fall into the scheme of an English landscape as harmoniously as do the thatched cottages of a past century. That this quality of accord with nature is rare in modern architecture needs no examples adduced for proof. A view from any railway-carriage window will discover a thousand discordant objects of the country. Without quoting any instances in our own land, who can forget the perky little French villas which do so much to vulgarise the exquisite apple-orchards of Normandy in the spring, when after a mile of pure Corot, or Harpignies, the eye is arrested by a little toy "maisonette," which in its trim angularity strikes a discordant note at once, as if you perched the latest thing in Paris hats on one of the seated Graces of the Parthenon.

Were the good qualities of Mr. Voysey's building all told in this statement, and their one claim to artistic approval rested on their relation to the landscape around, enough would be proved to warrant his claim to a very honourable place among modern architects. For of only a very few could as much be said truly—and one doubts where in any other case such economy of money or material could also be claimed for the same works.

But there is another side—and a very important one it is. If you study the plans of his small houses, you will be amazed to find how liberal is the space compared with the cost of the building. You will also discover that he believes in the importance of one or two large rooms—large, that is to say, in pro-



AN ARTIST'S COTTAGE AT BEDFORD PARK

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

Revival of English Domestic Architecture



HOUSE AT SWANAGE

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

portion to the dimensions of the whole building—instead of a lot of little rooms and narrow, unnecessary passages.

Readers of *THE STUDIO* will possibly remember a plan and elevation for an artist's cottage (Vol. IV. p. 34), where in a building estimated to cost between £700 and £800 there was a living-room 28 ft. by 14 ft. This of course was in place of two so-called drawing and dining-rooms, 14 ft. by 14 ft., which the average little villa would offer you; but although there was no other "reception-room," a passage at the back was widened, and by the addition of a bay window figured as a smoking-room, or picture-gallery, some 20 ft. long, by 9 ft. wide in the bay and 6 ft. at either end. In short, the house was planned for people who prefer the easy, if unconventional ménage, to the discomfort of the dull, orthodox routine. In place of a stuffy little parlour, and an equally stuffy little feeding apartment, you had one spacious room and one handy lounge, available when domestic economy required the other to be given up to "laying the cloth" or other household duties.

It is perhaps this tendency of real economy designed to provide for actual comfort in place of imaginary luxury which repels certain people from Mr. Voysey's work. In the last "Arts and Crafts" a roofed bedroom chair was the object of much zealous detraction. As it chanced, the present writer when writing about this particular item was undergoing the ordinary discomfort of a common cold, and sitting at his work beneath a studio sky-light; consequently he thought of the chair with personal recognition of its draught-screening powers, and wished he had been lucky enough to own it. He

did not think of it as one of eight or ten—all hooded—around a dining-room table, because it was clearly intended for an invalid's use. Yet to hear certain comments upon it, one would have supposed that it was Mr. Voysey's idea of a work-a-day chair, subject to many changes of place. So the cottages he plans for ample sites, with side as well as front lighting, must not be criticised as his idea of a small house in a London street. You have but to study certain houses in Hans Place, S.W., to see that the architect is quite as able to grapple with the artificial conditions of crowded life in a neighbourhood where ground is costly, as with a cottage site where land is cheap. Nor if your habit of living necessitates formal hospitality would he give you a living-room and a lounge in place of the conventional reception-rooms of a town mansion. His simplicity of detail may be governed by pecuniary economy in one case; but as you remember the Hans Place houses, you will not find more liberal expenditure lavished upon the ornamental fittings of the builder's catalogue. In England, where domestic life gathers to itself so many purely ornamental objects—pictures, porcelain, and the rest—the rooms themselves cannot fitly receive the same richness of treatment that in a continental salon, with its sparse furniture, seems so eminently right. Here the two styles are not pitted against each other, for both are legitimate provision for the actual needs of the occupant. But recognising the fondness of an English householder for all sorts of extraneous objects of art and vertu, it is well not to make the rooms so completely self-sufficient that every added item helps to mar their original effect.

How well Mr. Voysey has realised golden silence

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THE GARDEN FRONT, WALNUT TREE FARM

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

and silver speech his designs will show. For if silence is the most precious, yet speech is not despicable. Indeed, many of us are bi-metallists in this sense. One form of speech is unluckily prohibited in writing of contemporaries, and that is a description of the personality of the artist. It is true that by his works ye shall know him ; yet if a hint of their author's real self could be conveyed at the same time, how much fuller and quicker would they be comprehended. Good taste forbids even the hint, and a dozen anecdotes, a score of sayings uttered unguardedly in private conversation must not be repeated here. But without breaking into the privacy of his life in any way, it is only bare justice to record the fact that Mr. Voysey's simplicity of manner, his aim to use honest materials in a straightforward way, his occasional touches of humour, such as appear even in his most important works—all these are the open expression of the man as well as of the architect. Some natures are dual, and with no conscious hypocrisy a man holds quite different creeds for his professional duties and his personal habits. We have known people austere and ascetic, who were prodigals and incontinent in their art, also people who preferred rigid simplicity for their own surroundings, and yet delighted in making those of other people gorgeous, if not absolutely vulgar ; others with a professed hatred of shams, who were so

bewildered by some ingenious expedient to gain a splendid effect by means of imitative substitutes for the more costly material, that all their theories were forgotten. But search through Mr. Voysey's work as you may, you will find no attempt to produce any effect by imitative means. One other thing may be put on record—namely, his habit of referring directly to Nature for inspiration, and his indifference to precedent ; not in any contemptuous attitude of superiority, but in a real feeling of humility which believes Nature to be the source of all, and so prefers to seek the fountain-head direct. One may misunderstand his rigid suppression of ornament so-called, his avoidance of carving and stained glass, and the pretty trifles which the builder of the modern house delights in. Yet to comprehend his attitude towards the orthodox enrichments of the house it is well to remember that when pattern is required for textiles, papers, or what not, the same artist who is unflinching in repressing it when he believes it will be superfluous, revels in the beauty of intricate line and complex colour when the occasion justifies it. We have, as I said before, many examples of Mr. Voysey's economic work, yet we may be sure that if a palace came from his hands it would be distinguished by the larger beauty which makes a Greek temple memorable rather than by the petty ornamentation that has

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delighted many excellent people in bygone ages no less than to-day.

The record of his work is not very long, yet it is too lengthy to be described adequately here. For descriptions in detail of buildings conceived more or less in the same spirit would be wearisome and singularly unconvincing. It would serve little purpose to give a complete list of Mr. Voysey's schemes in progress, or already carried out. The selection here illustrated will serve to represent the chief features of his work.

The studio for W. E. F. Britten, Esq., St. Dunstan's Road, West Kensington (p. 24), occupies a unique position for a town house, as it is in the angle of an L-shaped street, and isolated from its neighbours. With its severe outline and pleasantly painted woodwork it arrests your attention and proclaims its author at a glance. Indeed, when you come across it by accident in the very ordinary street, it is almost startling to realise how wide a gulf separates its design from the average town studio. But the site permitted the building, and the architect took full advantage of the unusual conditions.

The two houses *14 and 16 Hans Road, Chelsea*, do not amaze you by sheer novelty as Mr. Britten's studio surprises. Yet as you study their simple but dignified façade, once again you recognise Mr. Voysey's handling as surely as if his name were written legibly across it. Even in the small scale on which they are shown here, the exquisite sense of proportion, and the reticent use of even purely architectural features, impress you with a sense of sufficiency. They look what they are, solid, comfortable dwellings, that preserve a distinction all their own, even

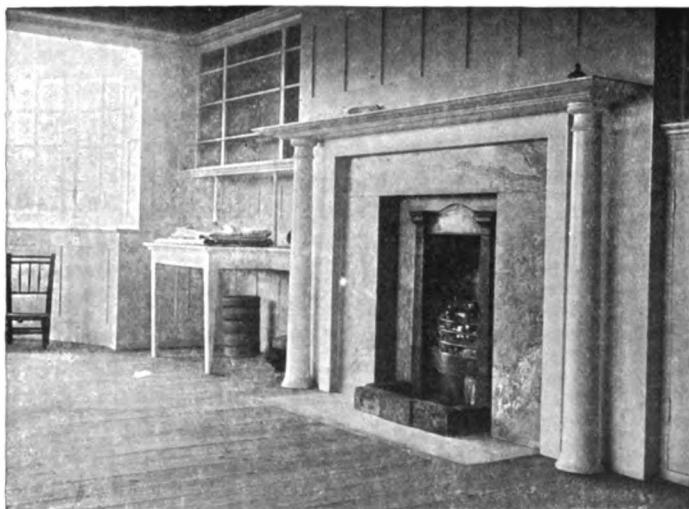


HOUSES IN HANS ROAD, CHELSEA

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

in a neighbourhood where satisfactory houses are not uncommon. It is rare to find personality revealed by simplicity; as a rule it is the flourishes or the eccentricity of the letters which betray handwriting. Here Mr. Voysey has no superfluous stroke, no affected detail, and yet his individuality stands clearly revealed.

It is possible that *Walnut-Tree Farm, Castle Morton, Worcestershire*, as it appears in one illustration here, would, not at once betray its author; but in the second from another point of view there would be little reason for doubt. But the garden front is entirely typical. The four gables breaking the long tiled roof, the buttress to the lower storey, the simple yet novel treatment of the porch, and



FIREPLACE IN HOUSE AT FRENSHAM

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

Revival of English Domestic Architecture



HOUSE AND STUDIO IN ST. DUNSTAN'S ROAD, WEST KENSINGTON

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

the placing of the chimney-stacks are entirely characteristic of their author. It is a home worthy its pastoral name ; a building which seems in every way suggestive of the clean, luxurious domesticity of an English homestead ; so that as you study it in various photographs and plans you are conscious of a yearning for all the leisurely comforts a visit to such a house implies.

The *Six Cottages, Elmesthorpe*, for the Earl of Lovelace, are particularly picturesque, and they are moreover, extremely commodious and compact. The porches coupled in pairs, with the great eaves of thatch brought over them, help to give a sense of shelter that suggests a hen covering her chickens. The bench outside each porch is the only addition to the bare necessities of a house, and yet this simple and inexpensive item betrays sympathy with the inmates — a reward of rest after honest labour. In touches of this sort Mr. Voysey betrays plainly the accord with humanity which softens the apparent austerity of his work. His "extras" do not take the form of ornament,

not even of a decorated inscription setting forth the glory of the architect ; but when they are apparent, they are invariably planned to yield some little pleasure to the occupants.

In a *House at Frensham* (p. 16) for E. J. Horniman, Esq., we have a very typical "Voysey" building. The proportions of the roof, the angle buttresses, the window which breaks into the eaves, the casements, each slightly unlike the other, and especially the curious dormer which appears below the chimney-stack, are distinctly characteristic of Mr. Voysey's manner, comely and pleasant. The interior views show the same rigid distrust of ornament. Yet the homely looking, wide fireplace, no less than the more conventional mantelpiece in another room, reveal beauty gained by harmony in the balance of structural parts. In the pillars to the latter mantelpiece Mr. Voysey abjures bases for his columns, as he did in another design at the last Arts and Crafts. Whether this innovation is quite justified need not be discussed here, but from long associations there can be little doubt that the absence of a plinth

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seems a defect. Yet in Egyptian and in Doric architecture this is not felt ; but so far as memory serves, the columns in both styles never started from the actual ground level, but from a low wall which is but a plinth of another sort. If only space permitted, it would be interesting to illustrate each façade of this house, which is built in brickwork, cement rough-cast, and limewashed, roofed with Westmoreland green slates, with lead pipes and ridges. The ideal of a modest country-house is surely realised here. It is not "a cottage with a double coach-house, a cottage of gentility," Coleridge's delightfully apt instance of the devil's darling sin, "the pride that apes humility," but a real cottage that has no pretension and is yet comely enough and commodious enough to be the shooting-box of an emperor.

Perry-Croft, a house at Colwall, Malvern, is a larger building with the L-shaped plan that its author evidently finds peculiarly adapted for domestic requirements. In one arm of the L are the kitchen, scullery, and offices, while the other is devoted to the reception-rooms and bedrooms. As you notice its projecting eaves, its wide windows close beneath, and its massively simple chimney-stacks, it reveals Mr. Voysey's hand, and from the garden, as the two sides are seen, the buttresses which he has made are so peculiarly his own as to dismiss any shadow of suspicion concerning its author.

Perhaps the best known of all this architect's work is *An Artist's Cottage* at Bedford Park, a white house in the very centre of the red-brick revival, a "cottage" of three storeys, that contains a studio 31 ft. by 17 ft., and a parlour 17 ft. 6 in. by 14 ft., with three bedrooms and the usual offices. The contract price for this was £494 10s., a price that takes one's breath away, and tempts one to believe that if the site were obtained it would be economic as well as delightful to quit one's present tenancy, and employ Mr. Voysey to design another for one's own needs. It is amusing to read that it was found necessary, in order to prevent the builder from displaying the usual "ovolo mouldings," "stop chamfers," fillets, and the like, to prepare eighteen sheets of contract drawings to show where his beloved ornamentation *was to be omitted*. This topsy-turvy proceeding is delightfully suggestive of the entirely mechanical adornment in general use which is so thoroughly a part of the routine that great pains have to be taken to prevent the workmen from unconscious "decoration," according to their wonted habit.

There is no doubt that red brick, beautiful as it is

in the hands of competent designers, can be vulgarised more easily than simple rough-cast lime-washed. But the value of Mr. Voysey's art is not in the use of any material, or on any mannerism, but in his evident effort to seek first the utilitarian qualities of strength and fitness, and to obtain beauty by common honesty. This separates it at once from the spurious honesty which ultra-Gothic designers made ridiculous ; or from an affectation of clumsy simplicity which defeats its purpose. In these houses illustrated you can discover that it is neither Gothic nor Classic architecture which Mr. Voysey practises, but house-building pure and simple. The habit of making pretty pictures, to be carried out in all available materials, regardless of cost and, often enough, of good taste also, has not attracted him, as it failed to attract the other men of his profession who have regained a lost position for English domestic architecture.

In others not illustrated here, including a design for a more ambitious work than any of these, a house for the Earl of Lovelace at Ockham Park, and those drawings which were shown at last year's Academy, the moral to be drawn is—like most truths—somewhat monotonous. But enough has been said to prove that Mr. Voysey is not a mere dreamer, but a practical and experienced architect, who will give you first a sanitary, substantial, and comfortable house, and in doing so—with no extra cost, but often with a most unusual economy—manage to make it a really artistic building at the same time. So rare a combination of fact and fancy deserves reiteration. Hitherto we had imagined that beautiful things—whether Morris cretonnes or Kelmscott Press books—or a hundred less familiar examples, were only to be enjoyed by people of very ample incomes. Mr. Voysey does not quote as his motto, "Economy at any price," but all the same he gives it you, without sacrificing comeliness and stateliness in so doing. For there is a stateliness of a sort in absence of decoration—as a well-known anecdote of an American foreign minister goes to prove. It is not the only way—in certain circumstances it may not even be the best way—but it is a very good plan to take it as a working rule, that all mere ornament is to be viewed with suspicion, and that if even Owen Jones' advice "decorate your construction, do not construct your decoration" holds a still greater truth—that given the right artist, the construction may be in itself sufficiently beautiful to require no added adornment. Seek first construction, and whether the rest be added unto it or not, the result will be not often unsatisfactory.

"G."

South Holland as a Sketching Ground



NEAR SCHEVENINGEN

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

SOOTH HOLLAND AS A SKETCHING GROUND. BY GEORGE HORTON.

WITH the advent of each succeeding summer and autumn, the same problem presents itself to the diligent artist, namely, what direction to take in search of fresh fields to conquer, or to be conquered by.

In this age of amateur missionary enterprise, when almost every one desires to persuade almost every one else to his own special and particular views, the aforesaid diligent artist is apt to become somewhat bewildered by manifold and conflicting counsels, and in despair he will probably pack up his traps and make a start for some region of which he knows little or nothing, only to find on arrival that the spot selected at random is anything but a bower of bliss, that his temporary lodging offers the minimum of comfort with the maximum of cost, that the commissariat department is bad beyond the dreams of badness, and that the object of his journey is in no way attainable.

With a view to assisting a visitor on sketching

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intent, the following cursory notes of a most enjoyable trip to the province of South Holland have been jotted down, in the hope that the information contained in them, scant though it be, may serve as a means of pointing out the towns and rural districts most prolific in paintable pieces, as well as to give some information concerning the nature of the subjects to be met with in the places mentioned.

In Rotterdam, the alert and observant seeker after the picturesque will find numberless subjects for the pencil ready to hand. Should he desire to devote his energies to figure studies, he will find no lack of interesting models, from the child with the "aspirant-au-ciel" profile, to the buxom, homely matron with features expressive of "a kind overflow of kindness," and her lord and master, the sturdy, square-built burgher, whose broad and open countenance conveys the conviction that he can hear the Decalogue and feel no self-reproach, and whose ample frame presents to view a quite amazing expanse of "undistributed middle." If, like Mr. Davidson's denizens of "A Northern Suburb," these good Netherlanders toil "through dread of coming

South Holland as a Sketching Ground

ill, and not with hope of happier years," they appear to take a singularly optimistic view of the process.

Should our visitor have it in his mind to enrich his sketchbook with a few good architectural examples, he will find a plethora of such in the quaint, straggling old city, which, by reason of an intricate network of canals, has been dubbed "Vulgar Venice." This typical Dutch town is a curious conglomeration of ancient and modern, for in a single street one frequently meets with fine buildings, ecclesiastical and otherwise, of the nine-

teenth century jostling and elbowing crazy old gabled and timbered tenements dating as far back as the fifteenth century.

Among the more notable buildings is the Groote Kerk of St. Lawrence, a brick Gothic structure dating from 1472, which contains several monuments of naval heroes, in addition to that of Jan De Witt, the great statesman who divided his time pretty equally between turbulent politics and higher mathematics. A source of unalloyed delight will be found in the innumerable windmills which

rear their heads and arms above the roofs of the lower dwelling-houses and factories. The Boompjes, a handsome quay, more than a mile in length, is flanked by some fine modern buildings, and is remarkable for a magnificent row of elms alleged to have been planted in the year 1615.

From the coign of vantage of this quay, a good view of a long reach of the river is obtainable, and here countless suggestive sketches may be made of the fleets of passing vessels, whilst the imagination wanders away to the broad oceans which they have traversed, and the fair lands under bluer skies and warmer suns from which they have sailed. Here a diminutive steam tug-boat comes panting and fussing in front of a majestic three-master with her great black hull towering out of the water and her masts shooting up until the top-mast rigging looks like the web of some monster spider. She is perhaps from the West Indies with coffee, sugar, spices, and cotton. Here, too, is a Rhine steamer, with her whistle screaming a warning to some slothful lighters, crawling with their burden of coal to a grimy collier, whose winch is whizzing away on the



SURF BOATS

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

South Holland as a Sketching Ground

farther side of the river. And there is the Harwich packet-boat coming slowly up, very thankful to reach safe waters after a wildish time in the North Sea. A coasting-brig has evidently had a still more troubrous time, for her main-top-mast is damaged, and her rigging is full of men, who crawl about and reef, and splice, and mend. All these things may be seen in the waterway, for Rotterdam has commercial relations with America, with the West Indies, with Spain, Portugal, Germany, France, and with the "adjacent island of Great Britain" as the minister of the Hebridean kirk described it in his condescending prayers for its welfare.

A delightful trip, and one that can be undertaken comfortably and inexpensively, is that by boat from Rotterdam down the river Maas to Dordrecht. The journey occupies no more than an hour and a half, and in that short time subjects sufficient to fill half a dozen sketch books may be noted. The town, which is rich in mediæval architecture, is guarded on the land side by fortifications dating from the Middle Ages which are still in fair preservation. The ancient ramparts, however, have



ON THE SANDS, SCHEVENINGEN

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

outlived their pristine glory and are now more or less given over to Sunday afternoon promenaders, who come out in their hundreds from the low-lying town in search of the breezes to be enjoyed upon the elevated counterscarp and glacis. Dordrecht is intersected, like most Dutch towns, by numbers of canals spanned by bridges; and the streets with their quaint gables and balconies are singularly picturesque. Moreover, cleanliness is a predominant feature of the town, in spite of the scores of lofty chimneys belonging to the various steam saw-

mills, shipbuilding yards, and sugar refineries which belch forth volumes of dense black smoke and cause the courage of the traveller approaching from the river to precipitately ooze out of his finger ends. The student of Church history who hopes to find intact the hall in which sat the worthy divines constituting the synod convened for the purpose of condemning the doctrines of Jacobus Arminius, will be rudely disappointed, for that historical building is now converted into a very up-to-date play-house with popular prices.



NEAR DELFSHAVEN

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

South Holland as a Sketching Ground

Another trip well worth the taking during a stay at Rotterdam is to Delft and Delfshaven. At the former will be found two admirable examples of ecclesiastical architecture in the old and new churches. The first-named contains the monuments of several men of eminence in the arts of peace and war, including those of Peter Petersen Heijn, who rose through all the grades "from powder-monkey to admiral;" of Leeuwenhoek, the famous naturalist; and of that fine old sea-dog, Martin Tromp, between whom and Blake the honours of battle were fairly "easy." The inscription on this latter monument, unlike the majority of similar effusions, possesses the rare distinction of being truthful, for it tells that, "He left to posterity a grand example of mastery in naval warfare, of fidelity to the State, of prudence, of courage, of intrepidity, and of immovable firmness."

If possible, a stay of several days should be made at Delfshaven. It is an ideal spot for a painter. From the shore he can revel in the multitudinous transformations of the waterway covered with every variety of vessels, from the Rotterdam ketch, or the Schiedam brig, to the more imposing ocean steamer sweeping past with the grey-green waves swirling round her bows and breaking away into a fork of eddying waters in her wake.

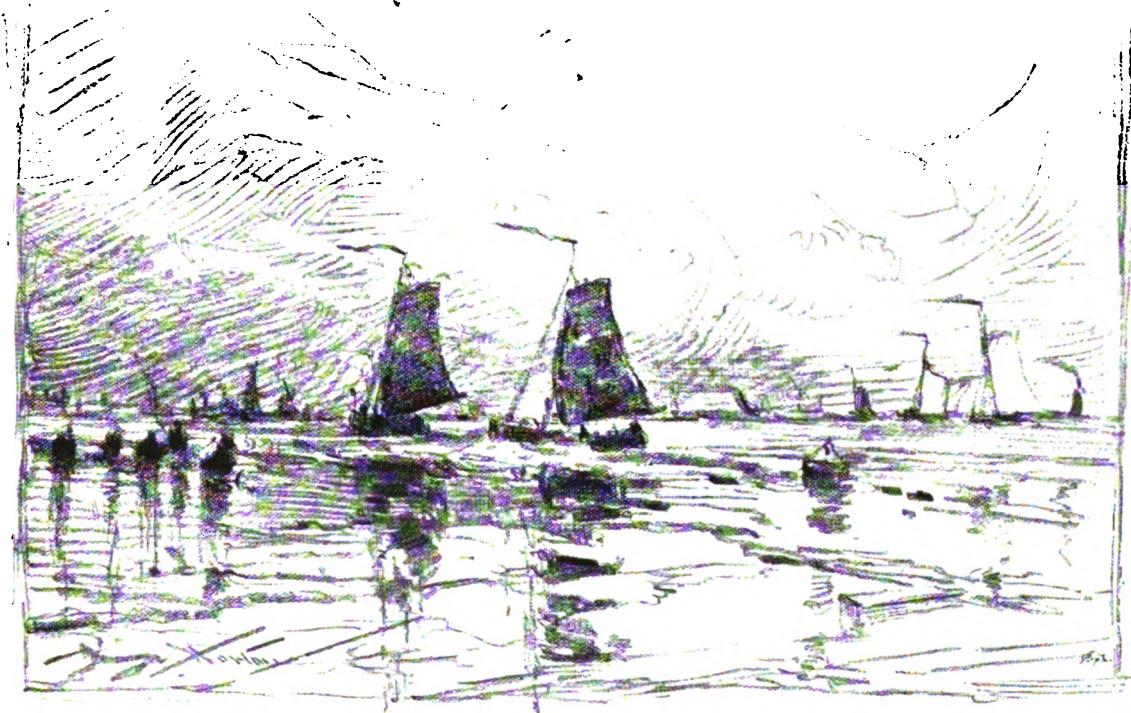
In the surrounding neighbourhood, easily accessible from the town, he cannot fail to be fascinated by the vast stretches of flat country, the busy windmills, "silhouetted against the firmament on high;" the black and white cattle dotting the rich green pastures, the picturesque figures of the toiling peasants, and the wide expanse of fine open skies.

But perhaps the most attractive locality in the whole of South Holland, from an artist's point of view, is Scheveningen. I would strongly urge upon any one stopping at this peaceful old town to make an effort to pay a visit to the shore in the early morning before the day is "aired," and, if possible, before the sun has risen. If the elements are propitious—and how smiling and well-behaved that fickle North Sea can be at times—he will be able to appreciate Mr. Auberon Herbert's beautiful lines in "Windfall and Waterdrift":

"The sun is at rest, for the storms are o'er;
Just touched with the hand of night,
And a line of shadow creeps to the shore,
Then flashes in silver light.

"Like a note that stoops in its flight and droops,
And clings for a while to the ground;
Then trembles and wakes from its trance and breaks
Into passion and glory of sound."

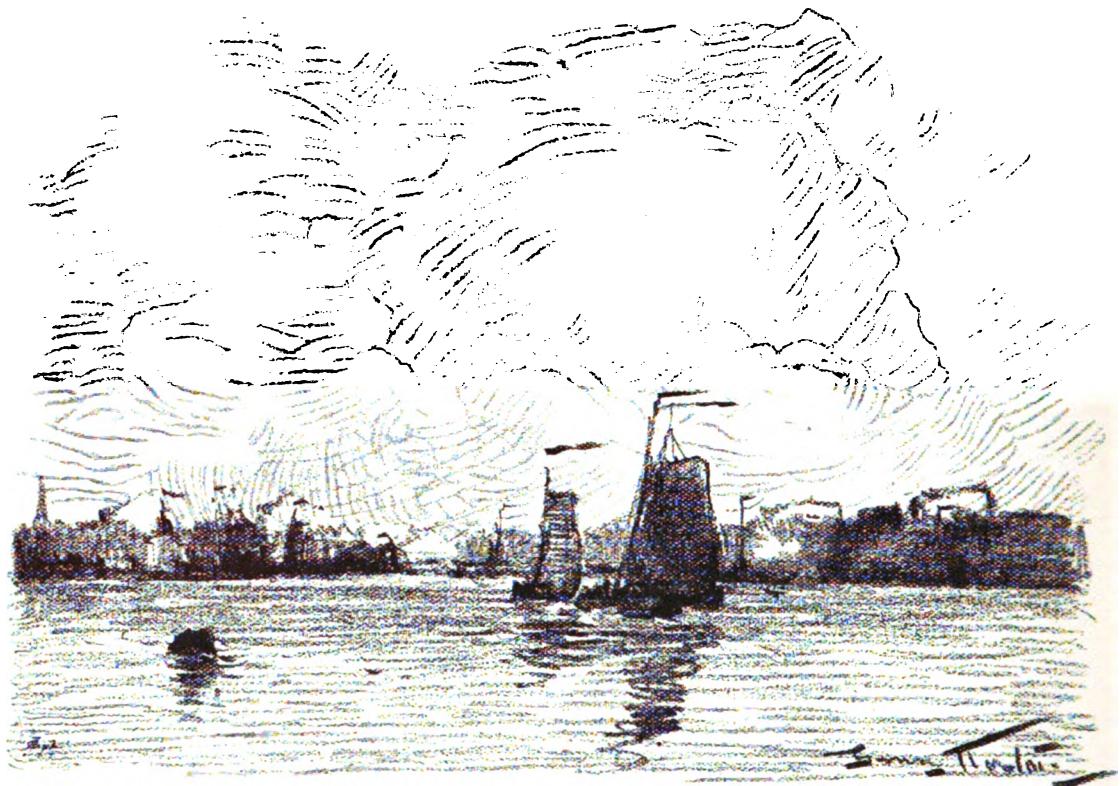
As the dawn approaches the dark clouds



THE RIVER AT DELFSHAVEN

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

South Holland as a Sketching Ground



DORDRECHT, FROM THE RIVER

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

will gather away to the northern horizon. On all other points the sky is clear perhaps, save that here and there a single puff of white vapour sails away like the feather of some gigantic bird floating on an ocean of air. These isolated clouds which have been pearly grey in the dim light of early day, gradually take a lilac tint, which deepens into pink, and then blushes suddenly to a fiery scarlet as the red rim of the sun rises majestically over the eastern horizon. All the heavens are filled with colour, from the palest blue at the zenith to the most brilliant crimson in the east, as though it were Nature's palette, on which she had dashed every tint that she possesses.

If you are fortunate enough to find yourself on the outskirts of the town upon one of those glorious early September mornings which sometimes come as a compensation for the utter vileness and bitter disappointment of a wet summer, you will be rewarded by glimpses of some of the loveliest pastoral scenes it is possible to imagine. Here a river winds its sluggish way through lush and poplar-bordered marshes where the graceful Friesland cattle stand knee-deep in flowers, through fields of yellow corn undulating like a golden sea

beneath the pressure of the wind, past quaint wooden windmills and occasional stretches of wind-stricken waste land, brightened here and there with patches of brilliant marigolds, till it is lost beneath the picturesque cluster of red-tiled roofs that mark the ancient town. The "short and simple annals of the poor" may be studied first-hand from the peasant tillers of the soil, whose predominant idiosyncrasies are the outcome of uneventful lives spent as labourers in the land—stolid in demeanour, and lethargic in movement—with the stamp of heavy labour ploughed deeply upon their rugged faces.

Throughout the South Holland towns, board and lodging at the hotels is remarkably cheap, the accommodation excellent, and the food plain but good, while scrupulous cleanliness is prevalent everywhere. The passion for cleanliness and good order appears equally among the farmers and labouring classes, fresh paint, shining glass, and burnished brass-work being conspicuous everywhere. In fact, should circumstances necessitate a sojourn in the rural districts, a visitor could not do better than obtain lodgings in a farmhouse, where he is sure to be well looked after. The

Some Recent Work by T. Van Hoytema

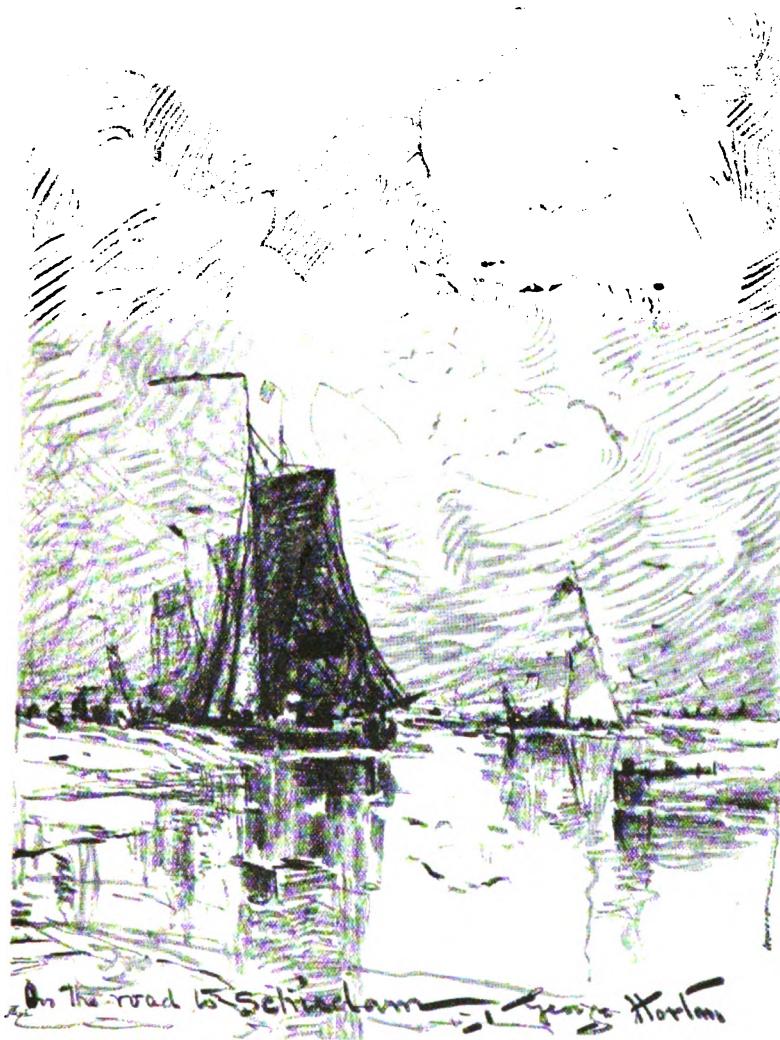
peasantry are cheerful, honest, and contented, and, moreover, they have not lost that charm of courtesy which is so prominent a feature of the European Dutch, both highborn and lowborn.

SOME RECENT WORK BY TH. VAN HOYTEMA.

IT is not the first, nor the second time that the work of Mr. T. Van Hoytema has been illustrated in THE STUDIO; yet one is surprised to find that the individuality and fantasy of the designer is not, so far, as widely recognised in England as it deserves. His work is too personal to be brought into any well-defined group and criticised accordingly. In spite of its shortcomings

—or rather to speak more accurately, and at the same time more politely—in spite of its self-imposed limitations, within the little field Mr. Van Hoytema has chosen he is easily first. For in his work there is a curious quality—that distinction which may be unobservant of academic scholarship, as in the case of Blake, or coupled with rare knowledge, as in the case of Mr. C. H. Shannon, and yet in both these unrelated examples entirely outside the ordinary standards. Mr. Van Hoytema's owls are always delightful, and his sketches of parrots, storks and turkeys show no less ingenious humour. Nor is this quality achieved by humanising his feathered models; the touch of caricature he infuses is not in that direction. It is rather what you might expect if a bird developed powers of drawing, and started a series of portraits à la Rothenstein, in a

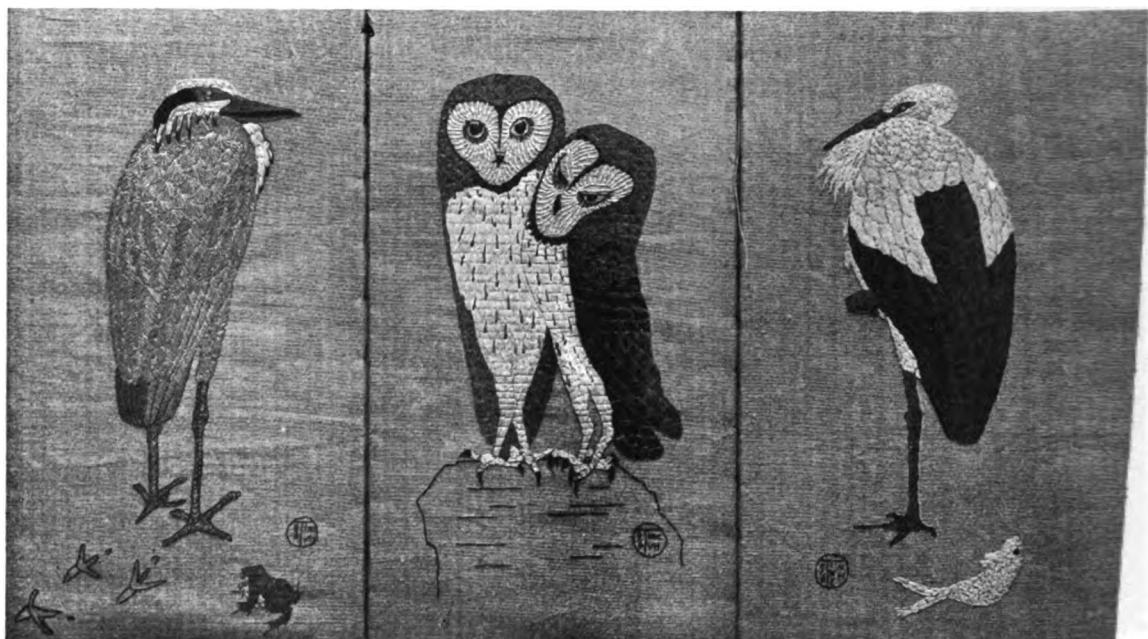
limited edition issued by some winged equivalent of Mr. John Lane or Mr. Grant Richards. When he leaves bird-forms and ventures into the land of pattern pure and simple, he is less happy; as certain borders to two of these drawings go to show. Those who remember *The Ugly Duckling* (D. Nutt), or *The Happy Owls* (Henry & Co.), need not be told how cleverly Mr. Van Hoytema uses the resources of lithography in colours to express his ideas. Of course they suffer by translation to black and white, but at the same time much remains to prove his very facile handling and wayward fantasy. They are un-English; but that is no crime, for Mr. Van Hoytema is not a Briton. Much as one may prefer English ideals for England, it is still obvious that any other country which appreciates them does best when it assimilates, not imitates. Because these birds are entirely unlike any of our own artists' impressions of fowls of the air, and are



ON THE ROAD TO SCHIEDAM

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

Some Recent Work by T. Van Hoytema



EMBROIDERED SCREEN

EXECUTED BY MRS. VAN HOYTEM A FROM DESIGNS BY T. VAN HOYTEM A

equally unlike birds as a Japanese would record them, they assume a distinct value; because they add to the art of the world something not pre-

viously existing. It is a pleasure to make them known to a wider audience in England. The two earlier books were obviously lithographed, and unless memory is at fault, in some previous announcement it was stated that the artist drew them himself upon the stone. If this be true, it is possible that his technical mastery is responsible for the only quality open to criticism, which is a fondness for superimposed cross-hatching and tints. The charm of Mr. Walter Crane's mosaic of flat colours in his early toy-books, or of the graduated wash of Mr. J. D. Batten, and Mr. Morley Fletcher's colour-prints, both satisfy one more entirely. In each the limitations of woodcut printing are evident, and the ordered result is more simple, yet more enjoyable. But this is no doubt partly due to the scarcity of coloured lithography done by the artist himself, the millions of chromo-lithographs extant being almost,



TURKEYS

FROM A DRAWING BY T. VAN HOYTEM A



"OWLS" FROM A
DRAWING BY T.
VAN HOYTEMA



"MORNING." FROM A DRAWING
BY T. VAN HOYTEMA



"NIGHT." FROM A DRAWING
BY T. VAN HOYTEMA

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Decorative Art at the Champ de Mars



MACAWS

FROM A PASTEL DRAWING BY T. VAN HOYTEM

without exceptions, translations by skilled mechanics. Some modern Frenchmen have experimented in colour lithography with the happiest results. In their work the economy of line, which is in favour to-day, has produced a less complex, but not less complete, effect. Yet a certain drawing by M. Aman-Jean, and another by L. Lévy-Dhurmer (both reproduced in *THE STUDIO*), pull you up sharply in any attempt to proclaim that flat pigments are alone admissible, and leave you again in presence of the truth, that any and every method can be justified in an artist's hands.

D ECORATIVE ART IN THE SALON DU CHAMP DE MARS.

THERE are, unfortunately, but few

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works of interest to note in the Decorative Art section of the Salon. There is plenty of eccentricity however, plenty of queerness and *bizarrie*, both in conception and in execution. One is specially struck with the want of simplicity, of logic, in everything. None of these artists and art-workers seem to have reflected sufficiently upon the necessities and the exigencies of the objects which they were attempting to produce. A determination to do something fresh at any cost would seem to have been their chief impulse, and this accounts for so many of them drifting into eccentricity. Mere whimsicality is quite worthless in decoration, just as it is in painting or in sculpture; as profitless in applied art as in what we call pure art. The works referred to are distorted and ugly, and heavily overcharged with ornamentation. One can see that the artist has cudgelled his brains to invent these contortions, for there is nothing spontaneous and natural, simple and precise,

about them, and there is scarcely a bold line to be seen. Really, if this is the best the new movement can produce in the way of modern art furniture, we had better go back to the mahogany and the walnut of Louis Philippe's day. That style, at any rate, was not positively ugly; moreover, it had no pretensions to be thought artistic, and it was simple and practical after all. The old-fashioned wardrobe or writing-desk might not have been "decorative," but it certainly was not anti-decorative, and compared very favourably with much of the so-called art furniture exhibited at the Champ de Mars.

More interest is to be found in the pottery, the glass-work, the jewellery, and the *objets d'art*—to use that expression in its everyday sense—although there is nothing very new. The object always seems to be to create some rare and costly useless thing. Why should not these artists strive

**"LA SEVILLANA." AN AUTO-LITHOGRAPH
BY ALEX. LUNOIS**

BY MIKE LUNNIS "THE SEAVIEWMAN" AN AUTO-LITHOGRAPH

It is a well known fact that the jeweler and the engraver can express in metal what they have in mind. There is no limit to what they can do. It is also a well known fact that the jeweler and the engraver are useless things. We used them for these and other



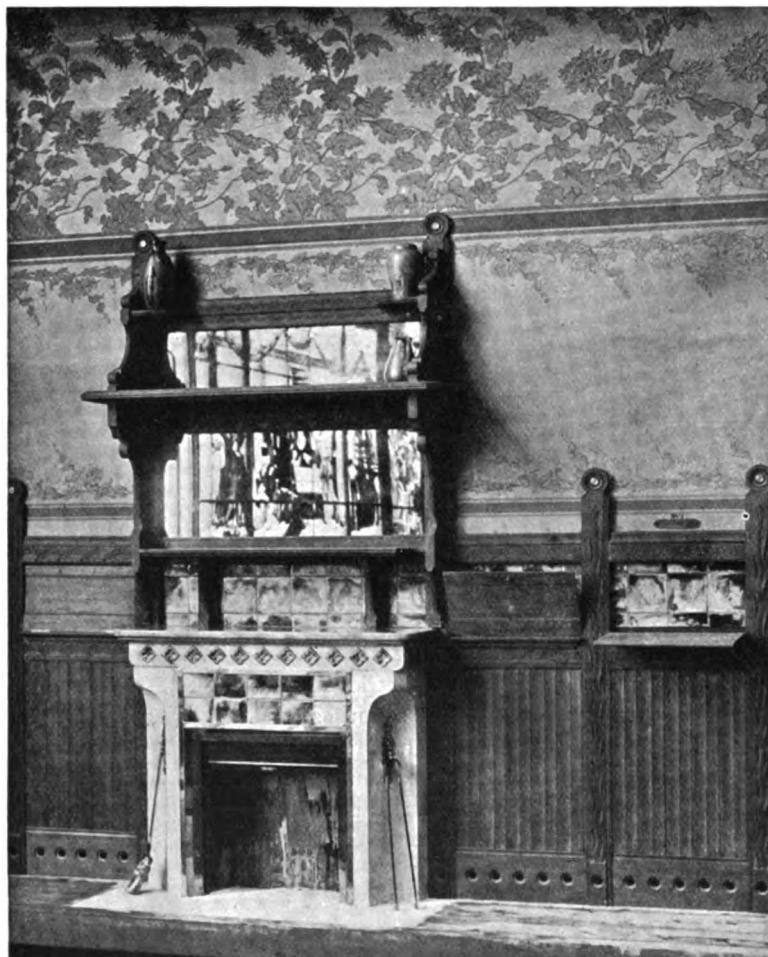
Decorative Art at the Champ de Mars

to devise simple articles of practical utility, such as could be manufactured wholesale and brought within the reach of all? Their sole desire would appear to be to satisfy the tastes of a little set of amateurs; and here, undoubtedly, they make a great mistake. Do they imagine that their works would lose any of the artistic value they might possess by being reproduced in great quantities? Do they imagine it is the precious material of which these works are made that gives them their worth? This new art movement can never become general, never make itself truly felt, so long as the commercial value of the object is put before the question of taste. If the ambition of these art-workers is to produce articles intended for preservation in collections, their labour is vain, for it is very doubtful if they will ever equal the masterpieces of the past. And, in any case, it must be remembered that the majority of the marvellous

productions which fill us with admiration when we see them in the museums, were objects of daily use; and the art-worker of to-day, if he wishes his own work to be fruitful of good results, must aim in the same direction. Only thus will he succeed in impressing the public with his new ideas of things. And then he will be doing good work for times to come.

This Exhibition, it should be remembered, is the sixth that has taken place since the inauguration of this *objets d'art* section which was hailed with so much enthusiasm by all people of intelligence. But if one were to search for the works of real value displayed there, or make a list of the really original and personal efforts of truly fresh conception these exhibitions have produced, the surprising fact would be evident that in this period of six years the genuine progress made has been quite insignificant. All this is due to a thousand various causes, for

some of which, no doubt, the artists themselves cannot be held responsible; but the chief cause of all—and for this they certainly are to blame—is a lack of unity. The incontestable fact—one may as well tell the whole truth at once—is, the public appears to be taking less and less interest each year in these incoherent displays. So many promises have been made and so few kept that the man in the street shrugs his shoulders and goes on his way. The National Society of Fine Arts gained much credit for adding this section, and for being bold enough to place works of applied art side by side with paintings and sculpture, generally considered as the only things worthy of being termed "art"; and it is high time that the committee of the Champ de Mars, by a more rigorous selection, by special inducements to industrial art-workers, and by the complete exclusion of



FIREPLACE AND PANELLING

BY L. C. A. BENOUILLE

Decorative Art at the Champ de Mars

amateur dabblers, should devote its attention to remedying a state of things which, if it continue, must work the utmost harm to that fine and noble cause—the creation of a national style.

The display of the little group referred to in THE STUDIO of March last, in connection with a display in a gallery in the Rue Caumartin, is full of interest. MM. Charles Plumet, Félix Aubert, and Jean Dampt assert themselves here with increased authority. There is a newcomer in the person of M. Tony Selmersheim, which, when we add MM. Alexandre Charpentier and Henry Nocq, who are exhibiting apart from the others, brings up the membership of the little association to six—a half-dozen of artists allied by bonds of frankest comradeship and genuine community of ideas.

M. Félix Aubert has designed the mural hangings, the curtains, the carpet and the chair-coverings



CHILD'S CHAIR

BY JEAN DAMPT



DETAIL OF CHILD'S CHAIR

BY JEAN DAMPT

ings for a boudoir the furniture of which has been executed by M. Plumet. The hangings, in green *moire*, are ornamented with silk and gold embroidery—floral sprays of eglantine forming a decoration of great delicacy and most happy combination. The effect is at once rich and subdued. One realises that M. Aubert must have given long thought and serious study to this *appliqué* work, for his designs are conceived and realised with logical perfection. His *Peacock Frieze*, his cushions, and his *Wave* bordering are of an ornamental simplicity testifying to the most patient labour, and revealing abundance of originality. The *Peacock* carpet is less successful. It seems somewhat heavy and over-elaborated.

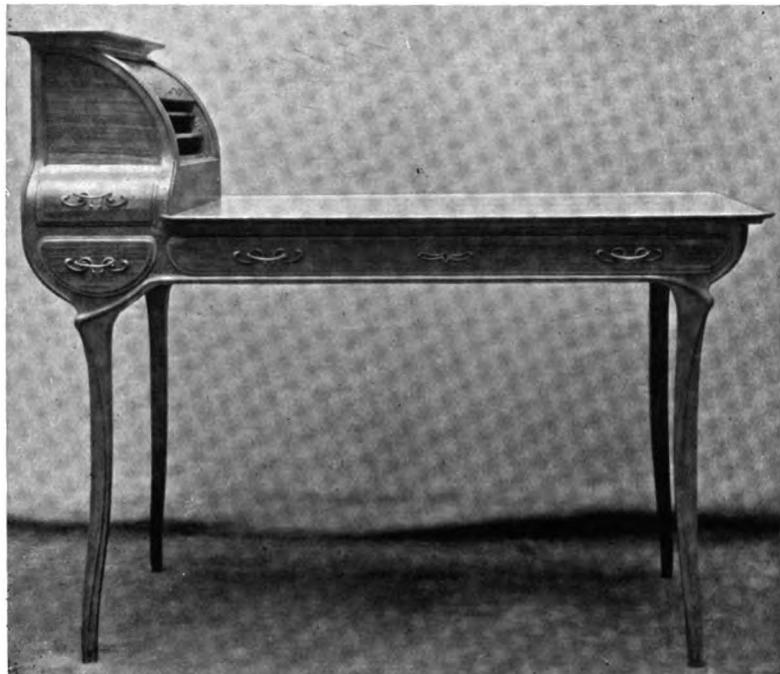
In this setting M. Plumet has placed a *Dressing-table*, a *Chair*, a glass *Whatnot*, and a *Threefold Screen* in orange-wood draped with printed silk,

Decorative Art at the Champ de Mars

designed by M. Aubert. And close by is a folding bookcase, also by M. Plumet. The best are the dressing-table and the chair, for these show the artist's aims in the direction of a definite style, with more freedom and boldness than the rest. One is glad to notice that M. Plumet is gradually freeing himself from certain narrow and hampering ideas, and is striving more towards harmony of line, and greater breadth and simplicity of construction. The bookcase, despite the novelty in the arrangement of the doors in the upper portion, appears wanting in unity. The detail, however, is charming, and the woodwork reaches a high degree of perfection.

M. Tony Selmersheim is full of ingenious ideas. His *Orange-wood tea-table*, with glass panels, is thoroughly successful; his *Tea-table* is most

original in form; and his *Drawing-room chair*, an adaptation of an Empire model, is most harmoniously shaped and full of happy bits of detail.



WRITING-TABLE

BY T. SELMERSHEIM



DRESSING-TABLE, SCREEN AND CHAIR

BY CHARLES PLUMET. 1 EMBROIDERIES BY FÉLIX AUBERT

Decorative Art at the Champ de Mars

There can be little doubt that M. Selmersheim will produce remarkable work in the future. Like M. Plumet, he is an artist of whom one may confidently expect great things. They are both on the right road, for they have escaped that most dangerous of pitfalls, the influence of the English artists, and have also kept clear of the Belgian school, which is simply an imitation of the English. They are ever striving after grace and delicacy and simplicity—qualities of the first order. One thing alone in their work makes one a little uneasy—they are prone to twist their woodwork about, and to give to the legs of their chairs, or tables, or whatnots, shapes which would better befit some other material—iron, for example. In their combinations they sometimes denaturalise the material, with the result that the light falls in sudden masses, which has the effect of unduly weighting or lightening some of their furniture. One must speak the

whole truth about artists like these, and they will forgive such frankness, for we want to show them once more how great is the interest attaching to their work.

With a word of due appreciation to M. Henry Nocq's delicate goldsmith's work, and to M. Alexandre Charpentier's interesting collection of gilded papers, pewter work, bronze plaquettes, and the four bottle-stoppers which adorn M. Plumet's dressing-table, we have now done with this little group of artists.

The *Child's Chair* by M. Jean Dampt, who has also contributed to the sculpture section a little bust of a young girl in wood and ivory, ornamented with precious metals, is quite exquisite, both regarded as a whole and in detail. The delicate taste and the conscientious workmanship of the true artist are fully revealed here.

The dining-room fireplace and wainscoting by M. A. Benouville are deserving of special mention. Their execution, industrial and mechanical as it is, rather raises than lowers their intrinsic value. They are constructed with entirely logical simplicity. Laths of wood are joined together in the form of panels, and on these laths is a modest geometrical ornamentation, which develops and repeats itself. The top of the wainscoting lets down in the shape of brackets on which articles may be placed. The walls are coated with Bigot and Mattier's stone-work, which harmonises delicately with the woodwork when seen through the interstices. The fireplace is also very workmanlike in form, and contains shelves with looking-glass at the back. This work appeals to all, by reason of its mechanical construction. A square metre of laths would probably cost no more than ten shillings. This is a work of real progress, and worthy of all attention.

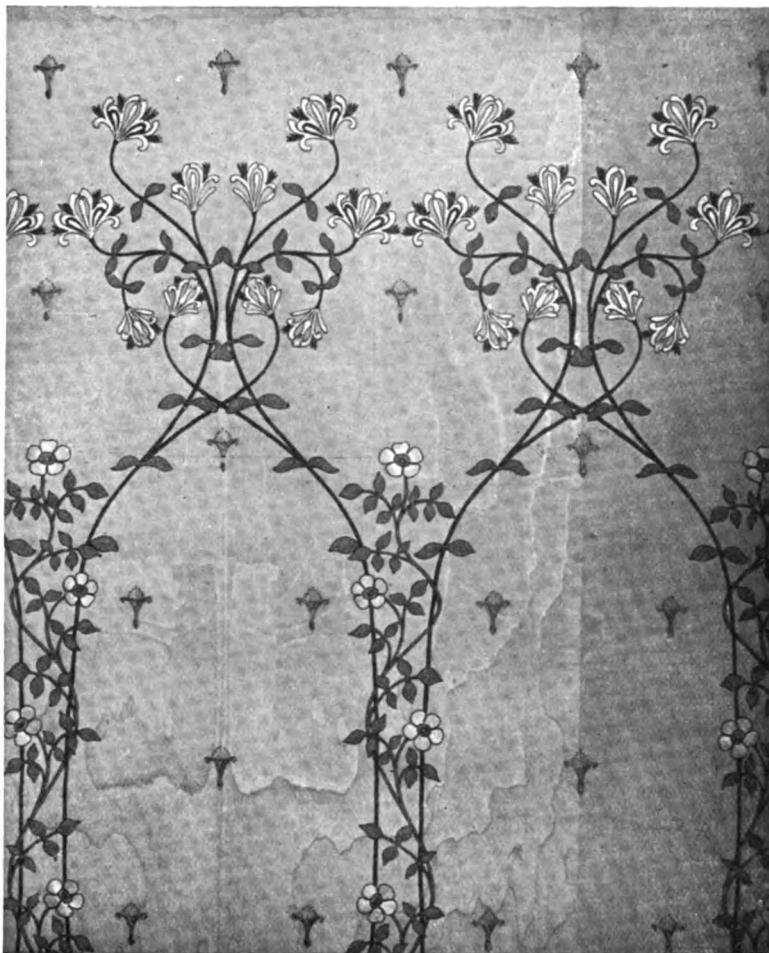
We can afford to pass by the fireplace and the *Etagère-clock* by M. P. E. L. Selmersheim, both excessively complicated pieces; and we have no scruples about ignoring either the hall box-chair by M. Théodore Lambert, which is in no way novel, and simply distorts, without modernising, the shape of certain church furniture of the Middle Ages; or M. Gardelle's trunk, which is like some implement of war; or M. G. Reynier's furniture, decorated in pyrogravure. We



BOOK-CABINET

BY CHARLES PLUMET

Decorative Art at the Champ de Mars



EMBROIDERED SILK WALL HANGING

BY FÉLIX AUBERT

should, however, blame ourselves if we failed to stigmatise as an example of the worst possible taste the interior—fit only for cannibals—exhibited by M. Hector Guimard. Nothing more ugly, more pretentious, or more inartistic could be conceived; one shudders at the idea of being condemned to live amid horrors such as these. We can imagine no greater punishment. And to think that there are those who hold M. Guimard to be the real, the only renovator of the art of decoration!

But to resume. M. Carabin, who shows both taste and ability in his ring in gold, iron and silver, and in his stoneware (as illustrated in *THE STUDIO* of March last), has gone hopelessly wrong over his trinket-box and his mirror-frame in worked copper. However, we need not insist upon this unfortunate mistake, but rather console ourselves with these six little bronze dancing figures, which

posing after all the morbid complexities around.

The work displayed by the celebrated German engraver, Karl Koepping, may be unreservedly praised. His blown glass exhibits a delightful fancy, and one could not imagine anything more exquisite. There is no ornamentation, no elaboration, nothing that is superfluous. The chalice of a flower in its natural, normal shape serves him as the basis of art productions of extraordinary beauty.

This supple glass lends itself to every requirement of the artist with the most perfect ease and freedom. It all breathes the spirit of nature, for there is nothing involved or artificial about it. M. Tiffany's work is inferior, and yet the results he has achieved are in their way very remarkable, although they suggest too much striving after effect, too much effort. This work seems to be the manifestation of a decadent art;

recall with infinite charm the ineffaceable memory of Loïe Fuller.

Equal praise is due to M. Pierre Roche, whose golden Venus in glazed earthenware, and whose aluminium Giroette display the true artistic temperament. As much cannot be said of his bindings, or his stoneware group of four nude women, or of his earthenware cupola with its metallic-looking surface, which is a strange and wild conception.

There are plenty of horrors, too, in M. Fix Massieu's exhibit. He has attempted to turn toads and orchids into inkstands and chandeliers and match-boxes, both in pewter and in stone. The work is laboured, disjointed and unwholesome, quite devoid of art, and as clumsy as it is childish. And yet, among all these nightmares, one comes across a delicate woman's face in stone, which attracts and fascinates one. This little head is consoling and com-

Decorative Art at the Champ de Mars

while M. Koepping in all his productions reveals himself an incomparable master of logical simplicity and sane taste. With him we have enthusiasm, inspiration, feeling; with M. Tiffany the chief characteristics are deep knowledge and refinement. Both artists may be admired unreservedly, but it is M. Koepping's work that one must needs love.

By comparison, M. Emile Gallé's works in glass are barbarous objects, clumsy and pretentious in conception and in realisation alike. It is all in vain that he has become inspired by M. de Montesquiou's infantile verses—for these latter can add no value to articles worthless in themselves.

One cannot but regret that M. Vallgren's display is rather limited this year. He was wont to be more lavish. His *bénitier* in stonework is a most successful achievement, bringing out all the artist's well-known qualities; but one would rather see him in one of those little figures into which he contrives to infuse so much charm and pensive melancholy.

It cannot be said that leather-work shows much advance at the Champ de Mars. The imagination of the artists who have devoted themselves to this branch of work seems a little slack. The workmanship is far from being without merit, but there seems to be a paucity of ideas. However, the bindings by M. René Wiener, of Nancy, Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau, M. Marius Michel, M. Belville, and Mme. Vallgren, deserve mention, although



HEAD OF A GIRL IN STONEWARE BY FIX MASSEAU

there is nothing really remarkable in any of the productions shown in this department.

Much the same report must be made as to the section of tapestries and embroideries. M. de Feure's tablecloth is simply eccentric, while M. Flandrin's tapestry panel and M. Couty's designs for hangings offer no great points of interest. A word is due, on the other hand, to M. Ranson's tapestries, which demand serious attention, for they indicate a genuinely successful attempt to realise the possibilities of this art. But the fullest meed of praise must be bestowed on Mr. Frank Brangwyn for his tapestry cartoon, *Le Roi au Chantier*. It is superbly rich and harmonious in colouring, and shows a remarkable sense of grouping, combined with a fanciful gift for ornamentation, which is of the rarest originality. He may be heartily congratulated on this fine piece of work, which reveals his powers in all their fulness.

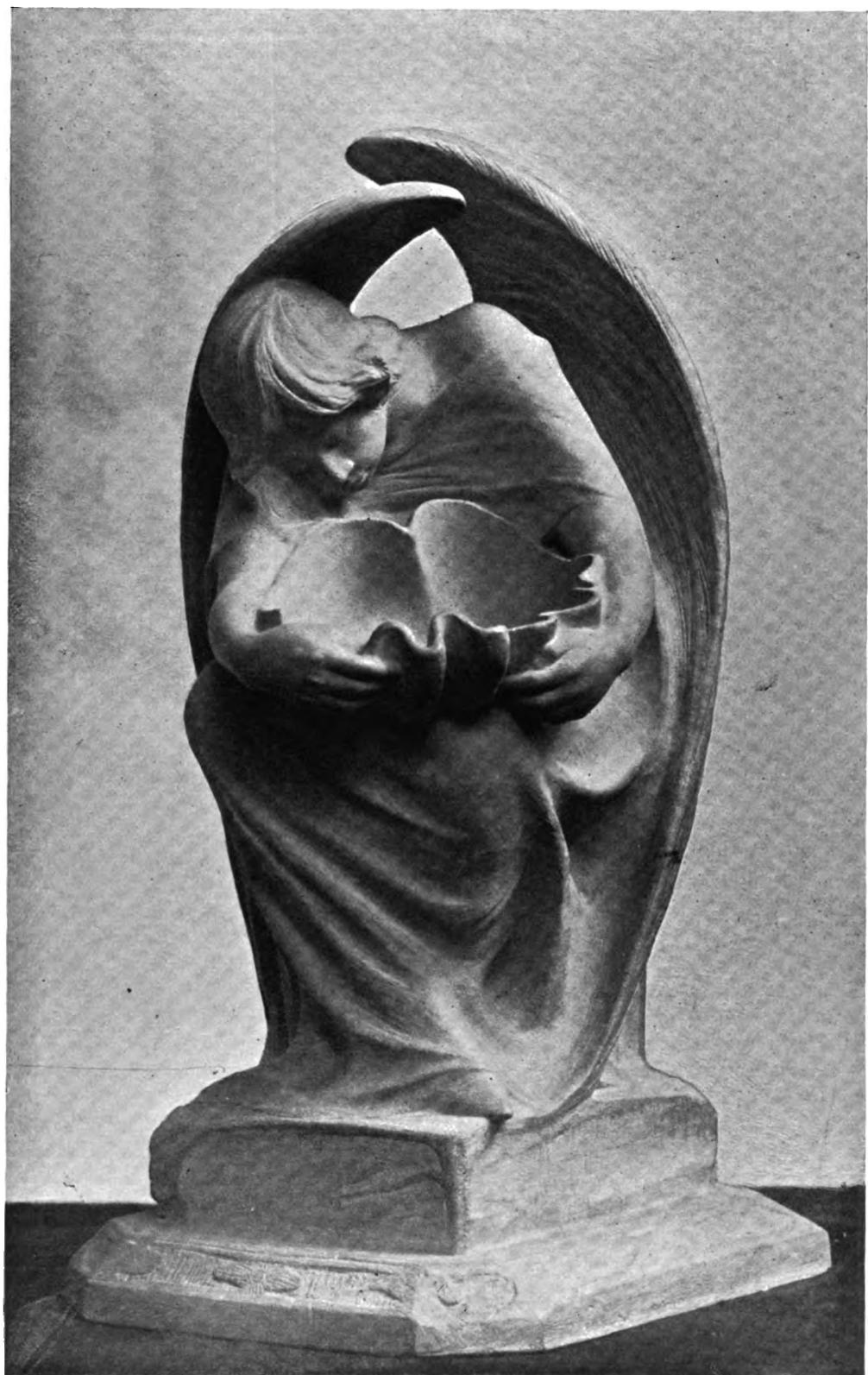
Ceramic work, although presenting nothing very novel, nevertheless occupies a worthy place in the Salon. M. A. Delaherche merits first mention. He is still in the forefront among the workers in this art, and the productions he displays at the Champ de Mars are, for the most part, of a very high order.

There is no trickery, no jugglery about him. His fired stoneware is really fired stoneware, and



BUST IN WOOD AND IVORY

BY J. DAMPT



BENITIER IN STONEWARE
BY V. VALLGREN

Decorative Art at the Champ de Mars

that suffices. Some of his vases have a beauty and a richness of material never before achieved. And he alone seems to possess the secret.

Beside this work, the productions of MM. Dalpayrat, Lesbros, Lachenal, Jeaneney, Dammouse and Desmant, in the same department, have only a relative merit. Much superior to these are the stoneware vases by M. Bigot, which reveal a special aptitude in this branch of art, and are marked by much originality.

M. Michel Cazin's ceramics, although they seem somewhat over-ornamented, are by no means lacking in merit; and a word must also be said for M. J. Gallad's ceramics on opaline, and his decorative tiles for walls, which are very interesting.

Of the glass-window work there is not much to be said; and the same remark applies to the enamels, with the exception of the *cloisonné* works by M. Ernest Carrière, which are beautifully executed, and have real decorative value.

It now remains to say a few words of M. Victor Prouv 's exhibits. This artist, who is a painter of undoubted talent, was one of the first to take part in the decorative art movement, with which we are now so much concerned. He, like MM. Emile Gall  and R. Wiener, is one of the Nancy school, the virtues of which—few and slight though they be—deserve recognition. He has tried his hand at a number of diversified experiments—in chiselled copper, in ornamental sculpture, in leather, in goldsmiths' work, and also in jewellery. Apart from his bindings, we have never seen anything from his hand so good as that which he exhibits this year.

M. Prouv 's art—be it said without offence—has nothing French in it, but none the less is it worthy of admiration. Devoted to all that is rich and sumptuous, he seems possessed of a sort of Byzantine spirit, which, while wanting in grace, is nevertheless impressive and gorgeous, however strange. His jewellery, for instance, makes one

think of the massive ornaments of the Merovin-gians. Very often in his work he oversteps the borders of art, but his very vices, thanks to his obvious sincerity, often assume the shape of virtues. Emphatically he is a man of feeling and character, and that of the most generous sort.

This year he displays seven exhibits, which, if space permitted, would be described in detail.

It must suffice, however, to say that the best are, without doubt, a leathern mosaic girdle, with a buckle, &c., in silver besprinkled with gold, and a diadem in gold and silver. The latter is a very fine piece of work, broad in execution, and every part perfectly proportioned, the general effect being admirable.

The architectural section is rather poor. Apart from the *cloisonné* work of Mr. Clement Heaton, based on a design by M. P. Robert, and intended for the staircase of the Mus  e des Beaux-Arts at Neuch  tel, there is nothing worthy of note, which is regrettable; for the modern decorative art movement has every right to expect powerful assistance from the architect's profession. But the movement does not appear to interest them much, and they seem content to go on in the old conventional way, debasing and disfiguring the models of past generations. There is much that might be

done. But routine is still all-powerful.

Was it not right to express regret, at the outset of this article, that the artists concerned in this new movement should not be united by a stronger bond of solidarity? A single, isolated individuality can never create a style which shall satisfy the demands of a race or of an age. The cathedrals of France were built by the old corporations, and all the monuments, all the masterpieces of the decorative art of the past owe their origin to collective effort. But French artists of to-day seem lost to that feeling of fraternal enthusiasm, and are concerned solely, for the most part, with gratifying



TEA-TABLE

BY T. SELMERSHEIM

Studio-Talk

the ambitions of the moment. There must be more self-denial, more thought, if durable work is to be the result. Modern existence makes imperious demands to which all must adapt themselves, more or less. Only the really strong men can resist them, and they, alas ! are all too few. If only the art-workers of real ability and earnest conviction would bind themselves into a sort of guild, they might then create a national style, and the style must be that in which shall palpitate the spirit of the French race.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—There is no subject on which criticism is so various and opinion so divided as the question, whether or not the Academy Exhibition is as good as usual. A certain class of critics is always ready to assert that each year shows a steady decline in the quality and interest of the works which are brought together at Burlington House, and another class is equally ready to become ecstatic over trifles hardly worthy of attention, and to praise inconsiderately, simply out of a spirit of opposition. Between the two every grade of appreciation and dislike is to be found. This year there is the usual conflict, and reckless praise and indiscriminate blame are being heaped lavishly upon the Academy. As a matter of fact, what there is to be said about the present Exhibition depends very largely upon the way in which it is regarded. As a whole, the show is very much like its predecessors ; but it would certainly seem a very good one to the visitor who concerned himself only with the few really noteworthy canvases, and a very bad one to the more captious critic who set himself to reckon up the total of failures which it contains. Really we have cause to be thankful that it is no worse. When the mass of indifferent art work which is put at the disposal of the hanging committee is taken into consideration, the possibility of things, that no one wishes to see, creeping into the galleries is quite alarming. Enough good pictures to take our attention off the bad ones is all that we have a right to expect : and there is not this year such a deficiency of occasional merit that we need afflict ourselves by dwelling upon the mass of pictorial good resolutions which have no other mission than to assist in paving the downward road.

From this point of view the Exhibition of 1897

is a display of the works of about a score of artists. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Sargent, Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. La Thangue, Mr. W. Hatherell, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Onslow Ford, Professor Herkomer, Mr. Shannon, and a few more, make up the show, and provide what is best worth remembering ; what is to be found outside this narrow circle is, in varying degrees, uninteresting. Still, even in the select company of the few fortunate ones there is variety enough to satisfy that section of the public which concerns itself about art. The poetry of Mr. Waterhouse, the drama of Mr. Abbey and Mr. Hatherell, the sensational cleverness of Mr. Sargent and Mr. R. Brough, the delightful interpretation of nature by Mr. David Murray, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. East, Mr. Yeend King, and Mr. Waterlow ; the attractive story telling of Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Lorimer, the decorative fancies of Mr. Boughton, Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. H. J. Draper, and Mr. Gotch, and the realism of Mr. La Thangue, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Clausen, and Miss Kemp - Welch, make in combination a very pleasant summary of what is best in the art of the year. With so much that is actually interesting to keep us from dismissing the show as valueless, we are able to support the monotony of the many hundred things we would gladly avoid, and can even pluck up enthusiasm enough to search among the rubbish for scattered jewels which are either too rough or too ill set to display to proper advantage their real beauties.

And a few words are needed on this question of setting. The Academy Exhibition is by no means an ideal one in its hanging. Some mistakes have been made in arrangement that admit of no excuse. For instance, the placing of Mr. Brangwyn's *Venice* almost out of sight, above one of the most incapable pictures in the whole collection, is worse than an error of judgment ; it is an avowal of a policy which can hardly fail to have, if it is persisted in, a bad effect upon the Academy itself. Unfortunately this case is not an isolated one ; and other seemingly deliberate efforts to affront the artistic beliefs of the present day could be quoted. It would seem as if, after a brief period of enlightenment, the Academy had again hoisted the banner of reaction, and had resolved once more to set itself in opposition to progress in thought and practice. The only result of such folly would be to diminish the authority of the official body, and to drive the

Studio-Talk

more influential outsiders and their supporters into rebellion against power misused. We should revert to the anarchical condition of a few years ago ; a state of affairs entirely undesirable and extremely injurious to the art of the country.

There are rumours abroad this spring concerning the dealing of the Academy towards foreign artists that deserve a certain amount of serious consideration. It is said that more than one picture by painters of note on the other side of the Channel has been rejected ; and gossip, for once, seems to be correct. On what ground such a policy should have been adopted it would be hard to say, but of its existence there can be no doubt. French artists are certainly very well aware of it, and any Englishman who might in a Paris studio suggest the wisdom of sending some notable French picture to the Academy would find his advice promptly ridiculed. He would be told that in London the official art opinion is bitterly opposed to the French point of view, and that to send there work which would be regarded as an ornament to either of the Salons would only be to invite its refusal. Such an impression would be deplorable, even if it were not founded on actual fact ; as matters are, it is disastrous. What makes the trouble more lamentable is the knowledge that there is no corresponding neglect of British artists abroad. The paintings of our school are treated well enough in Paris shows ; many canvases of which we have cause to be proud receive distinctions there, or are accorded the honour of purchase by the Government, and our only reply to these courtesies is to set up the banner of Britain for the British, and to exclude from the Academy much good work that is altogether worthy of our respect. A little more reciprocity is needed, and certainly an inspection of the Academy show this year would lead to the belief that a slight infusion of good foreign art would have helped to relieve the dulness of Burlington House.

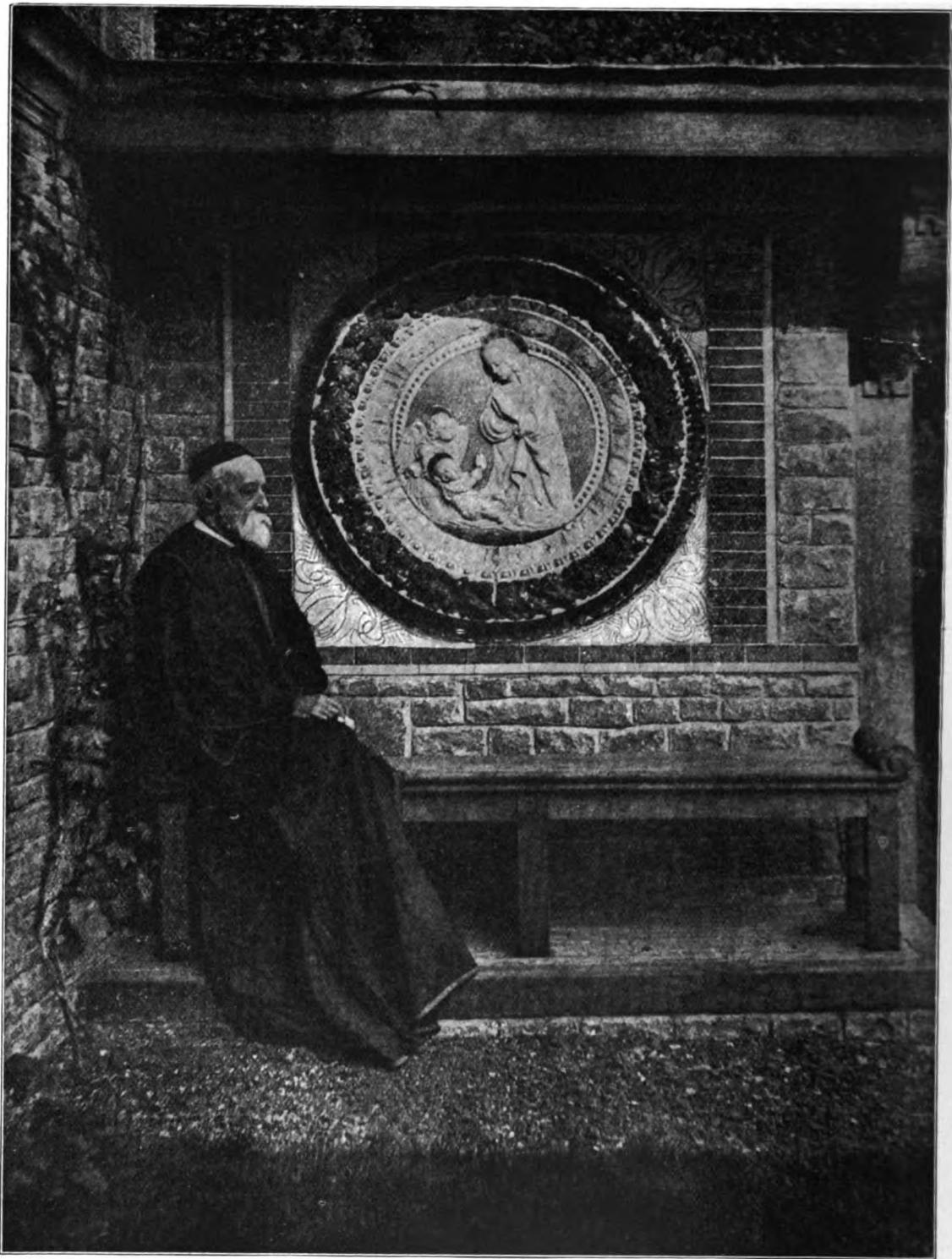
For some reason, which is a little difficult to explain, there seems lately to have grown up among the younger artists a desire to experiment again with the Biblical subjects which were so popular with a previous generation of art lovers. In the various exhibitions this spring quite a large number of pictures will be found which either illustrate incidents taken from Bible history or represent abstractions based upon religious motives. A very good example of a purely historical subject is afforded by the picture *Salome*, which has just been completed by Mr. F. Markham Skipworth. It is

a canvas that deserves attention on account of its originality of treatment and its judicious expression of a dramatic movement. The artist has avoided, with wisdom, anything like sensationalism, and has made his point cleverly, without any touch of exaggeration. His *Salome* is a departure from the accepted type, not the bloodthirsty adventuress who has so often been depicted, but instead a young girl whose gentler instincts have not as yet been destroyed by the influences of an age when human life was sacrificed at the pleasure of a king. Her attitude is one of hesitation, of natural repugnance to touch the gruesome object which has been brought to her by the executioner ; and her hesitation is not unmixed with pity for the fate of a man who had been to her a familiar figure. There is a great deal of judgment in the setting which the artist has given her. The background against which she stands, and the accessories by which she is surrounded, are well designed, and complete the effect of the picture as a whole without detracting from the interest of the central group.

The character of the exhibition which has been brought together this year at the New Gallery is by no means unlikely to destroy the good impression which has been made in previous years. It is a long time since a show so wanting in general interest has been presented in these charming rooms. For some reason, many of the artists who formerly contributed pictures of great importance have ceased, temporarily or permanently, to support the Gallery, and in their places no new men are found. As a consequence the amateur element, which has always been present in these annual collections, asserts itself unduly, and gives this spring a certain air of tentative effort which is most unwelcome. If the New Gallery is to hold its own, some real effort must be made by the management to raise the average of the artistic material which it collects. It is not sufficient to depend upon a few great pictures, and to fill the remaining space on the walls with canvases that are either unfit for public display, or, at best, the weaker productions of men who are showing their really representative work elsewhere. What is needed is an element of interest which may fairly claim to be unique. A new school ought to be found, or some definitely characteristic class of pictorial effort ought to be presented. Why, for instance, should not the younger Scotch school be encouraged ? The older artists, who have made definite positions north of the Border, are always in sufficient evidence at the Academy, but the newer men are only occasionally



"SALOME." FROM A PAINTING
BY F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH



PORTRAIT OF G. F. WATTS, R.A.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY
J. CASWALL-SMITH

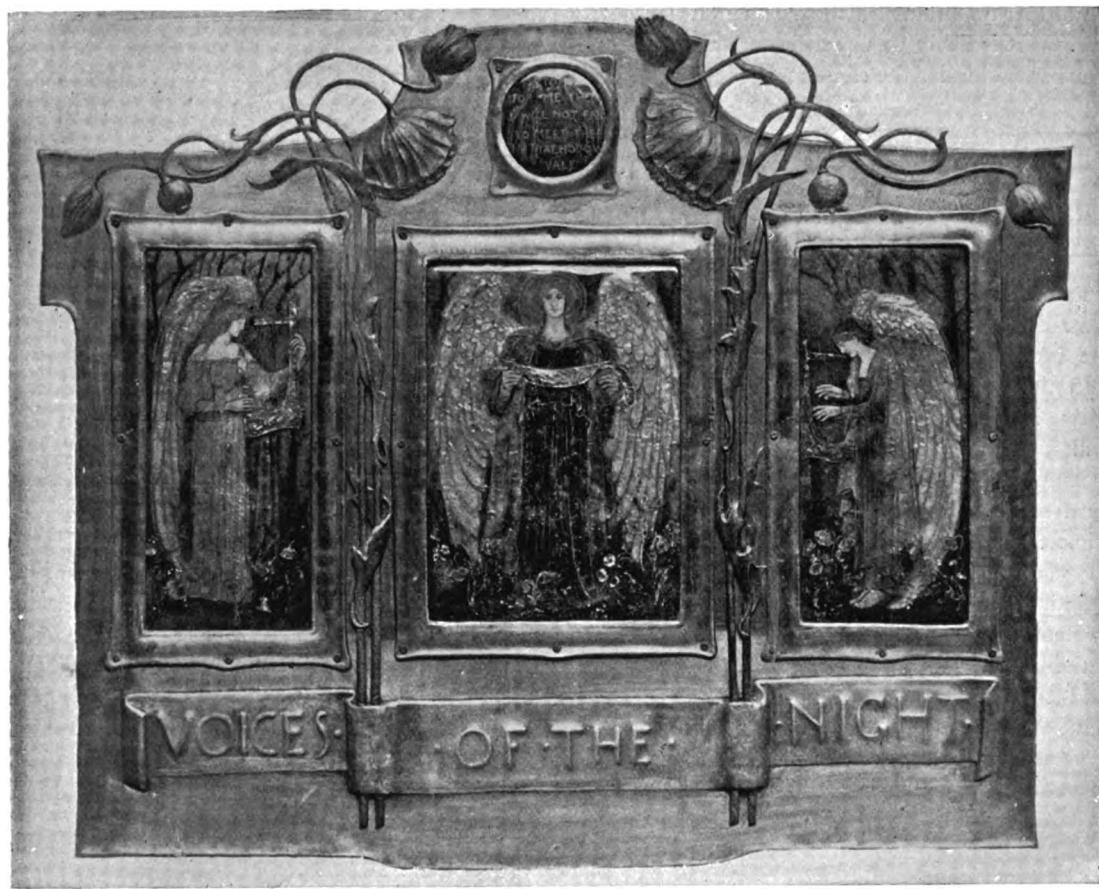
Studio-Talk

represented in London exhibitions. Here is a chance for the New Gallery. If it could only collect an adequate number of the Scotch pictures which are at present welcomed in Continental galleries, it would soon re-establish its reputation as a place where art that is out of the common run is annually available for study.

To commemorate the eightieth birthday of a great English painter in a wholly appropriate way has been the last successful achievement of Mr. J. Caswall-Smith, whose photographic triumphs—and they are not few—show nothing quite so fine. The scene is *Limnerslease*, the home of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. The beautiful majolica by Della Robbia, in the wall above the garden seat, was a gift to him from a well-known lady. How admirably the accessories suit the working costume of the painter himself can be seen from this excellent photograph. For its own merits as a photograph, for its beauty as a composition, and above all as record

of the octogenarian we all reverence, it is worthy of being treasured.

The beautiful triptych with enamel panels in the Royal Academy shows Mr. Alexander Fisher at his best. His panels are always satisfactory, but sometimes they seem to lack a sufficiently related setting. Here, as in the exquisite girdle illustrated recently, the whole is as great as its parts. The suggestiveness of the theme is so delightfully clear in its expression, that it would be a waste of words to call attention to the poppies of sleep, or the three angels who bear the last best gift of the gods to weary men. It is very hopeful to find a subject of this order treated poetically in a broad way, and the absence of trifling conceits, which grow tiresome when every detail preaches an obvious allegory, is not less commendable. Mr. Fisher is one of the strongest forces in our new decorative movement, hence each new work raises expectations anew; and when, as in this case, they are not merely satisfied, but surpassed, it is better



TRYPTICH, IN STEEL AND TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL

BY ALEXANDER FISHER

Studio-Talk

to suppress too lavish praise and allow the work of art to speak for itself.

The exhibition of "Dramatic and Musical Art," which has been in preparation for nearly two years, opened last month at the Grafton Galleries. It is distinctly a success, for it contains a very large proportion of notable pictures by artists of various dates and schools; and as an historical record of theatrical and musical personages it is unexpectedly complete. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that there should have been, just at the time this show was being organised, a great amount of competition with other exhibitions arranged on similar lines; but, as far as can be judged, this competition has affected but little the proper development of the Grafton Gallery scheme. At any rate, a sufficient number of canvases has been brought together to present to the visitor there a very interesting summary of what is most attractive in the representation of professional favourites. Many of the pictures are great works of art, as memorable on account of their treatment as for the people they depict, so that the exhibition is not less important artistically than it is subjectively. It is likely to equal in its success the previous shows under the same management.

FLORENCE.—Miss Bessie O. Potter, the young American sculptor, who has been staying here this last winter, true to the spirit of advance characteristic of her nation, seems to have discovered a means of admitting the every-day busy man and woman into the realms of the truly artistic. Miss Potter, with originality, power and force, models the modern society women, as they promenade the boulevard or receive in their own drawing-rooms. Her figurines take the place in sculpture that miniatures do in painting, their average height being from twelve to fourteen inches. Their inspiration is, of course, the Tanagra figures, and it is truly surprising that it should have been reserved to this "wild Western girl," as she calls herself, to take a hint from these graceful fancies of Tanagra and give them a modern imprint. True, Miss Potter's statuettes are larger than the Greek clay sketches, and the faces are more carefully

modelled, but the fundamental idea and the manner of treatment are *mutatis mutandis* the same. The archaic sketches represented the men and women of that day, just as Miss Potter's represent the modern American society women and babes of our own. Another advantage of these spirited figure sketches is, that they are within the reach of many to whom heroic sculpture is an impossible luxury. Women of fashion in America have discovered that they are more beautiful than sun pictures, and flock to her studio to have themselves immortalised in these instantaneous photographs in clay. Nor does Miss Potter insist upon classic draperies or æsthetic gowns in her models, but reproduces the pretty women just as they come to her studio in their stylish modern dresses. And though it is the fashion among a certain set of artists to condemn modern attire as ugly, nothing can exceed the grace of outline and artistic charm of these fascinating sketches, with their intense modernity and dreamy realism. "I find," says Miss Potter, "lines and grace enough in the nineteenth century maiden and her gowns to satisfy my interpretation of art." Indeed, without going to extremes, Miss Potter is an impressionist.

Miss Potter has had very little regular instruc-



"THE TWINS"

BY BESSIE O. POTTER

"WINDY DAY." AN AUTO-LITHOGRAPH
BY OLIVER HALL



ՀԱՅԱՍՏԱՆԻ ՀԱՆՐԱՊԵՏՈՒԹՅԱՆ ՎՐԱՅԻ ՀԱՅԱՍՏԱՆԻ ՀԱՆՐԱՊԵՏՈՒԹՅԱՆ ՎՐԱՅԻ

the first time, and the first time I have seen it. It is a very large tree, and has a very large trunk. The bark is rough and textured, and the leaves are large and green. The tree is located in a park, and there are other trees and bushes around it. The sky is clear and blue, and the sun is shining brightly. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and serene.



WILSON

$\{B_i\}_{i=1}^n$ is a family of sets.



"Windy Day" 17
Oliver Hall.



"YOUNG MOTHER"

BY BEBBIE O. POTTER

tion. She developed a decided talent for modeling while still in the Kindergarten, and worked for a while with an American sculptor of some merit; but apart from this, her genius has simply grown and expanded of itself. One of the features of the dainty, chic, clever figurines is, that in a few instances Miss Potter has given a life-like touch to the clay by colouring it after it is completed, a bold experiment that is redeemed from the easy danger of vulgarity by the artist's taste and delicacy of treatment. This colour, happily, she uses but sparingly, "sketching it in," as she phrases it. Sometimes she only employs it to deepen the shadows, while occasionally she will put in a strong bit of colour in a bunch of flowers or a gown to act

as a foil to her clay. Though not studying, while in Italy, Miss Potter is absorbing everything in the line of her art, and her next work will probably show the influence of the old masters, just as after her stay in Paris she gave a finer, more studied grace to her figures, a fact she herself admits, and attributes to the influence of the French School.

It is difficult to predict what will be the style Miss Potter will ultimately adopt as her special characteristic. For the moment her talent is equally divided between large portrait busts, an example of which is given in the *Twins*, in which strong work in detail is shown; and the miniature figures, which, though sketchy and roughly blocked in as to drapery, are wonderfully lifelike, easy and graceful in the matter of feature and pose. While practising an art that is usually regarded as a man's prerogative, she has not attempted to treat it in a masculine manner, but has bent it to a woman's needs, and forced it to

develop in her hands a feminine quality, while remaining markedly original and full of force. This is perhaps the secret of her success in portraying women and children. Indeed her babies are among her triumphs, so happy is she in their treatment, so full are they of childish animation, with such success has she reproduced their lineless faces and plump, expressionless bodies. Equally skilful is she in giving a distinctly American character to her women. Her American girls are typical, and *The Girl of the Period* is redolent of the nervous vitality of her country-women. That she can also be tender is exemplified by her *Young Mother*, here reproduced, in which, though the draperies are broadly traced, the

Studio-Talk

round modelling of the figure is felt through them. This, too, is on a small scale. Indeed, here lies Miss Potter's talent and force. She is not at her best in the large; what is remarkable is her neat suggestiveness and her ability to imply largeness in miniature.

Here in Florence she is for the first time working in marble, and putting into that material the work she considers her best—viz., this *Young Mother*, and some of her portrait busts. Her clay models are distributed among the marble workers of the city, who are carrying on the cutting under her personal supervision, and it is surprising to what good advantage the little figurettes appear when skilfully carved from out a block of delicate Carrara marble. The finishing touches she will of course put in herself, but as yet none of her work has arrived at that point, for Miss Potter has been in the Tuscan capital only a short time.

H. Z.

MILAN.—The triennial exhibition of fine arts which was opened in April was full of interest, despite the fact that the Italian exhibits were not fully representative, owing to the concurrent displays in Florence (already alluded to in THE STUDIO) and in Venice, of which latter there will be something to say later on.

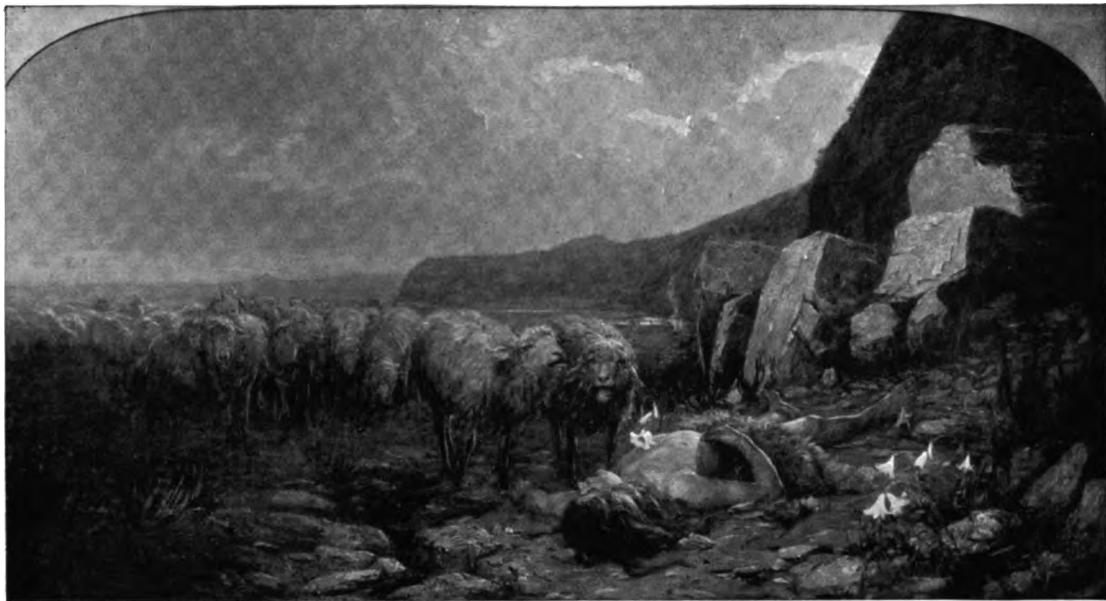
A notable fact in connection with this exhibition is the evident intention of the various artists to produce *pictures*. It would seem as if our painters had come to the conclusion that the "studies" and "impressions" which they have been in the habit of sending to the exhibitions are not sufficiently complete to attract the interest of the public.

Thus, in his picture, *Pace ai Naufraghi*, Signor L. Bazzaro not only shows himself the colourist we



"PACE AI NAUFRAGHI"

BY L. BAZZARO



"ABELE"

BY CARLO BALESTRINI

all know him to be, but displays, on a very limited canvas, an intense sentiment of melancholy. The two sailors' wives standing in the boat, praying before the statue of the Virgin, tell the whole sorrowful tale. This is, in truth, a finished picture, which must have been deeply felt before it was painted, and in which, in addition to the splendid colouring, there is the true note of passion. Less effective pictorially, but of equal depth of sentiment, is the canvas entitled *Abele*, by C. Balestrini, one of the youngest yet most earnest among the exhibitors. In his *Cristo e l'Umanità*, Signor F. Carcano has wandered into the region of mysticism; but his splendid gifts are more worthily displayed in his other picture, representing the *Ghiacciajo di Cambrena*.

Worthy of mention in their several ways are *La Lavandaia* of E. Gola; *L'Antro*, by S. Bersani; *Via Aspra*, by C. Laurenti; *Vita Semplice*, by M. Bianchi; also the portraits by C. Cressini, G. Belloni, G. Grossi, A. Cagnoni, and R. Galli; the landscapes by A. Calderini, G. Carrozzi, C. Pugliese-Levi, and G. Ciardi; and E. Longoni's studies.

In the sculpture there is little that is remarkable, except a most beautiful statue by E. Butti, destined to form part of the *Monumento alla Battaglia di Legnano*. This is really one of the finest pieces of sculpture produced of recent years in Italy. It is

the figure of a soldier, full of life and heroic animation—worthy memorial of an ever-famous victory.

G. B.

DRESDEN.—On May 1 the first International Exhibition of Fine Arts at Dresden was opened in presence of its royal patron, King Albert. I am not in a position to say that the standard of the pictures is higher than what one is accustomed to at other shows of a like kind, but the arrangement and *mise-en-scène* of the whole exhibition is superior to any that I have seen so far. Usually huge rooms are hung with canvases in such a manner as to excite one's admiration for the men who have succeeded in fitting all the different sized frames together in such a way as to leave hardly a square foot of the wall visible. Scarcely ever do two adjacent pictures harmonise, and the four walls of a single room, let alone the whole show, are enough to tire nine-tenths of the public. In the Dresden show there are, as a rule, only two rows of pictures on the walls, with sufficient space between the frames. Pictures, works of sculpture and applied arts are intermingled, so as not to weary the eye with the presentation of an endless surface of one kind of work. Altogether, each room is arranged as nearly as possible in the manner that a private collector of taste would arrange his house, and the wearisome museum

Studio-Talk

aspect has been successfully avoided. Great praise is due to Wallot (the architect of the Berlin Houses of Parliament), who has changed a building originally designed for industrial exhibitions, fairs, and the like, into one of the most beautiful "art-palaces," as they are called here.

One large room is devoted to the Glasgow and English painters. Among the latter I find three works by Strang; Stott of Oldham's portrait of his parents and two others; landscapes by Priestman and Legros; other pictures by Fowler, Crane, La Thangue, H. A. Olivier, and Austen Brown; also sculptures by Legros, Frampton and others.

Dresden artists are, of course, well represented, and I note a Triptych on Matt. xviii. 5 by G. Kuehl, the president of the Exhibition Committee, a fine Hessian Fair by Bautzer, a Muse and Storm in Spring by H. Unger, excellent landscapes by W. Ritter; others by Pepino, Kaule, Max Klinger, Müller-Breslau, Baum, Besig, &c. &c. A decided feature of the exhibition is a suite of small cabinets decorated and furnished by Bing of Paris, who has transferred the charms of his Salon Nouveau at Paris to our show.

Of the authors of the two posters reproduced in this month's Dresden Studio talk, Müller-Breslau is already pretty well known for his decorative work and landscape-paintings, while Cissarz is a younger man, who attracted attention first by winning a prize in a big poster competition at Leipsic recently.

He was born at Danzig, and was trained at the Dresden Academy under Pauwels.

H. W. S.



POSTER

58

BY G. MÜLLER-BRESLAU

But in justice it must be said that although art

"L'AUTOMNE." FROM A PASTEL
BY L. LÉVY-DHURMÉR

— 1 —

On the basis of the two persons interviewed, this "W. 100" is also called "Mata" (the name of a well-known person) because he has done

W. H. and J. C. G. 1970. The effect of temperature on the growth of *Candida parvula*. *Trans. Br. Mycol. Soc.* 65: 13-18.

According to the author, the first step in the process of creating a new culture is to identify the values that will define it.

Practicing
winning approaches

Formaldehyde
the most popular

Acronym under IUPAC
H. W. J.

جذب انتباھ و تحسیس و تقویت این ایده را می‌توان با برخورد با افرادی که این ایده را دارند، انجام داد.

1

THE "TAMOME" FROM A PASTEL
BY LÉON DURMIER



61 - 1998 - Statute Law

Let us just consider

Digitized by Google



Studio-Talk



POSTER

BY J. V. CISSARZ

seems the very last consideration of the majority of the regular exhibitors, one may discover on the other hand, by careful search, some few really interesting works, worthy of attention and admiration. They are scarce enough, certainly, and there is nothing remarkable about that. It is only natural that in four or five thousand canvases there should be not more than a hundred of average merit, about half as many of high value, and say ten at most worthy to endure. It would be extraordinary were it otherwise.

At the Champs-Elysées there is not much to be found. We know well enough beforehand what

rest. In their various ways MM. Paul Sain, Robert W. Allan, Quost, Zuber, Max Bouvet, Albert Gosselin, J. F. Bouchor, Marché, and Carl Rosa show us a series of honest impressions of nature. M. J. Grimelund in his Antwerp scene conjures up with infinite truth one of the loveliest landscapes in the world, and M. Gagliardini's scenes from Provence are luminous as ever. But we must hurry on to the portraits. They are here in abundance, yet very few display the serious gifts demanded by this profound branch of art. Neither M. Saint-Pierre, nor M. F. Humbert, any more than M. Roybet, or M. Jules Lefèvre, or M. Axilette, or M. Benner will immortalise the features of his sitters.

to expect from such men as Benjamin - Constant, Bonnat, Bouguereau, Jean-Paul Laurens, Gérôme, Detaille, Clairin, and Tony Robert - Fleury, and we don't expect them to give us anything new. Their art is always the same, as far removed from life as it is from dreamland, as far from truth as from the ideal—an art steeped in antiquated conventionalities, with no trace of life about it.

The big works—I am speaking only of their size—by the younger and less "official" painters, are not much more satisfactory. MM. Lavally, Paul Gervais, Henri Martin, Sinibaldi, Simonidy, and the others, although their work is freer in style, show the same inability to produce really powerful and live effects of art. M. R. Collin's *Biblis* is, however, unquestionably the most remarkable piece of nude work in the Salon, and proclaims itself the production of an artist of undoubted power.

The landscape work is more interesting than the

Studio-Talk

On the other hand, we may well pause before the two canvases by M. Fantin-Latour—*La Nuit* and *Tentation de Saint Antoine*, and before M. Lévy-Dhurmer's *Au paradis*. These two artists seem as though they had lost themselves in the coarse and noisy crowd around them. Fantin-Latour's supreme art fascinates us, and he is at his best in scenes from the land of fancy. He possesses the secret of those fine and delicate harmonies known only to the true masters of the art, and he can create an atmosphere of poetry wherein he calls to life the loveliest forms which move in a mystic light of dreams. Fantin-Latour's work is a real oasis in a desert of dull, pretentious mediocrity. He opens wide for us the gates of a fairy garden where our eyes may rest enchanted, and our soul be filled with the tenderest melancholy

Standing, like a flower in her delicate flesh, amid the blooms of Eden, sheltered 'neath the Tree of Knowledge, with all the wonders of the rosy sunset gleaming in the peaceful waters, is M. Lévy-Dhurmer's Eve. Temptation lurks in all around. The blossoms at her feet cast their sweet scent upward; the butterflies flutter by, the blue lizards run through the grass. Everything teems with life, seduces and suggests; and there above her head, uncoiling his jewelled rings, the legendary serpent utters the tempting words. She is half-smiling, and emotion trembles on her drooping eyelids. In her all womankind is seen! This is the work of painter and poet at once, a real work of art, delicate and sincere, a work which must attract all those who look for something more in painting than a mere display of startling skill or virtuosity.

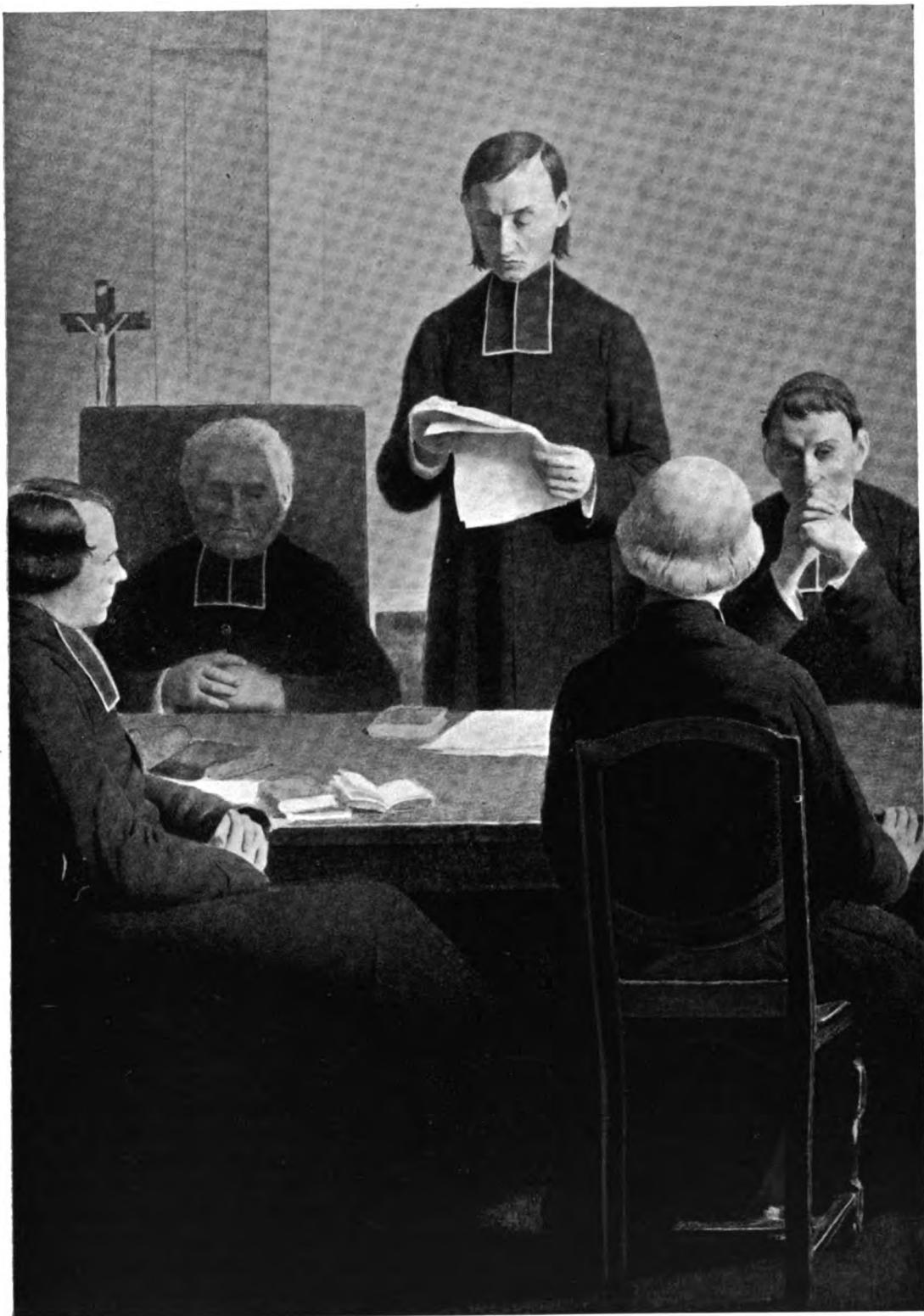
The sculpture is poor stuff, not excluding M. Falguière's *Le Poète*, conventional in pose and in modelling, and with that particular soft and artificial touch befitting works of this kind, destined as they are, to adorn some *bourgeois* chimney-piece, flanked by a pair of lamps in imitation bronze.

We shall find something more satisfying at the Champ de Mars. First we have a landscapist of such class as M. J. Cazin, whose exhibits this year are unquestionably of the highest order, and a portrait-painter like M. A. Besnard, whose *Portrait de M. L. D.*—is almost a masterpiece. These two men alone would suffice to prove the superiority of this Salon over the other. But there is more still. Canvases of great power we have from M. Charles Cottet, who, some slight coarseness apart, is fast developing into an artist of the first rank;

from M. Lucien Simon, whose great abilities are amply confirmed here, and whose *Les Haleurs*, like his portraits, is a fine piece of colouring; and from M. René Ménard, forceful and charming as ever. Then we have M. Jacques Blanche, more and more characteristic in his work, and showing really remarkable gifts of composition and technique in his *Portraits dans un Intérieur*; M. René Billotte, still the graceful landscapist enamoured of half-tints we know so well; M. Dagnan-Bouveret, sincere and original as always, and M. Aman-Jean who retains all the qualities by which his work has so greatly endeared itself to us.

Among the exhibits which are attracting most attention are those of M. Fritz Thaulow; and justly so, for there is nothing here more fully charged with truth and with poetry, or showing greater certainty of touch. His canvases are scarcely covered; there is no plastering, but the richness and delicacy of his effects are truly extraordinary. M. J. Iwill also excels in representing twilight and night effects. *A l'heure du silence* and *Un soir à Venise* reveal the most delicate appreciation of nature. Such an artist deserves unstinted praise. Noteworthy, too, are the landscapes of M. Damoye, and those of M. P. Helleu, whose personal vision is very convincing in his bits of the park at Versailles, and particularly in his *Yacht pavoié*. The two landscapes and the interior by M. Paul Froment, who is making his first appearance at the Champ de Mars, are worthy of mention for their justness of effect and the sincerity of their manner. A pronounced colourist, M. Maurice Eliot is clever as always in showing the play of the sunlight among the flowers. His work is fresh and clear, and delightful in its atmosphere. M. Guill aume Roger, always charming, remains where he was, and M. Berton is perhaps somewhat too devoted to the style of his master, E. Carrière; but M. Georges Hugo, on the other hand, has strengthened his position, his *Inondation* and his *Portrait de Pierre Mausell* emphatically calling for attention. M. Jeanniot, too, has some powerful portraits; while M. de la Gandara, despite all his efforts towards depth of feeling, is superficial and over-elaborate. His portraits of women are really nothing more than studies of dresses. M. Eugène Carrière's *Le Christ en Croix*, is indeed a powerful and moving work. Although in monochrome, it has wonderful variety of colour.

The foreign painters are well represented in portrait work by the productions of Mr. J. W.



"LA CONFERENCE." BY
BOUTET DE MONVEL

Studio-Talk

Alexander, M. W. G. Glehn, Mr. Humphreys-Johnston and Mr. James Guthrie. Many others, too, merit attention, MM. Léon Frédéric, Hergott, Edelfelt, Jettel, and Leempoels among them; but I must devote a few lines to Messrs. Brangwyn and Alfred East. Mr. East is represented by but one canvas, but it is full of his many good qualities; still I greatly prefer to this the works he is exhibiting at the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and the Guildhall. He is an exquisite landscapist, one of the few artists who appreciate nature in a fresh and original manner, and his work is a real feast for the eye.

Mr. F. Brangwyn's *Les Moqueurs* stands out as one of the most powerful and striking pieces of colour in the Salon. Here is an artist of the first rank, whose every work reveals a growing individuality. His success at the Champ de Mars may well rejoice the hearts of all true art lovers.

MM. La Touche and Montenard show us nothing very fresh, but what they send must be praised nevertheless. M. Lomont successfully continues his effects of light and shade, in which he excels; M. P. Mathey is always interesting, and M. Roll is still the bold and sincere artist—frequently a rash one—who has given us so many fine works. M. Carolus-Duran in his *Portrait de Mme. G. F. et de ses Enfants* seems to have recovered his freshness of former days. M. Boldini is always mannered, and his portrait of a fashionable poet, whose celebrity tires and irritates us somewhat, oversteps the limits of fancy.

There is much admirable work in the sculpture galleries. First and foremost come the exhibits of Rodin, who compels the admiration even of the most obstinate, with his monument to Victor Hugo. Personally I have never been among his opponents, and really we must all bow respectfully before a master of such force. All around sinks into insignificance beside this work, which palpitates with life. The suppleness of modelling and the delicacy of treatment are wonderful, just as in his *Amour et Psyché*, profoundly touching in its soft tenderness.

M. A. Bartholomé displays a finished portion of his *Monument aux Morts*. One cannot attempt to appreciate in a few words a work of this kind. Suffice it to say that it reveals genuine loftiness of imagination, and is full of profound beauty. Mdlle. Claudel's *Buste de Mme. D.* is instinct with life,

and boldly and characteristically modelled withal. M. A. Charpentier's fountain, *Narcisse*, is an exquisite thing, bringing out all the fine qualities of this genuine sculptor. M. Dalou's *Le Triomphe de Silène*, powerful as it is, seems a little conventional. M. Vallgren's busts are very animated and expressive. It is a pity that so strong and original an artist as M. Constantin should have sent so little.

Numerous private displays have opened and closed in the last few weeks. At the Pastellists' exhibition at Georges Petit's, MM. Lhermitte, René Ménard, A. Besnard, La Touche, Thévenot, and Lévy-Dhurmer, were among the contributors. M. Lévy-Dhurmer's pastel, *L'Automne*, here reproduced, was one of the most notable works displayed.

At the Water-colourists' display M. Boutet de Monvel, whose special exhibition at the Champ de Mars is a great success, presents to us a series of charming works, among them *La Conférence*, here reproduced. Mention should be made also of the exhibits by M. G. La Touche. These, his first efforts in water-colours, show strength and originality of treatment.

Nor must we forget the most interesting exhibition of the Painter-Engravers at La Bodinière, nor M. Charles Léandre's display at the Salon du Figaro, nor those of M. Siffait de Moncourt, M. Albert Bussy, and M. Maxime Maufra, at Durand-Ruel's. At Le Barc de Bouteville's M. Georges Fournier and M. René Seyssaud—the latter a young artist of great ability—were represented; while Mr. L. J. Rhead has lately exhibited sixty of his posters at the Salon des Cent. With this catalogue I think I have practically covered the chief features of the Spring art season in Paris.

G. M.

BRUSSELS.—The Brussels section of the Belgian Society of Photography recently arranged a most successful exhibition of the works of Mr. Craig Annan. There were several sea-pieces of special interest, also various studies of reflected effects in canal scenes, and some very remarkable portraits. One of the latter—that of *Madame Janet Burnet*—recalls in manner and in style the finest productions of the great French portrait-painter, J. Elie Delaunay.

English art is carrying the day all along the line in Brussels; particularly at the International

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Exhibition. While the Dutch School is growing more monotonous and dull every day, the French section exhausting itself in over-large canvases of indifferent execution, and the Belgian exhibits for the most part are disfigured by great vulgarity of style, the English artists show their distinction and reticence in a series of rational productions. The few pictures on too large a scale to be seen in the British section bear evident traces of a foreign influence. What could one wish for better in their several styles—to name but a few of these works—than Burne-Jones's *Wheel of Fortune*, superb in treatment and of truly rare and noble colouring; or Alma-Tadema's delightful *Shrine of Venus*; or Albert Moore's most charming *Sophia*, exquisite in arrangement and absolutely silky in colouring? And there are many more. Ford Madox Brown's *Chaucer*, for example, a remarkable work, which can never be sufficiently praised. England may indeed be proud of artists such as these.

Edouard Duyck the painter, who has recently died in Brussels, was, with his friend Crespin, one of the first artists in Belgium to devote himself steadily to decorative art in its widest sense. He designed a great number of posters, theatrical costumes, &c., in which he gave free play to his fancy, full of unstudied grace and charm. He was an untiring worker, who disdained no sort of labour; now turning out a set of simple programmes in his facile way, now undertaking the great scheme illustrative of African customs, which adorns the large hall in the Congo section of the Brussels Exhibition. He was appointed a teacher at one of the professional schools here, and in a very short space of time produced results surpassing all expectations.

F. K.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Fors Clavigera. By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. IV. (London: G. Allen.) This fourth volume completes the admirable new edition of this work. Do younger artists read Ruskin now? One doubts if they read him as an earlier generation did. Yet possibly a certain glamour of old-time fancy and prejudice that has gathered round his pages, makes them even more valuable. There was a danger once lest an over-zealous disciple should take the waywardness of Mr. Ruskin's moods too literally. Now, when much he has

pledged for has come to pass, it is well to recall the arguments he set forth and to recognise his powerful guidance. No edition could be more handy or better produced than this; and few books so discursive in their matter would be more helpful indirectly to the making of an artist than these same *Fors* which rarely discuss painting or sculpture, and are more concerned with that right state of life which is fertile to the production of fine work in the arts.

French Wood Carvings, from the National Museum. Edited by ELEANOR ROWE. Second Series. (London: Batsford; 12s. net.)—This excellent work is if anything still better in its second series. The collotypes are as good as possible, the examples are well chosen, the letterpress interesting, and of great practical value. The first series, it will be remembered, dealt chiefly with late fifteenth century Gothic. This, the second, is devoted entirely to sixteenth century work from the time of Francis I. to the death of Charles IX. The style prevalent then has much in common with our own Jacobean carving, especially in its use of strap-work, and the frequent introduction of cartouches. The eighteen plates are sold separately at sixpence each; so that those who want them for working designs need not run the risk of soiling one of a set, but can obtain a duplicate for actual use.

Suggestions in Architectural Design, prefaced with Thoughts on Architectural Progress. By JOHN COTTON. (London: Batsford.)—The preface is ably written and logically argued, so that you agree with the writer's protest against the undue influence which precedent has imposed on modern architectural design. But when you turn to the plates which embody the result of this theory, they are—to put it mildly, very mildly—disappointing. For Mr. Cotton seems to consider detail, and especially detail of ornament, the life and essence of architecture. But surely it is in the treatment of the mass—the greater proportions—and the due balance between plain surface and decoration which reveal the art of the architect.

It is hard to condemn outright an effort so praiseworthy, but the most hackneyed obedience to dead precedent were better than the nightmares he depicts here—designs where every line strikes a discord with its neighbour, compositions where the lavish ornament is employed not to adorn the construction but to justify it. "More or less suggestively novel in treatment" they may be, but from such novelty may we be preserved.

Neue Folge von Allegorien. (Vienna: Gerlach and Schenk.) This publication consists of a series

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of original designs by living artists, depicting the time-honoured themes, wine, love, song, and dance. The idea of inviting well-known modern artists to give their individual taste and talent a free scope in illustrating a given subject after their own way is decidedly stimulating, and the result goes far to prove the readiness with which the call has been responded to. Apart from one or two numbers, which do not reach much beyond the limits of conventionality, there are really good designs by Franz Stuck, E. Unger, H. Lefler, Moser, Schmutzler, Diez, Kaufmann, Koppay, Greiner, and several anonymous ones. Stuck's *Music and Dance* again shows that artist's distinct individuality, being a peculiar mixture of deep, suggestive intensity with what may be literally termed physical force, verging on brutality, a combination of strange fantasy and vigorous humour.

Moser's *Allegory of Love* is very pleasing and of sound technical qualities. It represents an innocent couple just awakened from childhood's dreams, watching two enamoured butterflies in the grass, exposed to the full light of the sun. Some rustic dances of the jolly mountaineers from the Tyrol are graphically illustrated by Unger, while Diez gives a few compositions which may meet with some opposition in critical circles, but which are, in spite of their archaic tendency, genuine "self-made" throughout. Koppay contributes two coloured designs, *Musik* and *Weib*, which do not appear to go beyond the limits of a rather superficial decorative effect; but the delicate plate (No. 32), by Heinrich Lefler, deserves to be closely studied. It is full of taste, cleverly drawn and coloured. The limited space at our disposal will not permit us to enter into as detailed a description as this drawing really calls for. Suffice it to say that it shows a fine artistic touch and is representative of the Vienna school at its best.

Plastering: Plain and Decorative. By W. MILLAR. With an Introduction by G. T. Robinson, F.S.A. (London: Batsford.) The plaster-worker's art and craft have waited long for their British historian, but they have not waited to no purpose. The book now before us is in all respects admirable; written in a simple, effective style, dealing with the whole field of the art and showing in its criticisms no lack of historical perspective.

This last good point deserves note, because the best plaster work is usually so florid as to be more or less offensive to modern critics. It preserves for us the exuberant spirit of the most luxurious times. We see at once that the plasterer has seldom been called upon to regard self-restraint

and repose of style as essentials of true greatness. It would be futile to deplore this fact. The useful and necessary thing is to remember that his art is always invaluable to the social historian, and that its too profuse riches, though dangerous to the imitator, are an inexhaustible source of inspiration to all genuinely original artists.

Mr. Millar's book is full of technical information, and not a little of it is new, even to those who are working plasterers. The illustrations contain some good examples of the best work in all kinds, and the introductory chapter by the late Mr. G. T. Robinson, F.S.A., could not well be bettered. Yet the book has one drawback; it is too cumbersome. It is an uncomfortable book to hold, and we hope to see it republished in monthly parts, so that the working plasterers may have a chance of becoming well acquainted with its merits.

On the Nile with a Camera. By ANTHONY WILKIN. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)—Mr. Anthony Wilkin is aware that he has gleaned a field already industriously reaped, but explains in his preface that the scarcity of photographs in popular works on Egypt, both of antiquities and modern life, led him to believe that a slight account of a Nile trip, copiously illustrated, might prove acceptable to those who know the country, and also to the less-favoured majority to whom Egypt is familiar only from works of a more or less scientific character. It is not to be expected that he should have anything absolutely new to tell us, but he has, nevertheless, succeeded in compiling a valuable and entertaining book which admirably fulfils the avowed object of its existence. The handsome volume contains no fewer than one hundred and eleven capital photographs.

Ehren-Urkunden Moderner Meister. (Stuttgart: Julius Hoffmann.)—This sumptuous folio of reproductions of certificates and diplomas of honour such as International Exhibitions award, contains nothing so good as those P. V. Galland designed for the Paris Exposition. Indeed, notwithstanding much beautiful drawing by artists of eminence, the over-ornate treatment which makes each composition an encyclopædia of conflicting subjects has imparted a certain "commercial" effect to the whole. Of course those by Adolf Menzel—five examples—are delightful when you look at them bit by bit, but they lack the larger symmetry which should decorate a panel of this sort. Nor does W. H. Low, in his almost comic design for Chicago, reveal his usual sense of massing and dignity. The "address" by Max Klinger must be excepted, also two really effective compositions by Fritz August von Kaulbach,

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and a golden wedding page by Carl Gehrts. The address to Johannes Brahms, and another composition by Prof. F. Widnmann, a title-page by Prof. G. Sturm, a diploma by Prof. Max Läuger, and another by F. Zenisek, and an address, effective in its simple arrangement, by G. Klimt, are also among the best. The seventy examples reveal much masterly drawing and fine ideas of composition, ruined by over-elaboration and a constant attempt to be "pictorial" and "decorative" in the same panel, wherefore the result is nearer the art of the "scrap" folding-screen than of the ideal diploma. Compared with the average illuminated address and certificate of honour we employ in England, these are infinitely superior. But certain pages of a testimonial to Mr. Gladstone, a school-board certificate by Mr. Anning Bell, and some very few other examples of not dissimilar purposes, prove that if the commissions for such things were given to the right men we might easily surpass the best of these, if not in pure drawing, yet in effective composition. A page of writing with ornamental border should not resemble a dream-picture or a leaf from a child's scrap-book. The work is produced in a manner beyond reproach, and the collection, which has been so well carried out by Herr George Buss, a Berlin architect, may call attention to the possibilities of raising the art of the illuminated address. "Too often a testimonial to one's merits takes the form of an insult to one's taste," is a saying borne out by only too many caskets and presentation documents.

Tales of Languedoc. By SAMUEL JACQUES BRUN. (San Francisco : William Doxey.)—The illustrations to this volume, by Ernest C. Peixotto, are unequal. They are at their best when they follow the manner of Dürer (or perhaps it would be more accurate to say of Howard Pyle), as in the cover design and that on page 99. The others, full of invention and detail, appear to have suffered from over-reduction, which imparts a feeling of weakness to his line that closer scrutiny shows is not present. Mr. Peixotto proves his right to be enrolled on the list of pen-draughtsmen whose work is eagerly criticised by two continents, and we shall expect much from him, especially if he continues to express himself with the simplicity of statement that distinguishes the best here. The book is quite delightful in its legends of old Provence.

Het Liedeken van Her Halewijn. Illustrations by CHARLES DODELET, engraved in wood by ED. PELLENS. (Antwerp : J. E. Buschmann.)—This *édition de luxe* of the old Flemish song of Messire

Halewijn is worthy of the attention of collectors of rare and curious books. Printed in Gothic characters on Dutch paper, and bound in tinted parchment with a special imprint, this new edition has a distinct artistic value, which is largely increased by the drawings of M. Charles Dodelet, who has shown infinite art in bringing his fancy into line with the text. His drawings are most happy in their archaic spirit, their intentional simplicity, and sincere and primitive expressiveness. With ornamental letters at the head of each page, everything in the book contributes to make it one of remarkable individuality. Two poems by M. Pol de Mont, with a translation into French of the original song, complete the work.

XL musical book plates with a list of more than CCC mottoes to be found in this class of book-plates. (Amsterdam : Frederick Müller and Co.) Monographs on bookplates multiply rapidly. The tendency of the day to specialisation is felt in this latest, which is also the first Dutch contribution to the cult of the ex libris—a work limited to the bookplates of musicians only. The examples illustrated are, as might be expected, of unequal merit considered as works of art, and of widely varied date. Among the modern designs are examples by Warrington Hogg, R. Anning Bell, Alder Wright, and Gleeson White. It is an admirably produced work which all collectors will be glad to possess, especially as the illustrations are each allotted a full page with no printing on the back.

The Earlier English Water-Colour Painters. By COSMO MONKHOUSE. (London : Seeley & Co., Ltd. Price 6s.)—This is a second edition of a book which has already done good service. It contains a series of agreeably written essays upon the masters of water-colour who by their practice did so much before the middle of the present century to found and develop the great school of artists which in the present day is active in this branch of art. To these older masters, to Turner, David Cox, William Hunt, and their many contemporaries, we owe more than can be well expressed ; and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's book is acceptable because it is to be taken as a sincere acknowledgment of this debt. He treats his subject with discretion, neither exaggerating nor depreciating, but dealing in a spirit of fair criticism with the questions that are presented to him. What he writes is pleasant reading, interesting both in matter and manner ; and it is set down concisely and clearly. As a book of reference this volume is certainly useful, and it is also worthy of praise as a piece of literary production.

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A MEDALLION TO COMMEMORATE THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA. (A I.)

THE drawings sent in for this competition are small in number and poor in quality. The idea of an artistic medal has not been conceived by any one of the competitors. We are a little surprised after the numerous examples of the medallist's art by Roty, Charpentier and others, which have appeared in our columns, that better results have not been obtained. We are regrettably obliged to withhold the First Prize in this competition.

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) is awarded to *Saracen* (R. Hall Bolt, 9 Brodrick Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.)

DESIGN FOR THE TITLE PAGE OF A CHRISTMAS CARD. (A I. *Extra*.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) is awarded to *Iridee I.* (Thomas Henry, 46 rue Madame, Paris).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) to *Chin Chin* (J. Mitchell, 21 Crescent Road, Sharrow, Sheffield).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Alige* (Alice E. Newby, Lansdowne House, Brodrick Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.); *Arté* (Arthur M. Barrett, 192 Tufnell Park Road, N.); *Ace of Hearts* (Edith Ewen, Cowley Villa, Hunstanton, Norfolk); *Camu* (Chas. Gale, Butt Road, Colchester); *Emily* (May S. Tyrer, Glenmore, Chapter Road, Willesden Green); *Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Puck* (Arthur B. Packham, 27 Bond Street, Brighton); *Peppercorn* (Florence A. F. Phillips, 5 North Avenue, Clarendon Park, Leicester); *Pokey* (Enid Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *White Heliotrope* (Victor Lhuer, 23 Quai de la Tournelle, Paris); and *White Heather* (Gwynedd Polin, Meole Brace, Shrewsbury).

ILLUSTRATION IN PEN AND INK WORK FOR "THE CANTERBURY TALES." (B I.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Berangere* (Victor Lhuer, 23 Quai de la Tournelle, Paris).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a Guinea*) to *Oreas* (D. Chamberlain, 8 Park Avenue, Glasgow).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Ace of Hearts* (Edith Ewen, Cowley Villa, Hunstanton, Norfolk); *Atahualpa* (Katherine A. Ross, Wadsworth Hall, Doncaster); *Arbroath* (Nancy M. Ruxton, 24 Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington); *Camu* (Chas. Gale, Butt Road, Colchester); *Chef* (A. Cooke, 15 St. John's Road, Upper Holloway,

N.); *Cactus* (Rose Syers, 23 Princes Square, Bayswater, W.); *Emelye* (Mildred F. Winter, Municipal School of Art, Margaret Street, Birmingham); *Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Helöise* (Dorothy Hart, Heathdale, Harborne, Birmingham); *Lactus* (Zillah T. Perkins, The Cottage, Ely, Cambs.); *Olive* (Ethel K. Burgess, no address); *Puck* (Arthur B. Packham, 27 Bond Street, Brighton); *Pekin* (Mary G. Houston, 13 South Parade, Fulham Road, S.W.); *Pokey* (Enid Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Rediac* (Scott Calder, 159 Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.); and *Watchman* (R. Morton Nance, 23 Westbourne Road, Penarth, South Wales).

STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD. (C I.)

Among the large number of drawings sent in for this competition there are many in which the competitors appear to have mistaken laborious finish for artistic work. This is doubtless the fault, to a certain extent, of incompetent instruction, but the fault is nevertheless a very real one.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Vevers* (Bertie Greenwood, 31 Belmont Road, Willesden Green).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a Guinea*) to *Watchman* (R. M. Nance, 23 Westbourne Road, Penarth).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Amor* (Elise D. Elboux, 18 Radipole Road, Munster Park, Fulham, S.W.); *Arbor Vale* (Henrietta M. Tarver, The Bungalow, Bourne Hall Road, Old Bushey, Herts); *Brunswick Black* (Thomas A. Brock, 14 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge); *Cullrathain* (Margaret M. Houston, Coleraine, Ireland); *Chada* (C. H. Temple, Iron Bridge, Shropshire); *Chelsea Pensioner* (Ada C. Ince, 13 Frogner, Hampstead, N.W.); *Désespoir* (Mary Davis, West Point, Levenshulme, Manchester); *Daub* (Maud Shelley, 13 Rutland Gate, S.W.); *Daie* (Millie Duncan, 140 High Road, Lee, S.E.); *Elsa* (Elsa M. Waterlow, 1 Maresfield Gardens, Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.); *Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Irene* (Mrs. Allen, 5 Addison Road, Plymouth); *Lofen* (Winifred Hett, 6 Finborough Road, S. Kensington); *Lamplight* (Herbert Sershall, 14 Devon Terrace, Mutley, Plymouth); *Model* (Wilh. Gulzow, 58 Helix Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.); *Nens* (Eve M. Scott, The Shrubbery, Erith); *Owlet* (E. B. Hart, 10 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh); *Stylus* (G. W. Collins, 2 Bond Street, Holborn Square, W.C.); *Ver* (John Dumayne, 114 Burnt Ash Road, Lee, S.E.); *Veritas* (Florence E. Cole, 25 Redburn Street, Chelsea, S.W.); and *Zeto* (W. E. Tyler, Westgate, Bridgnorth)



"WATCHMAN"
SECOND PRIZE
STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD (COMPETITION C I.)



FIRST PRIZE
"VEVERS"

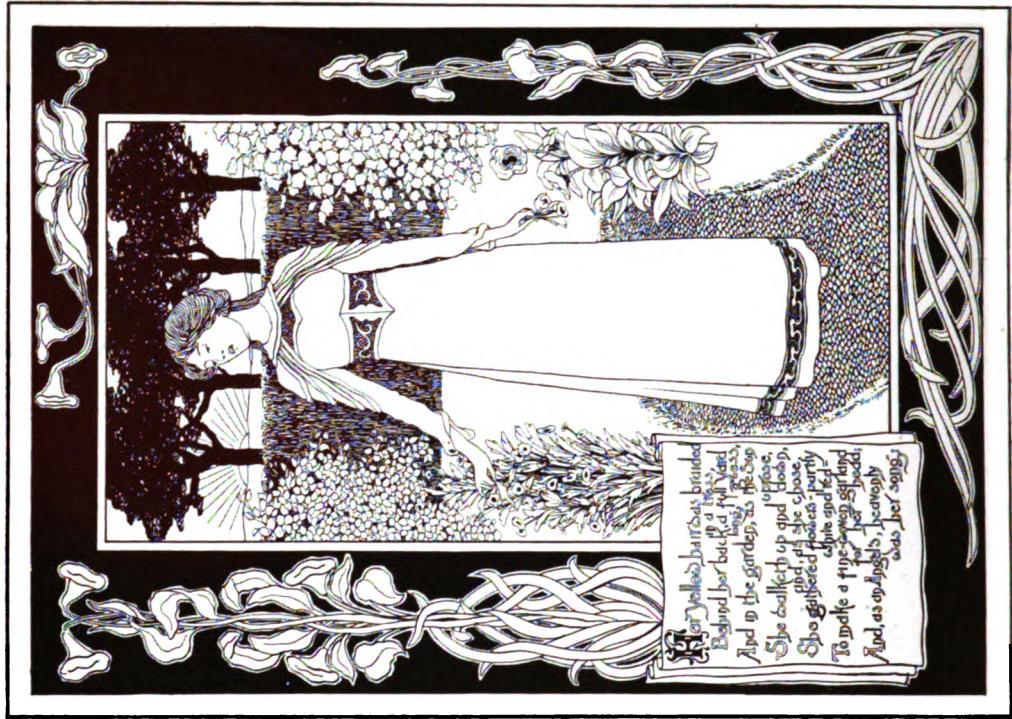
"OREAS"

DESIGNS FOR ILLUSTRATION "THE CANTERBURY TALES" (COMPETITION B I.)

SECOND PRIZE

"BERANGER"

FIRST PRIZE





HON. MENTION
“HELOISE”
DESIGNS FOR ILLUSTRATION “THE CANTERBURY TALES” (COMPETITION B I.)



HON. MENTION

“PEKIN”

The Lay Figure "At Home" with Music

THE LAY FIGURE "AT HOME" WITH MUSIC.

"DECORATIVE music!" said the Lay Figure musingly. "I rather distrust that phrase; it is pretty, but like 'impressionist architecture,' one wonders if there is anything behind the title."

"Yes, I think there is such a thing, although few modern composers have recognised it," said the Enthusiast.

"Do you mean to imply that Wagner's music is not decorative?" said the Decadent with a drawl. "I thought even the most artless art-craftsman today found inspiration in Wagner. I am sure I read some such statement lately."

"I think," said the Enthusiastic Amateur who had launched the phrase "decorative music" among a crowd of designers and writers, "I think what I mean is that we might go back in music to the earliest fine flowering of the art, and develop it anew, much as we have gone back to the simplicity of early stained glass and Italian sculpture of the Donatello period, and to Cimabue, Giotto, Dürer and the rest, instead of trying to carry farther the efforts of Brahms or Wagner. In short, not to take as our starting point the musical equivalent of the last magnificence of the Gothic Perpendicular, the Italian Renaissance, or the Rococo of Rubens or Michel Angelo.

"I wouldn't even try the latter if I were you," said the Man with a Clay Pipe sneeringly; "it would really be unfair to your own individuality, and to Michel Angelo, to base yourself on him."

"But where are your art-and-crafty tunes to be found?" said the Decadent. "Not in England surely. Purcell bores one to death; he wrote 'Rule Britannia,' didn't he? I should have thought that was much too beef-inspired for your taste."

"I think," said the Enthusiast, "that you should add to your unparalleled ignorance of things artistic a new section specially devoted to music. Do you know the Purcell of the *Yorkshire Feast Song*; the dances and airs of William Byrd; in short, the people who fitted music and tunes to the masques and lyrics of Campion and the rest that you are never weary of praising?"

"If I did, I have forgotten them. Are they like the dreamy, poetic stuff Arnold Dolmetsch plays at his concerts? I rather liked some things he does," the Decadent said meekly.

"The pieces of music he has revived are splendid examples on which I base my theory," said the Enthusiast. "I think Mr. Dolmetsch has really

done for music what the Century Guild did for decoration; that is, he has brought to light forgotten works of art, and set them forth daintily and delightfully. A sympathetic few will before long discover a new movement, and ignore his efforts, much as most chroniclers of the present 'arts and crafts' movement forget some of its pioneers, especially Messrs. Macmurdo, Selwyn Image, Horne, and the rest of The Hobby Horse men."

"I rather like your suggestion," the Man with a Clay Pipe observed. "I think native music of all countries, the old Wessex songs Mr. Baring Gould has collected, the songs of the Czechs and of the Muscovites, and the music of Japan, might be studied. *Miyako Dori*, the delightful collection which Mr. Paul Bevan issued in our own notation, will give you an idea of the charm of the latter. Surely for domestic music we might hark back to these and other sources. Wagner does not fit a suburban drawing-room, he is several sizes too large; yet music is a polite art we are in danger of banishing to professional experts instead of keeping in daily life."

"The opera is the fresco," said the Journalist, "the symphony, the cathedral, the sonata, the sculpture of music. Isn't that what you mean? That all these forms suit public monuments, palaces and the like, but don't go particularly well with a £50 house."

"Something like that," said the Enthusiast, "and you cannot satisfy the appetite of the cultured layman by reproductions of old work alone. He wants, and has a right to expect, new creations in music that are in the mood of to-day."

"Surely he has the song with waltz refrain and sufficient inanity already," said the Decadent.

"Yes; musical equivalents of the cheap chromolithograph and the halfpenny Christmas card," the Enthusiast replied. "I want the etching, the Morris cretonne, the Voysey wall paper, and the rest to find their exponents in music."

"When you ask for it see that you get it," said the Journalist flippantly. "How would you begin?"

"Possibly by re-introducing the spinet, the harpsichord, viol d'amore, viol de gamba and the rest," said the Enthusiast; "and so to re-impose forgotten limitations, as the pioneers of decorative art re-imposed them in confident hope that after a period of imitation antique the new growth would appear without conscious effort as it has in decoration based on precedent, but not slavishly obedient to pedantic rules."

THE LAY FIGURE

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT

AMERICAN STUDIO TALK

IT is a nice matter for ethical consideration to define the extent to which a public officer is liable to criticism in regard to his administration, when his service is gratuitous, and his duties are confined chiefly to matters of judgment. To what extent, for example, is the president of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts bound to give the New York public, not only a picture or a statuary exhibition, but the best picture or statuary exhibition that can be held? To what extent is he bound to issue catalogues or guides that shall really instruct the visitors to the Museum? Have we, the public, a right, for instance, to say that the president of The Museum of Natural History in New York should take more precaution than he does to notify the public of the days it is open free and of the evenings on which its lectures are held; and that he should issue a guide-book that shall give visitors some idea of the relation of the natural sciences to material progress, and of the relation of a museum collection to the study of science? Have we, further, any right to say that the president of the Metropolitan Museum ought also more extensively to notify the people of its lecture courses; that there should be more lectures relating to the collections, that catalogues should be issued with more despatch; and that the same efficacious system used by the Museum of Natural History of placarding its exhibits — i. e., of showing the relation of one thing to another — should be employed by the Metropolitan Museum; and that art students of the city should be informed that the Museum's library is at their disposal? That, in short, the Museum should not hide its light under a bushel, as it continually does; that while to teach archaeology is part of the Museum's mission, yet it is also important that it should educate the artists and artisans of its day; hence exhibits of productions of all the arts, scientifically arranged, should be held from time to time for that

purpose. The Museum management might learn something in this direction from the print collections arranged by the scholarly curator of the Boston Museum, and from the ceramic and metallic exhibitions arranged by Mr. Ives of the St. Louis Museum, with a view to bettering the productions in that city in these arts.

Are such matters, we say, any of the public's business, or would it be gratuitous impudence on our part if we took under consideration the opening of the new Institute of Arts and Sciences in Brooklyn, and asked publicly the question, — "Since the president of that institution is to be one of the members of the Art Committee of Greater New York, what may we hope from him in the way of the betterment of the present standard in municipal art, — in the way of not only acquiring statues, monuments, buildings, and picture galleries, but of acquiring the very best, and of utilizing them to the very best advantage, giving the maximum amount of instruction in the minimum amount of space?" It is, we say, a delicate matter of ethics whether we have a right to question his administration at all. There is no constitutional precedent, no hand-book of parliamentary practice, by which we can gauge the duties of an administrator of a public museum.

If, on arriving in Brooklyn, we found that the guards on the elevated roads, and at the bridge entrance knew nothing about the Institute of Arts and Sciences building which has just been erected and opened at a cost of thousands of dollars, and could not direct us to the same, is it within the bounds of reason that we should suggest that some means might be taken to direct visitors to public museums, and that at some time in the near future visitors to Greater New York may find placards in all parks and on steamboat piers, the Brooklyn Bridge, Grand Central Depot, etc., to the effect that the second city in the world possesses certain museums

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situated in certain locations and open to the public on certain days,—find, in short, that the managers of these institutions had applied in an economical way the same business methods that the manager of a theatre uses in directing the public's attention to his attractions, perhaps going so far as to influence legislation so that every franchise given by the city would provide that space be allotted free in cars and elevated stations for such city placards?

If, on visiting the Brooklyn Institute a second time, one found that an admission fee was charged, of which no hint was given on a previous free day, either by placard in the building or announcement in the catalogue, is it outside of criticism to say that the president *ought* to notify the public in regard to the matter of free and pay days? If we found that this institution progressed a step farther than the Metropolitan Museum, and the Museum of Natural History, in that its elevator *did* run sometimes, perhaps it is most unkind to mention that it did not run at 1.15, when we wished to leave! In buying the "Illustrated Catalogue," we expected to find therein engravings of the paintings which are on the walls; but several views of the buildings are all the cuts the book contains, and this, we opine, hardly warrants its being called an "Illustrated Catalogue." When we traverse the exhibition, referring to the catalogue we find in it the simple statements in inartistic type that certain groups were loaned by certain individuals (whether of Brooklyn or New York we are not told); the number and name of the picture is given, the artist's name, and the city in which he resides,—as New York, London, Paris,—but nothing more to guide us in studying the different examples before us!

When an exhibition is to inaugurate the opening of a public art gallery, and when it is to be open the entire summer,—a time when the public, and more especially, the artist-artisan public has the most leisure,—there is a splendid opportunity to educate the public, to prepare it for an appreciation of future exhibitions. To accomplish this end there is certainly no better form of education than a well arranged catalogue, accompanying a comprehensive exhibit, in which there is a distinction made between the old and modern masters. But how is the spectator to know, if he has only the present catalogue to guide him, but that Vibert is a contemporary of Sir Joshua Reynolds, or Gilbert Stuart a younger painter than Will H. Low? If there was a reason for not arranging a chronological exhibition, or a special educational

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exhibition, yet was there not at least an opportunity to supply by an annotated catalogue those who sought for a chronological sequence the opportunity to go through the gallery and pick out the older masters from the newer?

But why should there not be some attempt to arrange a chronological exhibition, instead of this crazy-quilt show where squares of precious silk elbow strips of cheap calico in true democratic fashion. However one may object to the quality of most of the exhibits, one must at least ascribe comprehensiveness to the collection as a whole, embracing as it does examples of many schools and of many decades. The Sir Joshua Reynolds lead nicely to the work of Gilbert Stuart, and Stuart to Cole and Waldo, and Waldo to Daniel Huntington, thence to Inness and such younger men as Mowbray, Eaton, Low, and Millet. We should have liked the catalogue to give us some information about such a painting as Reynolds' *Flora, Goddess of Summer*; whether, for example, it is from the W. Cuthbert Quilter collection, where it was known as *Nymph and Piping Boy*, or whether it is a variation, a replica or copy, of that painting. Then it is unfortunate that the largest Gilbert Stuart, the *Washington*, No. 43, is so poor an example. We might have some explanation of its crude qualities. How much, for instance, is entirely Stuart's, and how much is the brush-work of some one else. But we could at least tolerate these unexplained pictures, and such poor trash as the *Girl's Head*, No. 395, ascribed to Greuze, and as Cole's *Prometheus Bound*, No. 165, if, as we said before, a proper arrangement or cataloguing explained that Stuart had the opportunity of studying in Europe, while Cole was almost self-taught. Nay, we might indeed welcome Cole's canvas, and many of the American paintings, that as works of art are worthless, if they but formed a part of a group showing the development of American painting. (When the *Prometheus* was exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum in 1895, a biographical sketch of the artist was given in the catalogue.)

Though this article is of necessity prepared in great haste, and our summary must therefore be very disjointed, we shall try in a fragmentary review to designate the relation of some of these pictures one to another. Briefly, English art at the end of the eighteenth century was comparatively healthy; and it is fairly well exemplified in the specimens of Sir Joshua Reynolds. (Reynolds was born at Plympton, England, 1723; died 1792. He was the first president of the Royal Acad-

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emy.) His *Portrait of Josiah Wedgwood*, No. 414, is an extremely fine example both of skilled brush-work and intellectual character-portrayal. In other words, the paint is laid on in a manner that shows the artist was master of his pigments. He did not colour a drawing, but drew with his brush, his colours vivid, palpitating, and ripe, not pallid and dry. This method is that of the great masters of painting,—of Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Franz Hals, and therefore has tradition back of it; so it is that when a painter does not come up to this standard, when his colour is leadenly, lacking in freshness, or when it is so wild that it looks metallic or thin, we have a right to say of him that his method is poor.

A striking example of unpainter-like work is hung not far from the Reynolds. It is Lenbach's *The Little Princess*, 177. (Franz Lenbach was born in Bavaria; he studied with Piloty in Munich.) Here the colour of the face is no more like the flesh of a child than is a grey kid glove. A painter's colour may be as dark as Rembrandt's, but it must not be black. It may be as light as Greuze's, but it must not be bloodless.

That this colourful colouring, if one may so call it, need not be confined to large canvases is shown by the Dutch of the seventeenth century, who excelled in cabinet pictures. A fair specimen of the style of their work is found in No. 525, *A Dutch Interior*, by Gabriel Metzu (born at Leyden in 1638, his father and mother were both painters). And it will be seen by this that "style" in painting need not be confined to heroic or grand subjects. So when the modern critic condemns Kammerer and Vibert, Jacquet and Chaliva, it is not because of their commonplace subjects (the Dutch selected the most humble subjects), but because of their commonplace treatment of those subjects, while the Dutch treated the commonplace with distinction. So when the critic sees a modern painting like Vollon's *Still Life*, No. 519, he pronounces it good because it accords with the very best traditions. The jug in the Metzu and the jar in the Vollon are painted with the same "feeling." (Antoine Vollon was born at Lyons in 1833, and was a pupil of Ribot.)

It is difficult for the public to realise that there are traditions in Art which must be upheld; that there are certain standards that cannot be diverged from without the risk of being eccentric. It is true that some artists have successfully rebelled against the traditions of certain schools. Delacroix rebelled against the forced classicism of

David; Millet, and, later, Bastien-Lepage against the academic in France. But they did not rebel against all their predecessors — all traditions. There is an absolute consensus of opinion in regard to the painters we have mentioned, Titian, Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Franz Hals, that their methods were best adapted for oil painting; and unless the public are in some degree acquainted with these methods, however enjoyable it may be for them to visit an art gallery and say, "I like this," or "I like that," simply because of the comedy in one canvas, or because this child's portrait reminds them of the infant of the household, or that picture of a dog reminds them of Towser, they are not imbibing any educational advantage from such a visit; and the officers of our art museums should realize that they are not performing an educational office in catering to such an enjoyment. The Museum of Natural History may display gigantic fossils that are curious in the extreme, but they must not exhibit Bowery freaks simply because they are curious. And so an Art museum may exhibit story-telling pictures and pleasing pictures; but not merely because they are pleasing or tell a story.

With this point in view, let us consider some more of the pictures and see how they relate one to another. We said that Sir Joshua Reynolds was in vogue during the eighteenth century. Now, it was then that Gilbert Stuart went to London, and though he did not study under that painter, but was a pupil of Benjamin West, he had an opportunity of studying Reynolds' style, and at his best he is not unlike that painter. Almost all the painting done in America prior to this time was technically poor, the artists being mostly self-taught. It is said that Copley was thirty years old before he saw a really good painting. When, therefore, we look at such contributions as John Blake White's *View of Broad Street, Charleston*, 440 (see also 436 to 439), we can hardly consider it as a work of art at all, but as an interesting historical relic,—interesting because it reminds us that Charleston in the early part of the century was one of the principal cities of North America, giving, perhaps, as much encouragement to art as New York or Boston did in that day. So, too, if we know that Thomas Cole had not the opportunity to study abroad, our levity gives way to sympathy at the sight of such puerile drawing as is in his figure of Prometheus. At the risk of being monotonous we here again suggest that without some clue as to the period in which it was painted, and some particulars as to the education

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of the artist, a picture of this kind in a public museum is misleading. How is the stranger who knows nothing of the life of Thomas Cole to know why such a ridiculous picture is hung at all? When it is properly labelled a relic, a landmark as it were in the history of American Art, it then has proper significance. Most of the American artists in this room where the Cole is hung were poorly trained, and the Stuart *Washington* is by no means a good example of that artist's work; the colour throughout is bad. Masar, in his Life of Stuart, says: "Of portraits of Washington by Stuart, replicas of the Athenæum, there are many; some of them are very fine, but others are quite indifferent. Stuart used to call his portrait of Washington his hundred-dollar bill, and when he wanted money he turned one off, often hurriedly. But to this there are noble exceptions." Stuart was born at Narragansett, R. I., 1755; studied under Benjamin West; died 1828. Samuel Waldo, whom the catalogues call familiarly simply "Waldo" was one of the strong portrait painters of the early days: he was born in Connecticut, 1783, died in New York, 1860; he painted for some time in Charleston, S. C.

The taste of the period in which Stuart painted was better than for many years afterward. At a somewhat later period it was the fashion for the collector to order copies from the old masters. So that a writer of fifty years ago speaks with approbation of the "wealthy citizens who had a taste for adorning their houses with authentic memorials of the old masters, and whose patriotism inclined them to support native talent." Although this is in English, it is necessary to translate it and to say that the authenticity of these memorials lay in the patron knowing the *copyist* to be genuine, and his support of native talent did not involve the supporting of native originality. It merely meant that the painter was paid for his copies; and the same hazy logic as we find in this writer's English was displayed in the classification of these "authentic memorials." For it was never the practice to put the copyist's name upon the canvas, and the paintings soon found their way into auction rooms and exhibitions as Clades, Ruysdaels, Titians, and Murillos. It is even possible that some of these "authentic memorials" are masquerading as genuine old masters in the galleries of the Brooklyn Institute! A school was slowly built up, however, of American artists, W. S. Mount (see No. 394, *The Cider Mill*. Mount was born on Long Island, 1806, died 1868), one of the fathers of *genre*, and Cole (Thomas Cole was born in England, 1801, he was brought to America in his youth, he died, 1848,

near Catskill, N. Y.; he painted many views of the Catskills), who really did some very much better landscape work than *Prometheus*, were followed by the Hudson River school, consisting of such men as Ascher B. Durand (born at South Orange, N. J. 1796), Albert Bierstadt (born at Düsseldorf, 1830, but brought to America in childhood; he is classed as an American artist; he studied at the Düsseldorf Academy), F. E. Church, and Cropsey. It is not outside the drift of our talk to say that at the same time that the Hudson River school was developing a minute pre-Raphaelite method of painting, which it must be acknowledged was very sincere and truthful, the Barbizon School was developing in France a much broader and more painter-like way of working; and the true keystone of the school was that these artists were influenced by the work of the Dutch masters in the public museums in Paris,—by Jacob Ruysdael (born about 1625, died 1681), Meindert Hobbema (1638-1708), who was a pupil of Ruysdael, and by the English painters Constable (John Constable was born at Berholt, Eng., 1776—he died 1837) and Gainsborough (Thomas Gainsborough was born in Suffolk, 1727, died in London, 1788). Is it possible that these Barbizon men were in no way more sincere or gifted than those of the Hudson River school, and had the latter had the same opportunities of studying the masterpieces in the public galleries, instead of being influenced by a few Düsseldorf pictures and the writings of Ruskin, and a trip to Italy, would it have been possible for them to have developed as finely as did the French painters with their opportunities? There is food for thought here; might not the Brooklyn Art Institute give the students of the Shinnecock Art School, who have already had better opportunity for study than had our Hudson River men, but who show a decided tendency to be narrow, and to follow the tenets of one man, the opportunity to broaden their tastes and study many of the masters of the past,—an opportunity the Barbizon men had in the Louvre and the Luxembourg? George Inness was one of our painters who availed himself of the opportunity for foreign study. It is true that his *Wanderjahr* was spent principally in Italy, but he soon came under the influence of Constable and the Dutch masters and of Barbizon itself; and so we have in him a mellow artist who holds his own with the very school from which he learned much. (See *Cloudy Day*, 240, *Sunset English Landscape*, 226, and *Night*, 317.)

(Continued from second page of cover.)

At Avery's. Illustrations by George Du Maurier. At the annual meeting May 5th, of the Architectural League, Prof. W. H. Goodyear read a paper on Mediæval Optical Refinements. The following were elected members of the League:—

Resident, E. Raymond Bossange, Architect; Arthur J. Keller, Artist.

Non-resident, W. C. Smith, Architect; Albert H. Kipp, Architect.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, Bruce Price; First Vice-President, D. Maitland Armstrong; Second Vice-President, Herbert Adams; Executive Committee, Charles H. Israels, Joseph Lauber, D. N. B. Sturgis.

Fine Arts Federation,—Delegates, J. F. Harder, Charles R. Lamb; Alternates, Charles I. Berg, Geo. Martin Huss.

At the Macbeth galleries we have had on exhibition the paintings of Mr. Arthur B. Davies. This young artist has a fine sense of colour, but his draughtsmanship is so deficient that, at times, it is difficult to know whether to receive his work as serious or comic. It is undeniably pleasant to see a young man who does not imitate the conventional, who is not continually perpetrating the academic; and so far as Mr. Davies has attained this end, he is to be congratulated. But no matter how we may tolerate a disregard of the academic by an old man—for the bad drawing of a Fuller, the rough handling of a Homer Martin—it is not well for a young man to so totally disregard the primary rules of drawing that he is unable to compensate for their absence by any colour quality he may introduce into his work. The canvases entitled *Worship of Venus*, *Phantasies*, and *At the Source* had much charm in them, and *The Two-Step* came near to being a complete picture with lasting qualities to it. The preface to Mr. Davies's catalogue speaks his dreams, it says nothing about nightmares.

The first week in May we had on exhibition at Fischel, Adler & Schwartz's galleries a small collection of pastels and water-colours by Ross Turner, comprising the *Golden Galleon* which we mentioned in our review of the Water-Colour Exhibition, which looked better here in a good light, surrounded by the harmonious productions of the same artist. His *North Shore*, *The Sound*, *Still Life*, *The Lotus*, *Chelsea*, were other noteworthy productions by this aquarellist who uses the water-colour wash as successfully as the Japanese.

This cover paper is supplied by the Mittenague Paper Company, Mittenague, Mass.

S T. LOUIS, May 4 to 20, 1897, Exhibition of studies in water-colour and pastel, at the Museum of Fine Arts.

The following artists were represented in the Collection: O. W. Beck, E. A. Bell, J. Frank Currier, Elizabeth B. Duveneck, Frank Duveneck, Benjamin B. Fitz, J. H. Gest, F. Marcia Hunt, Charles S. Kaelin, L. C. Lutz, L. H. Meakin, T. S. Noble, Elizabeth Nourse, Vincent Nowotny Edward Potthast, J. H. Sharp, Annie G. Sykes, Ross Turner, Artus Van Briggle, A. R. Valentine, Theodore Wendel.

The next exhibition at the museum will be the third annual exhibition of the St. Louis Association of Painters and Sculptors.

D ENVER, COLO. At the recent exhibition of the Art Club, about one hundred and fifty compositions were shown, though but a few eastern artists were represented. This was probably due to the fact that the club expected contributors to pay their own transportation expenses. We think it worth while to mention here that, if they expect New York artists to be represented in their exhibitions, our Western and Southern brethren should provide free transportation. Our artists are not prone to submit their compositions to the tender care of the railroads, and pay the freight as well. Winslow Homer was represented by four water-colours, which, did not, however, meet with the approbation of the Denver press. Leonard Ochtman and Arthur B. Davies were also represented. Albert E. Sterner and Orson Lowell sent illustrations. Henry W. Ranger's *Landscape* was well accepted by the critics.

The Western artists exhibiting were Charles Partridge Adams, Thomas Sloan Bell, Henrietta Bromwell, James Augustin Byrne, Eloise W. Baldwin, Ward Brown, J. Brown, Charles M. Carter, Emma Richardson Cherry, Blanche Dougan Cole, Alice Cooper, Charles Craig, V. J. Crose, Pauline A. Dohn, Anne Evans, Ida C. Failing, A. M. Friedlander, Harriet Winslow Hayden, Grace Hudson, Helen A. Iserman, Mrs. Egbert Johnson, Minnie E. Luke, F. Miller, Mary P. Nicholls, M. E. O'Brien, Laura B. Parsons, Wilson L. Pitcaithley, Ida A. Randall, Henry Read, Frank P. Sauerwen, Lilla B. Seavey, Leslie J. Skelton, Elizabeth Spalding, Ida M. Stair, Clara B. Turton, Elsie Ward, Albert J. Norton, Harlan Thomas, Leota Woy, Elizabeth J. Willmarth, William Cowe, Martha L. Field, F. E. Kidder, J. Blount Mayberry, Mary C. Wheeler.

THE HOUSE OF LUBIN.

THERE is a quiet little street in Paris, with a quaint Old World air of sedateness about it, where the tides of time have run but slowly during the past century.



Scarcely two squares from the great artery of the Avenue de l'Opera, and but little more from the famous place of the same name, where events that shook the whole civilized world have swirled and

eddied, the Rue St. Anne has remained placid and industrious. Empires have arisen, tottered and crashed in thunderous ruin, but its white-capped workmen have rarely failed to pass along it to their work.

Shops of the fashion of a century ago, curious old counting-rooms and busy workshops are to be found on this thoroughfare. There are not many signs along the Rue St. Anne, for business does not seek there to thrust itself across the pavement to seize the passer-by. Of the few there are, many are so aged as to be nearly undecipherable, and others still have little interest. There is one modest carte, however, that, while scarcely more than a name, never fails to arrest the stray American stroller in the French capital. It is above the door of No. 55, and spells simply the word "Lubin." Since 1798 the same name has been above the door, and since the early years of the present century there have been few strangers from a land so remote as not to recognize this name as an old acquaintance. This simple name breathes the languorous luxury of many a dainty boudoir, and revives recollection of stately courts, where gracious grande dames and gallant courtiers thronged. Amidst all the glamorous associations of romance and revolution, imperial splendors and martial glories, which cluster thick around the name of Paris, there is a niche apart for this name. It is redolent of the soft, seductive fragrance permeating many a brilliant salon, or filling the crowded drives of the Bois de Boulogne, where the Haute Monde is out of a fair Spring afternoon. Like a page of Thackeray's ballads, it exhales the sweetness which youth and passion have thrown around the grisette-haunted Bohemia of the Quartier Latin, which the ballad-writer sang and Du Maurier immortalized.

It was nearly a century ago, in 1798, when M. Pierre Francois Lubin entered the quiet little Rue St. Anne, and, settling himself in the little building at No. 55, commenced the manufacture of the famous scents, extracts, toilet waters and other preparations which bear his name. Their excellence has caused his name to be as well known to-day as that of the young military director, who at the head of the cockaded hordes of the Republic at the time he commenced, was smiting with iron hand the monarchies of the Continent. The beginnings of the perfumery trade in Paris when the little open-air shops or booths around the Carnavalet Museum were the most pretentious establishments of the perfumers, were not so far behind M. Lubin, and the field he entered was far less known than it is to-day. The long-bearded philosophers of the school which sought the touchstone had departed broken-hearted, leaving their retorts and crucibles, and, more valuable still, considerable knowledge of chemistry, behind them. Following on there arose the alchemy of fragrance, the magic which caught and transformed the subtle sweetness of the Indian bloom and held the essence of the Rose suspended. Among all those who started with the century the name of Lubin alone stands. To the trade it typifies formulæ wonderful in combinations and skill—to the outside world it represents success.

The modest little establishment in the Rue St. Anne thrived and grew steadily. From the unpretentious counting house commenced to go forth bills of shipment all over the civilized world. Monarchs might set nations

at each other's throat, but they never permitted themselves to suffer. So early as 1821 King George, of England, appointed the wizard Frenchman across the water perfumer to Britain's court, as his house still is to the greater Britain to-day.

Workmen who began with M. Lubin in 1798, more expert as time wore on, remained, and only the chosen few of promise were taken in to the famous little distillery of fragrance where he was master. Among these came in 1824 a boy apprentice, Felix Prot. Beginning at the very bottom he rose steadily. The secrets which for nearly a century have baffled the whole scientific world were slowly revealed to him, and a few others. Three years later, venerable with years and honors, M. Lubin left the shop of the Rue St. Anne, but he left also his name and his secrets. Others succeeded to the work he laid down, but to the world it has always been Lubin, the master. The single and wonderful extract, or combination of extracts, known as Jockey Club, is famous wherever the refinements of civilization have penetrated. There is but one Jockey Club, and its subtle fragrance has never been approached. So with many other scents equally famous. In these days, when the fierce competitions of trade have forced prices down to a point never before known, it is a striking guarantee of excellence when a single cake of soap, the famous Rose, can sell at \$1.25. Rose soaps are not so rare, but there is but one that bears the name of Lubin, and for years enough could not be made to supply the demand.

Since 1827, when Lubin became the name only of the establishment of the Rue St. Anne, there have been the changes in the old firm that time and the mortality of man enforce. Until 1844 M. Saffers controlled its destiny, and then the boy apprentice of twenty years earlier, M. Felix Prot, assumed the business. Under him it grew to a fame even wider than ever before dreamed possible. Letters dated 1845 and 1856 containing orders for soap and perfumery show M. Lubin the Parfumeur du Roi, and the history of successful trade tells how orders piled upon orders until the file in the little counting house ran months and months ahead. As begun then, so it has since been. Without going over their thresh-old the proprietors of Lubin's have taken the business that the world poured in upon them.

In 1856 it became M. Felix Prot & Co., and from then until 1860 it remained the same. During the latter year M. Chardin became the firm, and so continued until 1867, when M. Felix Prot & Cie again resumed control. Since then there has been but the one inevitable change, the succession of Paul Prot, son of Felix, to the seniority. The commodious offices at No. 42 Fourteenth Street, Union Square south, are filled with the same fragrance that fills the great establishment of to-day in the Rue St. Anne. Lubin's has an American home, and its American friends have not been slow to find it.

In the bewildering profusion of perfumes to-day it is refreshing to return to originals whose genuineness has formed the basis of the present trade. There are certain scents famous to-day under many labels which, in 1798 and at intervals since, have originated in the Rue St. Anne, and continued unchanged in their manufacture since by the same house. One of these, Jockey Club, has already been mentioned. Others of the same sort, that in which Lubin stands preëminent, are Heliotrope Blanc, Violette, Peau d'Espagne, Frangipane, Patchouli, Verbena, Ylang-Ylang, White Rose, New Mown Hay, and Ess. Bouquet Lubin. The famous Eau de Toilette of Lubin stands side by side with the Lavender Water Royal, so widely known. Eau de Cologne, Triple Extract, is as distinctively Lubin's as are the famous soaps, one of which has already been mentioned.

Among the more exclusively boudoir preparations are the wonderful Poudres pour la Toilette, which, grading up through the Violette and Rose to the satin-like Blanc de Perle Superfine, are known wherever feminine beauty enhances its charms, and the male exquisite finds equal consolation in the shaving creams, of Ambroisie, Almond and Lettuce, the Cosmetic Hongroise, and the delicate waxes which also bear Lubin's label. Almost equally well known are the preparations for the hair, the Eau de Quinquina, Perfumed Glycerine, Superfine Pomades and Perfumed Oils which the Parisian hairdresser uses in such profusion.

That "imitation is the sincerest flattery" is evidenced in the Lubin products by the persistent counterfeiting of them by unscrupulous competitors. The genuine articles bear the trade-mark which is shown above.

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME.

Contents for August, 1897.

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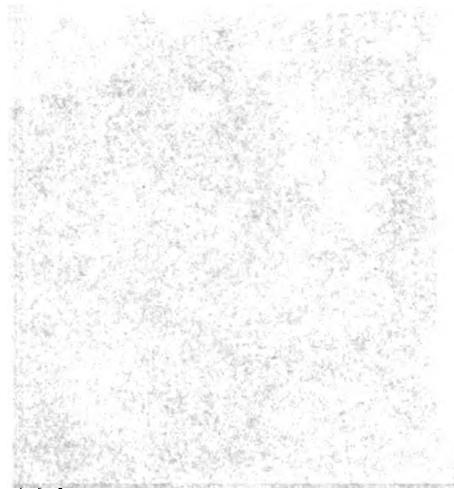
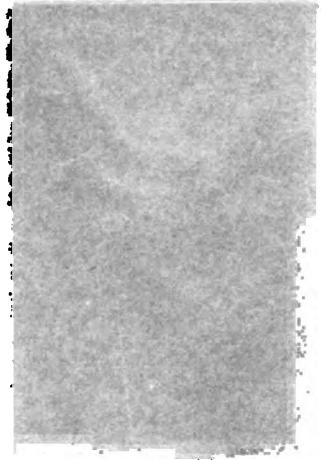
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ON PLANT TAXONOMY ELEMENTS WILLIAM

WATER-GOLDC BY WORD FIGHTON
"TORT AND THE ANGEL" FROM A



"TOBIT AND THE ANGEL." FROM A
WATER-COLOUR BY LORD LEIGHTON

Constantin Meunier

C ONSTANTIN MEUNIER: THE ARTIST OF THE FLEMISH COLLIERIES. BY W. SHAW SPARROW.

THERE are two men of genius in M. Constantin Meunier—a painter and a sculptor, and each makes use of the other's peculiar qualities and methods. The sculptor's hand we detect in the modelling of the painter's lean, muscular figures, and it is usually with the painter's eyes that the sculptor sees. It were a Gilbertian criticism to say that each of these artists is indeed the other; that M. Meunier is a painter as soon as his hands touch clay, and a sculptor the very moment that he starts using his sombre and impressive greys and browns. The transformation is not so complete as this, of course. Still, even if it were as complete, I, for one, should not be greatly concerned. It would still be easy to explain, and I should still be free to admire it, as I admire the statu-esque rhythm, repose, and balance of line in many paintings by Michel Angelo.

M. Meunier has ever been fascinated by both arts, finding his keenest relish in painting sometimes, and sometimes in the study and the practice of sculpture. At the age of sixteen he entered the studio of M. Fraikin, a cold, academic statuary, and he laboured there—not, one thinks, with great profit—for ten years. Then, all at once, he was attracted by the work of Charles Degroux, that great artist whom we know as "the painter of the poor," and who shares both with Millet and with Meunier so many telling qualities, all marked by a plebeian pathos, sincere, deep and uncouth. Charles Degroux taught Meunier to paint; but the pupil was never taken with his master's charm of colour; he was influenced only by his teacher's rugged and pathetic truthfulness to nature. The fact is that M. Meunier has never forgotten the sinister memories of his youth, which he passed in the Belgian Black Country, his birthplace; and the smoke and gloom of that scathed land have entered into all his colours. They found their way slightly into even those sketches which the artist made in Spain, where he had been sent to copy a noble old painting by Kempeneer; and the result was that the critics saw Spain

in an entirely new aspect, the touch of northern sombreness in the landscapes being quite in accord with the austere stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards themselves. Those landscapes, in fact, touched one with a vague sense of the Flemish collieries; and side by side with this quite unique trait there was another peculiarity: one which made the critic feel sure that the painter was likewise a sculptor of real merit. And a sculptor M. Meunier continued to be in his heart of hearts, until, at the age of fifty, being fired by the genius of Rodin, he not only abandoned his brushes but went back with youthful energy to the studies of his boyhood. It was then that he began



"THE SHINGLER"
BRONZE STATUETTE BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



C. L. ANTON
ARTIST
ILLUSTRATOR
WATER COLOR

"WATER-COLORS BY JOHN LEIGHTON
"TOOK UP THE ANGEL" FROM A

Constantin Meunier



"COLLIER AT WORK"

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

to inform stone and clay with many fine qualities which belong, usually, to the domain of painting.

Perhaps our artist's work owes much of its melancholy to the fact that it was brought to completion in the midst of indescribable hardships and humiliations. Few men of genius, I think, have suffered more than M. Meunier has; and no one certainly could have fought with greater courage a very long, stern battle. The battle lasted more than thirty years, yet Meunier never once disgraced his colours. Time ran on, and Penury

was always to him what Balzac calls "a divine stepmother"; "she taught him pity, fortitude, and humility, knowledge of the world, knowledge of life; she gave him that grand, that potent education of chastisement, which she imparts to all those who are destined to be great." But whilst Penury was thus befriending the artist, the man himself was faring very badly at her hands. His health she weakened, and she marked his face with such deep lines of suffering as may well set us thinking about that very commercial sagacity which causes so many artists to make their work popular and mediocre. That mediocrity should be so pleasing to the many is in the nature of things; for genuinely original talents, when even the discriminating few first come upon them, are always



"INDUSTRY"

BAS-RELIEF BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

"HARVEST." BAS-RELIEF IN PLASTER
BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



Constantin Meunier

more or less offensive. And the more they are at variance with the æsthetical conventions of the past, the greater is the annoyance of all the pedants of the Italian galleries, who forget that no two epochs are ever alike, and that the past lives best in its own imperishable works of art. So, what with the foolishness of the cultured, and the natural heedlessness of the ignorant, an honest man of real genius, a Meunier, unskilled in the many social arts of useful courtesanship and self-advertisement, must needs whistle down the winds for fame. He must be content, like Meunier, if he is able, at the age of sixty, to hail as friends many of those critics who used to turn him into ridicule.

Yet Meunier may well laugh in his sleeve at some of his old foes. He must see that they are making wild amends for their past follies. There are those amongst them who are hardy enough to acclaim him as the greatest sculptor of the time : nay, as the inventor of an art entirely new and original, which will be that of the millenarian centuries to come. Critical applause, however, like adverse criticism, is usually indiscreet, and for the good reason that it is a delightful flattery which men offer to their own judgment, and as a consequence to their own intellectual vainglory. Ideal criticisms would be in some sort admirable plagiarisms ; for the critic's ideal duty is faithfully to repeat what every book, or picture, poem or statue, has to tell him for and against its creator's talents and attainments. No one, however, can thus turn himself into what we may call a thinking phonograph, truthfully giving voice to those impressions and those mute self-criticisms which art leaves in every receptive educated mind. It is with his whole character, as well as through a medium of borrowed wisdom and stupidity, that a man sees ; hence he reveals himself in his criticisms, and the artist of whom he speaks is seldom benefited.

For this reason, one cannot hope to do justice to the work of Constantin Meunier. To treat of it simply and straightforwardly is the utmost that one could do. M. Meunier, because he made the collier and the artisan his theme, and "the suffering greatness of toil" his poetry, is not necessarily the inventor of an art entirely new, as well as memorably original. Men of genius have long been inspired by the life of the working classes ; and assuredly the old Dutch masters, when considered as social historians, are not less truthful than Millet and Meunier. The difference between the old truth and the new is the result of a marked change in the attitude of thoughtful men to the miseries so

common in the world. The Dutch masters loved the world as it was, and were happy ; whereas we moderns are so alive to the sorrows and abuses near us, that our mirth loses itself in melancholy, like that of the latter-day Dickens. In our own day, as a rule, the man of genius is in revolt against the common human lot, sometimes consciously like Millet, unconsciously sometimes like Meunier ; and although he stirs in us many tender feelings, by which our ancestors were seldom moved, yet we must not think, like some of Meunier's rash critics, that he will eventually bring about a regeneration of mankind. Art must not pretend to educate



"DOCK LABOURER"
STATUETTE IN BRONZE BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

Constantin Meunier

veral references; her mission has happily nothing in common with Exeter Hall and the cant of missionaries in... Yet we are told that Constantin Meunier is "a saviour of society," and that his art is *essentially* fitted to make us all set about the task of turning the collier into a man of means.

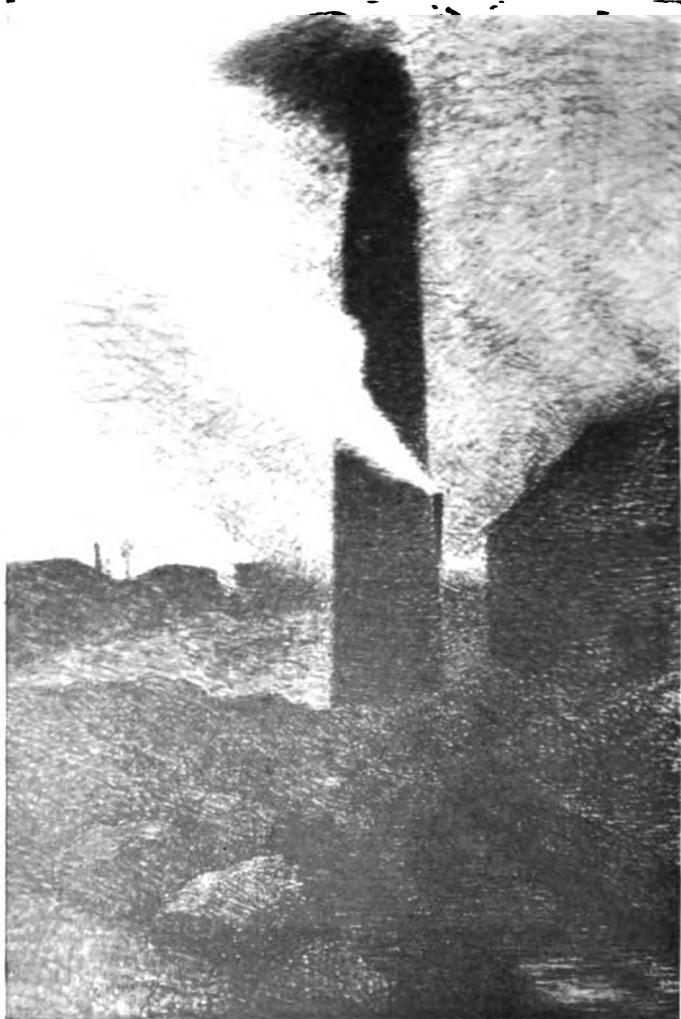
That Meunier has been a true friend to the collier I do not for a moment doubt. At the time when he began drawing his inspiration from the Belgian Black Country, no laws of State regulated the working of the mines. The coal trade was then, in Belgium, a horrible child-sweating industry, by which young girls were brutalised and lads deformed. All this M. Meunier painted; and his pictures not only provoked remark, they stimulated reform. But the real point is this: that his methods were all honestly artistic; they had no affinity with those which the late Mrs. Beecher Stowe made so popular, when calling attention to another and less degraded kind of "black" slavery. In other words, M. Meunier has never been a man with a mission—a Millet, half-poet unwittingly, and wittingly half-preacher. The ethical and socialistic interests of his work, about which so much nonsense has been talked, owe their origin to an impressive truthfulness to nature, and not to a highly self-conscious kind of humanitarian teaching. Meunier understands the life of the mining poor in Belgium; he works because he has something to say, and that something he gives expression to in a style all his own, rugged, masculine, reticent, and filled with an uncouth dignity and pathos. Michel Angelo might have painted thus if he had been at heart a collier.

In *Fire Damp*, a bronze group in the Brussels Museum, Constantin Meunier has made real for us the dazed terror of a collier's wife when she first beholds her husband's dead body. Here, indeed, is a subject to make any inferior artist melo-dramatic. Guido Mazzoni, for instance, who has left us some very curious Good Friday religious dramas in coloured clay, would have represented the poor woman in the act of tearing her hair and shrieking hys-

terically. It is a very different grief that Meunier shows us. The husband he keeps out of sight, and the wife, bending awkwardly forward, her arms dangling weakly by her side, seems the Niobe of Toil, turned into bronze by the sudden horror of the catastrophe.

The noble reticence of feeling in this work, as in *Eve Homo*, is not a Flemish quality as a rule. Perhaps it is the result of the artist's own sufferings. We meet with it again, as with the rest of Meunier's qualities, in another masterpiece in bronze, *An Old Colliery Horse*, which I should describe on my own account, were it not that M. Octave Mirbeau has made the pleasant task unnecessary. M. Mirbeau's description has been thus done into English by Miss Florence Simmonds:

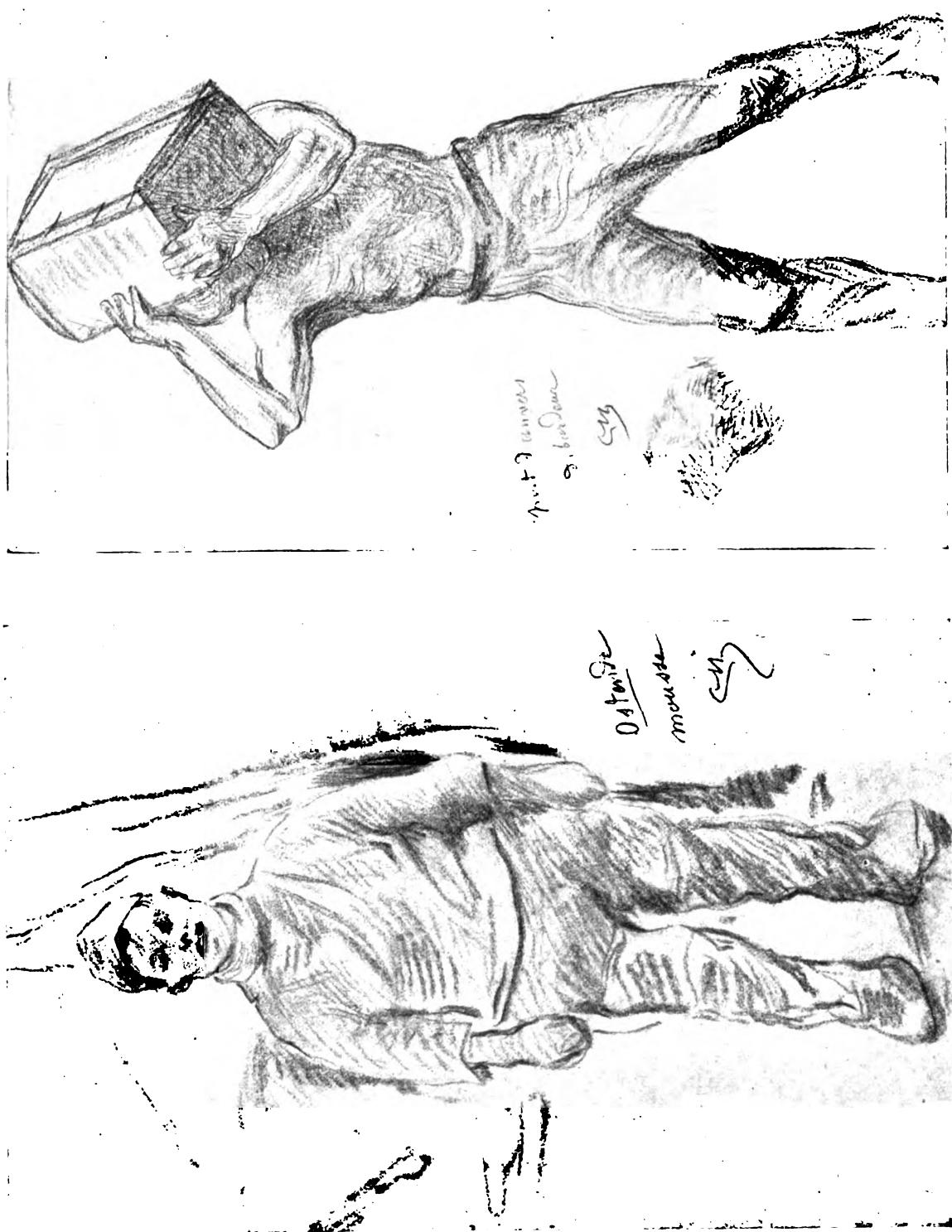
"How weary he is, this poor old colliery horse!"



THE BELGIAN BLACK COUNTRY

FROM A DRAWING BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

STUDIES. BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



Constantin Meunier



THE BELGIAN BLACK COUNTRY

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

His hollow sides, barred by his ribs, speak of plentiful blows and scanty corn. Yet he has worked hard, poor brute! . . . It has always been night for him, in low galleries, the roof of which grazed his back as he toiled along. . . . His legs are bent at the knees and swollen at the fetlocks. With nerveless flanks, and flaccid hocks, he rests on his crumpled hoof, after the manner of tired beasts. His neck, with its scanty mane, his shoulders, marked by the collar, make almost a straight line with the hind-quarters, and passing along the spine, it divides at the meagre croup into a double apophyge. His head hangs a little to one side, his ears droop, his jaw falls. His eye is dim, mournful and gentle, veiled as it were by a mist of darkness. Tears have left their channels on his skin. He is motionless; not a muscle, not a hair stirs; spent and helpless, he will lie down but to die. . . . One of the finest touches of observation in this study is the face

sums up the whole tragedy."

Also it sums up nearly all the work of Constantin Meunier. That work is seldom relieved by gaiety; in it the sun rarely shines. One wearies for the sound of laughter. If Shakespeare in all his tragedies makes us think sometimes of Falstaff and Prince Hal, it is precisely because unrelenting

Meunier has given to this old battered carcase of a horse. Its pathos is extraordinary. For the faces of old and suffering beasts are like those of old people—faces made up of misery and resignation, tragic faces, in which may be read, better than in a book, the injustice that presses on the hard lives of the poor. Such is the magic of the masterpiece, that, without any sentimentality or rhetoric, eloquent only by its form, this little bronze conjures up the whole life of the mine, the terrible mine . . . and thought travels with deep depression from tortured beast to martyred man.

. . . This old colliery horse



COLLIERS IN THE PIT

FROM A DRAWING BY C. MEUNIER

Constantin Meunier



"BRICKMAKERS"

BAS-RELIEF BY C. MEUNIER

gloom is tiresome ; and Constantin Meunier must know that the Flemish collier is no enemy to mirth. It is noticed, in fact, all the world over, that men are seldom more cheerful than when they earn their daily bread in the midst of danger. But it is an ungracious task thus to pick holes in the work of a really great artist, a genuine *man* of genius.

A few remarks must now be made on the illustrations which give interest to this study. I regret very much that it is only possible to give one example of the artist's early work as a painter of the Flemish collier's life and sufferings. But I believe this one example will be found most interesting, full of character, sympathy, and power. The Belgian Black Country is very well typified in two of the illustrations, and the *Collier at Work* is admirably posed, as will be granted by any one who

alluded, and which made so profound an impression at the Champ de Mars Salon in 1892, is commonly regarded as the sculptor's masterpiece, and I wish I had an illustration of it to place before you. Mr. Claude Phillips said at the time that this little sitting figure of Christ, a mere statuette in dimensions, was undoubtedly one of the finest things of the year, by virtue of its breadth of handling, its accent, and, above all, its intensely human pathos.

One cannot but agree with this criticism, and yet we must not lose sight for a moment of the industrial greatness of the art of Constantin Meunier. It is about ten years ago since I ventured to draw attention for the first time to the wealth of varied life, to the exhaustless fund of artistic inspiration, to be found in our dockyards, collieries and pot-

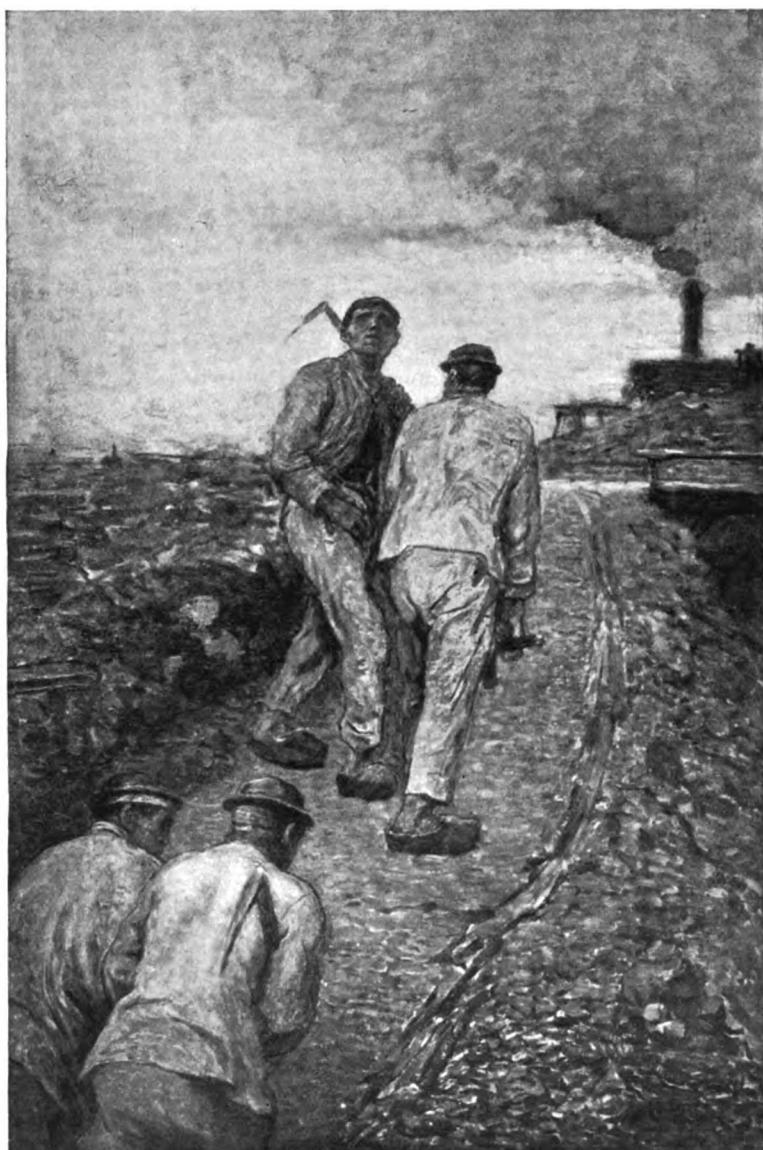
has watched a miner labouring under a great mass of coal. If there is a blemish in this work it is to be found in the man's lean back ; for a half-naked collier, when seen in the dim, uncertain light underground, looks gigantic, herculean. The strong elements of style in the bas-relief of *Industry*, in the statuette of *The Shingler*, and in that of the *Dock Labourer*, give something of a classic, ideal charm to the robust naturalism by which each of these fine conceptions is marked. These small statues, so vigorous and sympathetic in handling, so dignified in their simplicity and repose of line, are, I am inclined to think, the most truly statuesque of all M. Meunier's achievements as a sculptor. Yet, examine them carefully, and you will, I think, find that a painter's hand betrays itself here and there, though not so plainly as in the composition of that noble group of *Brickmakers*. The *Ecce Homo*, a statuette in bronze, to which I have already

Constantin Meunier

teries, near our furnaces, and in our factories, in all of which busy centres of tragic industry there is a religious art of the best kind—the art of the religion of daily human toil. Well, it is this religion that M. Meunier is inspired by, has interpreted to us, and in doing so, he has stirred us with an art which will assuredly hand down to posterity the character, the genius, the life and the tragedy of these first great anxious days in the seemingly eternal era of steam with its machinery.

Two or three of the other illustrations are rough sketches, mere notes of hand, made rapidly in the open air. Yet in these slapdash *croquis*, as in the completed works, we find every one of the artist's favourite virtues and graces. The note of manliness—a fine, rude, unpolished manliness—must detain us here a moment or two. It is a quality that Meunier shares with nearly all the Flemish artists of to-day; for the spirit of Rubens, with its swaggering, lustful promise of strong generations yet to come, is still brilliantly alive in the Flemish genius. Whilst England has been producing limp pre-Raphaelites and neurotic artists in all kinds, Belgium has renewed, both on canvas and in stone and bronze, the wild strong youth of the past. The truth may be expressed in another way. It is a militant country this England of ours. It is the home of many noble sports, and of many dangerous and delightful games. In Belgium, on the other hand, vigorous exercises in the open air are seldom encouraged. And yet, as a rule, our own painters and sculptors are not by any means so manly as their Belgian *confrères*. It is true that the Belgian artist is not usually very thoughtful, is often very vulgar, is rarely tender and imaginative; but

there his Flemish vigour and manliness are for all that, and they contrast oddly with the effeminate languor by which, here in England, an athletic country, so many literary and artistic productions are now characterised. It is well to remember that in Flanders the national character has always reflected itself thus in the Fine Arts; whereas in England, as in ancient Rome, those very arts were scouted as unmanly. The drama held sway amongst us, and foreigners painted our pictures. At last the theatre began to languish; the old magnificent virility perished slowly out of it; and at the same time, as during the decline of Rome,



"COLLIERS GOING TO THEIR WORK"

FROM A PAINTING BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

Some Glasgow Designers



"A COLLIER: SUNDAY"

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

the scorned arts came into fashion. Since then the artistic temperament has been running riot in our midst; and we have missed since then in most of our books, plays, paintings and statues, the strong presence of that racial quality, that bulldog something or other, which used to tell our ancestors that even their most refined men of genius were men of action. In plain words, the English genius, unlike the Flemish, has lost much of its old-time masterfulness: it no longer gives expression, as a rule, to what is strongest and most militant in our national character. That our colonising civilisation is the greatest the world has

86

ever seen admits of no doubt; but it is a truth which our namby-pamby eclecticism passes by in silence. And it ought never to be forgotten, though it usually is, that the first signs of national weakness have invariably shown themselves most clearly in the fine arts and in literature.

Now, we are told by Tennyson, Coleridge, Goethe, that all great minds must be androgynous. Genius, in other words, is a single creative human power with a double sex. Hence I think we may seriously say, without the least extravagance, that whilst in the Flemish genius the masculine sex maintains its rightful pre-eminence, the female is becoming much too aggressive in the English. Who, indeed, can imagine a Flemish Burne-Jones? Who, again, can think it likely that an English Meunier will appear? Sometimes Constantin Meunier shocks us by his strength, as by the uncouthness of his manly sentiment. Then one thinks of George Mason, and of his sweet idyllic picture of the singing colliery girls; and one longs for the coming of a man capable of uniting the best qualities of the rugged Meunier, the collier of the brush and chisel, to those of the tender, the imaginative Englishman, who studied the Black Country through the golden light of the setting sun.

SOME GLASGOW DESIGNERS AND THEIR WORK. BY GLEESON WHITE. (PART I.)

IN studying the history of decorative art, it becomes evident that the most original and lasting work has been more often than not the outcome of a well-defined local movement. Sometimes a single artist initiated the whole school; at others a few working in familiar intercourse acted and reacted on each other, so that at last a distinct character was imparted to their work and that of their successors. No matter how much each of

Some Glasgow Designers

these differed from his neighbour, the characteristics which distinguished his work from that produced in other localities, are still more evident to an unprejudiced observer than any family likeness among members of his group.

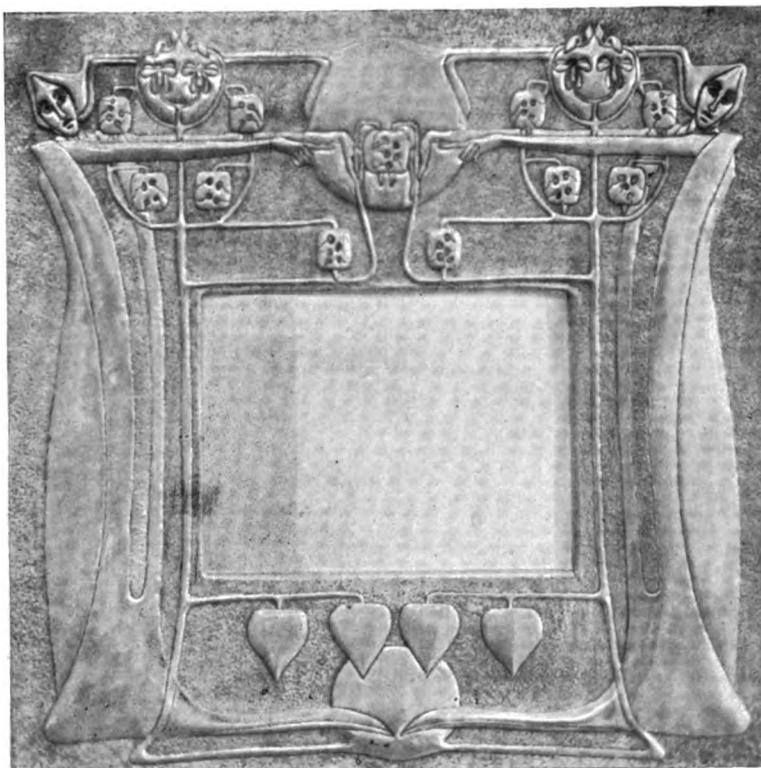
In these days of rapid intercommunication and increased knowledge of the work of distant countries, so that New York knows to-day more of what Paris or Berlin may be doing than London knew of Norwich a few generations ago, it might have been expected that cosmopolitan tendencies would prevail. Yet there is plenty of evidence to show that, as always, work which rises above the level of commercial design is usually the outcome of a distinctly isolated group. We have seen during Her Majesty's reign the rise of the Pre-Raphaelites: the influence of Mr. Morris and his personal friends: the far-reaching results from a small and little-known society—the Century Guild; and many other definite classes of design which have sprung from the association of a few sympathisers and energetic workers. These may be really isolated by geographical limits, or only separated from outside workers by the boundaries of a clique. Yet in either case they pay little regard to adverse criticism unless it comes

from within their own circle, and all are more or less swayed by a common impulse.

Glasgow to-day presents to an unusual degree this aspect of the case. In the work of the Glasgow School of Painters there is a broad likeness which separates it from that of men of Newlyn, or the members of the New English Art Club, and yet the Scots' work is by no means all schemed within any hard-and-fast limit. In decoration Glasgow at present shelters a not dissimilar group. In addition to a few artists, all more or less intimate, the authors of most of the examples chosen to illustrate this paper, there are several others unconnected by friendship and working in totally different manner who are all interested in decorative art, and doing good service to advance its aims. The locality which thus develops its own ideas of expression may comprise a province, or it may be limited to the work of a single studio. In Glasgow the newest and most individual manner is undoubtedly that which is seen in the work of the Misses Macdonald, Mrs. F. E. Newbury, Mr. Charles Mackintosh, Mr. J. Herbert McNair, and Mr. Talwin Morris. Mr. Oscar Paterson, in his very original stained glass, must not be placed quite

in the same group, nor can Mr. George Walton, whose work is entirely devoid of the qualities which make the first group so prominent, nor the Messrs. Guthrie. But to a Southerner all these factors combine, and he is willing to accept the result as the Glasgow Arts and Crafts movement, even as he accepts the work of men so different as Messrs. Guthrie, Lavery, Walton, Stevenson, Henry, Hornel, Cameron, Christie, and the rest, as representing the Glasgow School of Painters.

It is peculiarly delicate ground that one touches in an attempt to appreciate the work of artists who are, by force of circumstances, to a certain degree, commercial rivals also. For if the natural purpose of fine decorative objects is first to yield satisfaction to their



"HONESTY" MIRROR FRAME IN PURE TIN
DESIGNED AND BEATEN BY FRANCES MACDONALD

Some Glasgow Designers



CANDLESTICKS IN BEATEN BRASS

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY FRANCES MACDONALD
(By permission of Talwin Morris, Esq.)

makers, it is also, as a rule, no less a source of income to those who produce them. Therefore it may seem as if a paper devoted to such things were indirectly a disguised advertisement. It is so as much and no more than is every notice of a picture at the Royal Academy, every review of a book, every critique of a concert.

If the same privilege long since accorded to the Fine Arts be allowed to the Applied Arts, then it is no more venal to praise a sideboard than to applaud a portrait. If press notices send a designer more clients possibly they send the portrait-painter more commissions. A rough-and-ready rule would seem to be that all original designs, whether in picture, pattern, or material, should be granted the privilege of open appreciation, while all articles issued with no recognition of the painter or designer should fall under the head of manufactures, which can only be commended generally in guarded terms in any

thinks that the Egyptian Court at the British Museum is responsible for most of the so-called novelty in design at the late Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Had he seen the products of Young Glasgow the statement would have seemed far more plausible. Yet those sons and daughters of Scotland, who appear to be most strongly influenced by Egypt, affect to be surprised at the bare suggestion of such influence, and disclaim any intentional reference to "allegories on the banks of the Nile"; nor in their studios do you see any casts, photographs, or other reproductions of Egyptian art. As a rule, a designer gathers round him, unconsciously may be, examples of his favourite period. In one such studio the Italian Renaissance is to the fore; in another Mediæval or Jacobean relics; in a third Japanese; but Glasgow betrays no archaeological bias to any of these divers ways.

There is a legend of a critic from foreign parts

paper that wishes to maintain its self-respect.

The decorative movement in Great Britain today is showing many signs of vitality which promise well for its future. That not a few of its new departures are in opposition to the Gothic ideals which William Morris cherished, or to those of the English Renaissance which the Century Guild proclaimed, need not be wholly regretted. Growth is essential, and if some branches ultimately produce flowers and no fruit, it is yet too early in the spring of the new Renaissance to decide which will ultimately ripen to maturity and which will perish under adverse criticism, or die from sheer inanition. Eccentricity is often enough, we fear, the first title given to efforts, which, later on, are accepted as proofs of serious advance. Continental critics, restlessly curious as to what England is doing, are by no means agreed.

One eminent French critic

Some Glasgow Designers

who was amusing himself by deducing the personality of the Misses Macdonald from their works, and describing them, as he imagined them, "middle-aged sisters, flat-footed, with projecting teeth and long past the hope (which in them was always forlorn) of matrimony, gaunt, unlovely females." At this moment two laughing, comely girls, scarce out of their teens, entered and were formally presented to him as the true and only begetters of the works that had provoked him. It was a truly awful moment for the unfortunate visitor, whose evolution of the artists from his inner consciousness had for once proved so treacherous.

With a delightfully innocent air these two sisters disclaim any attempt to set precedent at defiance, and decline to acknowledge that Egyptian decoration has interested them specially. "We have no basis," they say, in tone of demure contrition, "that is the worst of it"; nor do they advance any theory, but enjoy the discomfiture of an inquirer who had expected the "intensity" of their work to be the product of "intense" artists. Therefore he is driven to believe that the very individual manner in which they have elected to express their sense of beauty is really the outcome of the feeling they have towards the arrangement of lines and masses. "Why conventionalise the human figure?" said one critic. "Why not?" replied another of the group.

"Certain conventional distortions, harpies, mermaids, caryatides, and the rest are accepted, why should not a worker to-day make patterns out of people if he pleases?" This is a query easier propounded than demolished. If you once throw over precedent there need be no limit to experiment; except that to be accepted it must justify itself. Without claiming that the method of new Glasgow is the best, or that it is impeccable, its very audacity and novelty deserve to be encouraged. After seeing much of it one must needs admit that there is method in its madness; that in spite of some exaggeration that has provoked the nickname of "the spook school," yet underneath there is a distinct effort to decorate objects with certain harmonious lines, and to strive for certain "jewelled" effects of colour, which may quite possibly evolve a style of its own, owing scarce anything to precedent.

One has but to recall the first reception of Whitman or of Wagner to realise how very feeble is the attitude of academic protest against any new experiment in style. In each case contempt and hatred have long since given way to acceptance and approval. The Glasgow decorators may never occupy places in the applied arts equal to those the American poet or the Bayreuth master hold in theirs. But to say that they break with all tradition, that they are eccentric, extravagant and chaotic, and merely mad, is but to take refuge in



PANEL WITH FRAME OF SILVERED COPPER "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS"

BY FRANCES MACDONALD

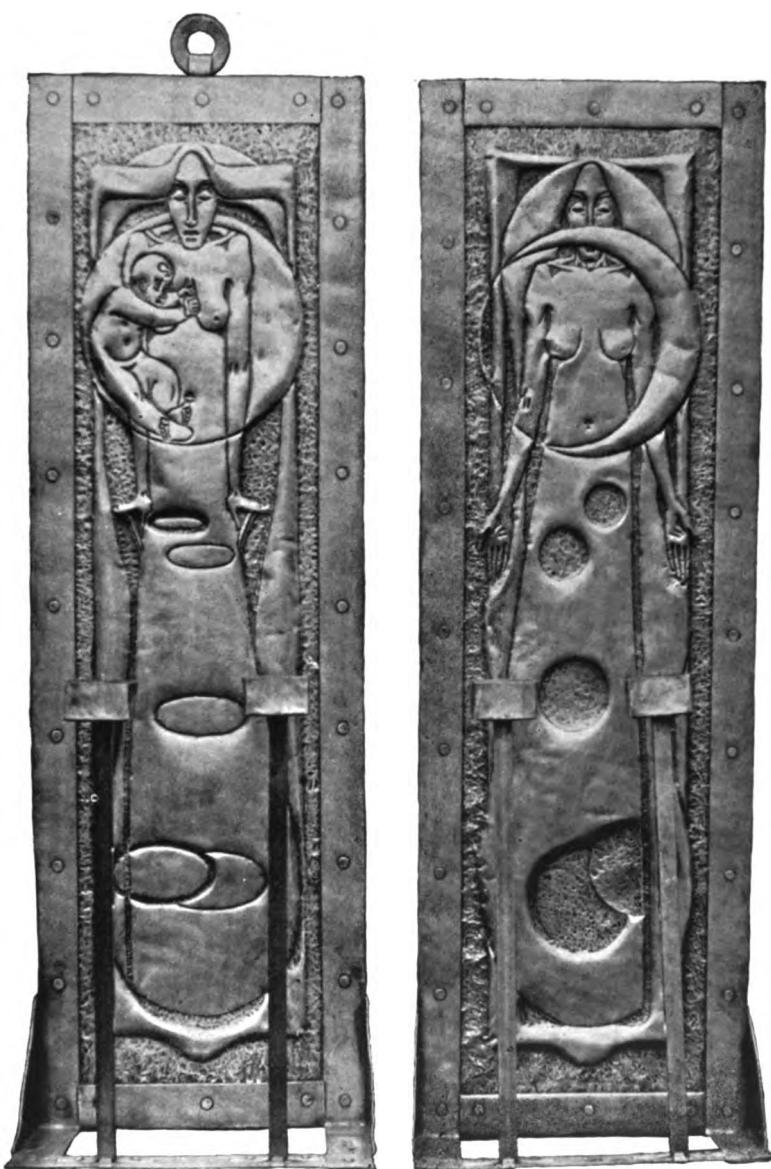
Some Glasgow Designers

the old protest against any infraction of established custom.

Alphabetical sequence and common courtesy are both alike in placing the Misses Macdonald first in order. These young ladies are not unaccustomed to receive the first missiles which are so liberally hurled at the coterie of artists of which they are part. Such attacks they suffer not merely stoically, but apparently with a keen sense of the humorous attitude which folk in bad temper usually fall into. In a day when novelty is supposed to atone for any artistic revolt, we might have expected that the experiments of the Glasgow deco-

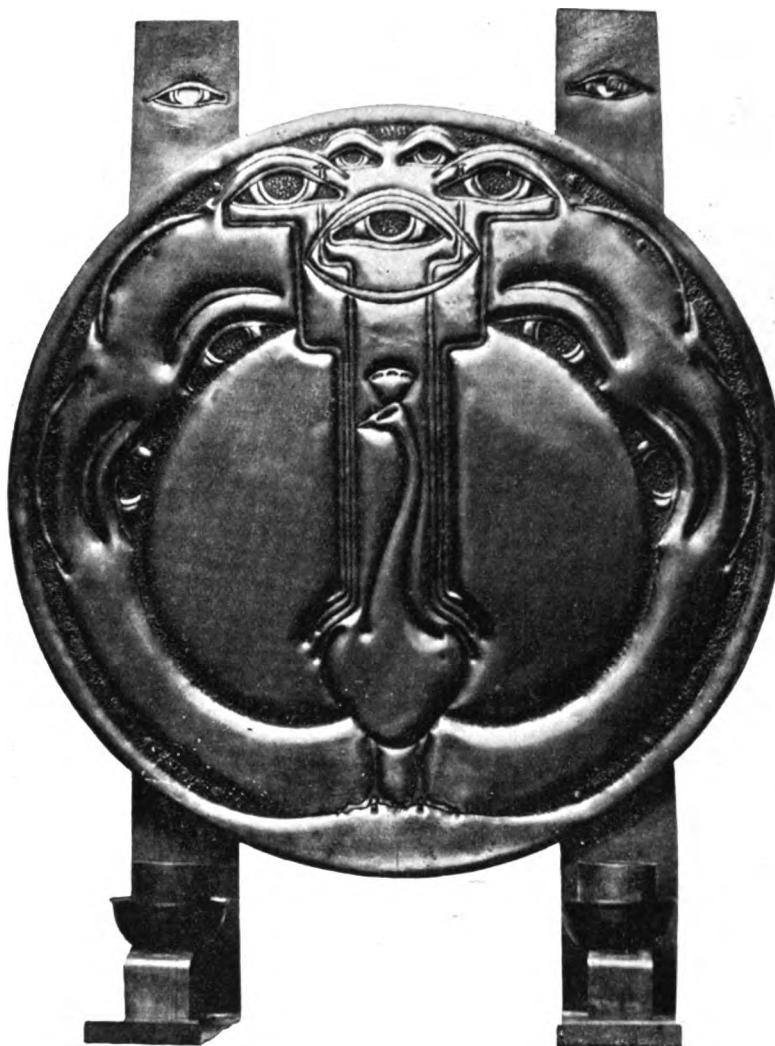
rators would have been attractive to jaded palates. But as a rule even the most lukewarm supporter of the 'things that have been' feels called upon to protest at the 'things that might be,' did these two young people have power to work their wicked will undetected. One would almost think that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley had satisfied their craving for the unexpected, and that in future they debar any fresh experiments in design. Surely it is but decent civility to treat any serious experiment with some show of tolerance; and the work of all Glasgow school of designers is singularly free from vulgarity of idea, redundancy of ornament, and misapplication of material. It may controvert established precedent, but it does so in an accomplished manner, and with a sincere effort to obtain new and pleasing combinations of mass and line. It is quite open to any one to deny that the attempt has succeeded in pleasing him or satisfying his abstract ideas of fitness; but it is only mere justice to acknowledge that the attempt was well-intentioned, and not ignorantly prejudiced; in short, that if precedent was set aside, it was abandoned politely and deliberately.

It is with some relief that one finds the Misses Macdonald are quite willing to have their work jointly attributed—for actuated by the same spirit, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for an outsider to distinguish the hand of each on the evidence of the finished work alone. Perhaps the most striking fact that confronts one at first is to find that some comparatively large and heavy pieces of wrought metal were not only designed, but worked entirely by the two sisters. Indeed, with the exception of certain assistance in joinery, all the objects here illustrated are their sole handiwork.



PAIR OF SCONCES IN BEATEN BRASS BY MARGARET AND FRANCES MACDONALD

Some Glasgow Designers



COPPER SCONCE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY M. AND F. MACDONALD
(By permission of Talwin Morris, Esq.)

In a notice of the last Arts and Crafts Exhibition which appeared in THE STUDIO reference was made to a clock then exhibited, which was illustrated with two large panels of beaten silver (Vol. IX. p. 203). The two clocks here illustrated (page 95) show the unusual combination of a dial with pendant weights upon an open stand. Whether in each case the unity of the metal with the wood support has been quite achieved may be left an open question. Most probably the sense of something missing, where the wood suddenly gives way to metal, is due to the fact that we are accustomed to a complete wooden case, with the metal face framed therein. These dials are wrought in low relief in designs that do not efface the surface

of the material, but allow sufficient spaces for play of light to give a metallic effect to the design. This reveals the craftsman not less than the artist; for designers unaccustomed to the actual manipulation of metal are apt to forget its intrinsic beauty, and to leave it no important part in the composition. The one in beaten tin is on a simple stand, but the other in brass is on a white enamelled framing with considerable character in its form. But it is in this especially that one feels the absence of white woodwork above the face of the clock, and doubts arise whether a circular form is quite happy as the crown of a structure quadrangular in plan, especially when it seems like a silhouette on an object otherwise modelled in the round. The subject of this dial is "the hours blowing dandelion seeds." The fine pair of candle sconces (one of which is illustrated) hang in Mr. Talwin Morris's dining-room, where a settle exhibited at the last Arts and Crafts, and other beautiful

pieces of furniture and metal, prove how admirably the work of Glasgow adapts itself to domestic surroundings. These sconces are in beaten copper, with rich swelling surfaces that exhibit the colour of the metal to the best advantage. A conceit—favoured by more than one of the school "the ever-watchful eye"—is not only incorporated with the design, but repeated by the nails that project through the eyelets (literally eyelets here) that support the whole. A pair of candlesticks, 27 inches high, in beaten brass, devised and executed by Miss Frances Macdonald alone, are also here. A mirror frame, with the appropriate subject "Vanity," in beaten lead, and a pair of sconces in beaten brass, here illustrated, need no comment. The latter are con-

Some Glasgow Designers

ceived in the same spirit as the panels shown at the New Gallery, but lack the jewels which, on the beaten silver of the others, gave a certain preciousness to the work.

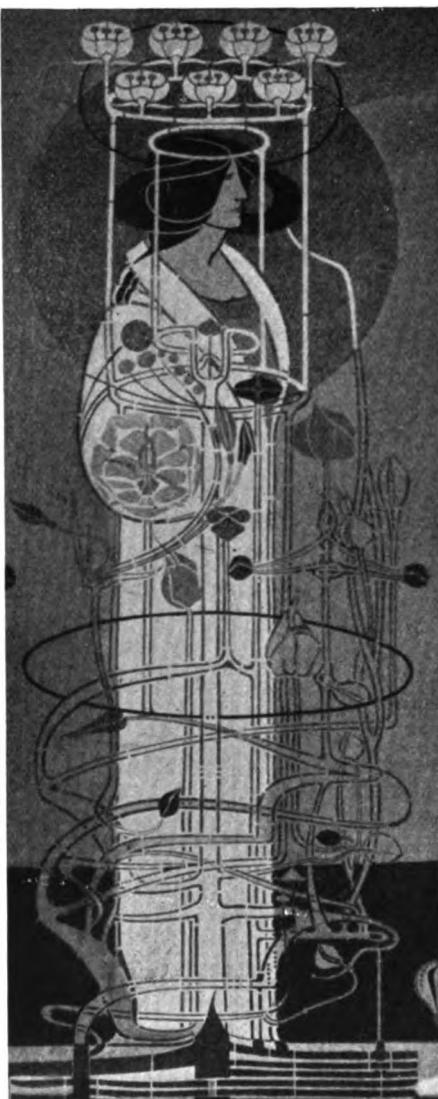
A Book-Plate, for John Edwards, here reproduced, is by Miss Margaret Macdonald. It fulfils most admirably certain essentials of the *ex libris* too often lacking in the pictorial plate, and in the arrangement of lines it is perfectly characteristic of the strongly marked style which all the artists mentioned here delight in. As a mere pattern in lines, without any reference to their meaning, it is singularly felicitous.

Space forbids description of an elaborately illuminated manuscript the Misses Macdonald have just completed. Nor would it do justice to the work to illustrate a sample page in mere black-and-white. It is conceived in the same spirit as many of the designs illustrated, but has also a splendid harmony of colour which sets it fairly in competition with an ancient missal, although at the same time it has not a trace of mediæval feeling, but is of the Macdonald school absolutely. The small poster of the *Nomad Art Club* needs no explanatory paragraph. It is calculated to exasperate those who dislike the work of these clever sisters to a degree perhaps unapproached by any other work pictured herewith.

It is just because the naïveté and daring of these designs controvert all well-established ideas that it is very hard to be quite just in criticising them. Either they offend without extenuating circumstances, or, having become attracted towards them, one is inclined perhaps to defend their weakness as well as their strength. Seen with many others from

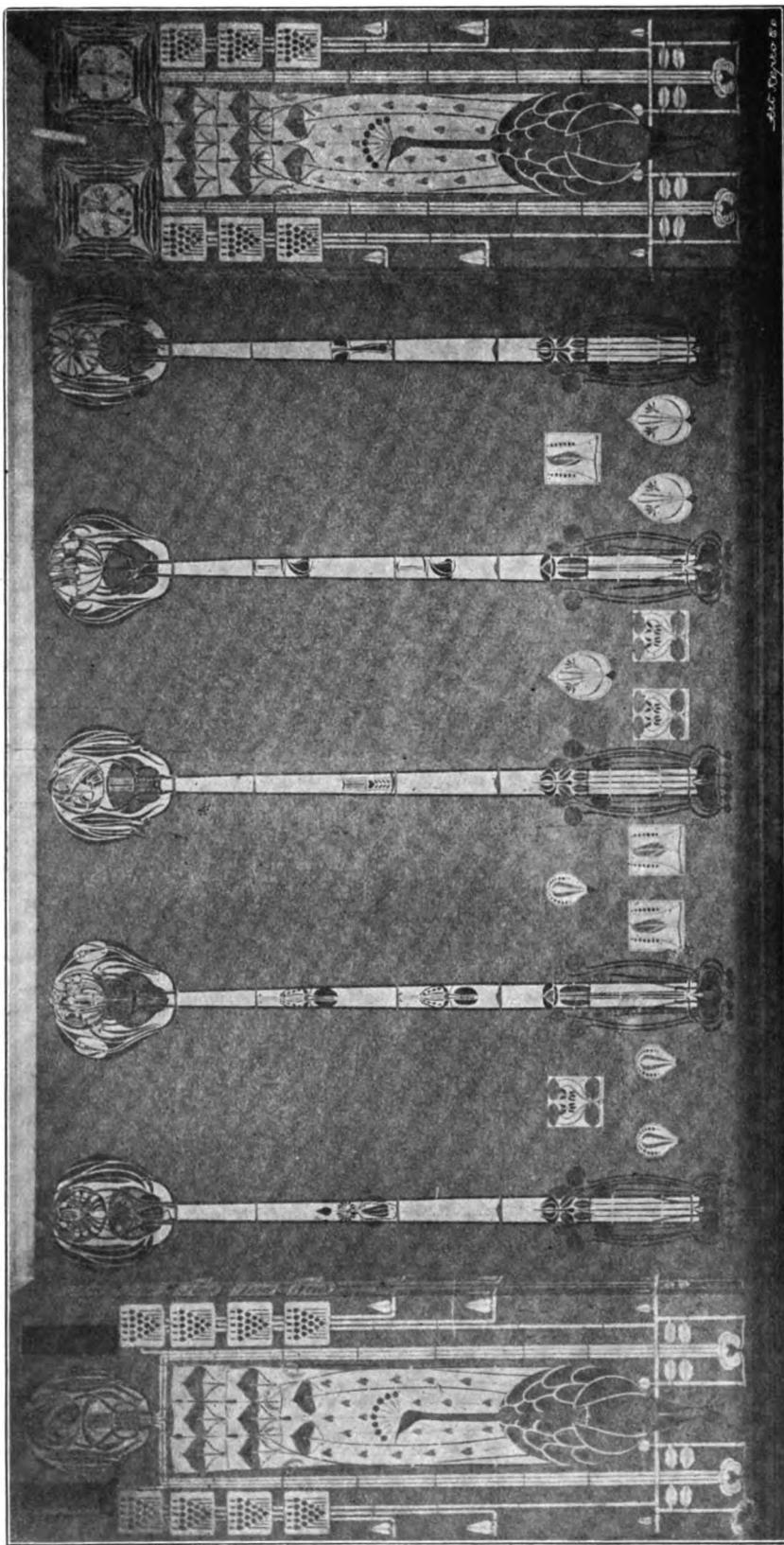
the same hands, it is impossible not to recognise a distinct method in their apparent extravagance. To-day, when almost everything in decoration can be traced to an established style, it is so unusual to find original endeavour, that one tries to hark back to some precedent. Because of its use of vertical lines, and its archaic treatment of the figure, many people prefer to say that all the Glasgow work is based upon Egypt. Yet a visit to the corridor devoted to Egyptian art in the British Museum, undertaken specially by way of comparison to see, proves the debt to be but slight, for even if the spirit of the early art is in these, its motives are not.

To represent adequately the work of Mr. Charles Rennie Mackintosh, who is an architect by profession, some of the buildings for which he is responsible should be illustrated and described before considering his work as a designer. But to include architecture in this paper would be to extend it far beyond the allotted space. Consequently, even the most brief notice of his achievements in this art must be excluded, although a very fine block of buildings just finished in Glasgow, reveals so many of the qualities that distinguish his other work, that it is a matter of regret to pass it over. Here, however, we are concerned chiefly with



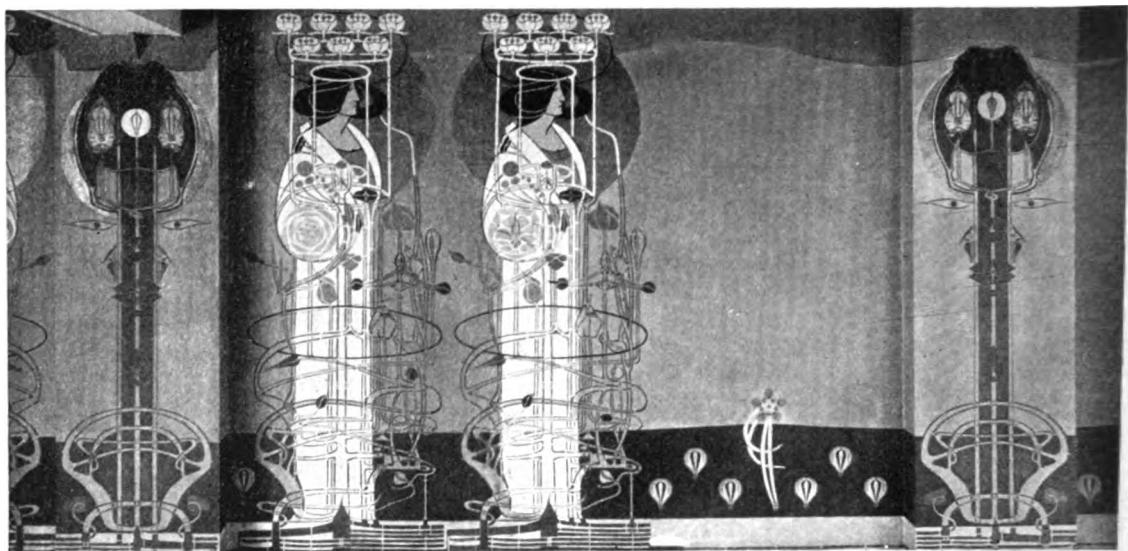
DECORATIVE PANEL BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

his schemes for interior decoration, for furniture, and for posters. To him has fallen an opportunity rare at the present time; and that he has fully grasped the possibilities it offered we shall endeavour to show, so far as black-and-white illustrations can convey an idea of a scheme depending to a great extent upon its colour. A large building to be known, I believe, as "Miss Cranstoun's Tea Rooms," has been



PORTION OF THE DECORATION OF A PUBLIC ROOM
BY CHARLES R. MACKINTOSH

Some Glasgow Designers

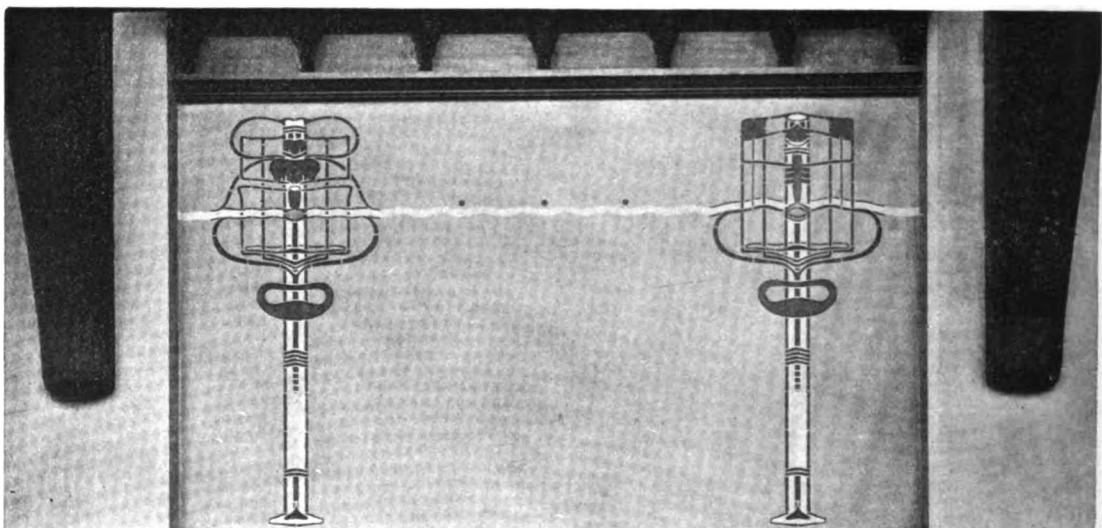


MURAL DECORATION (LADIES' ROOM)

BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

iately erected from designs by an eminent Edinburgh architect. As several interior features are open to somewhat severe criticism, it will be best not to give the architect's name. But if parts of the structure are extremely irritating, in common justice one must allow that others reveal knowledge, good taste, and a capacity for planning spaces that entitle him to very high praise. Of this building the mural decoration of the two lower storeys has been entrusted to Mr. George Walton and those above to Mr. Charles R. Mackintosh. The actual work of the former

has been carried out by the firm to which the designer belongs, but Mr. Mackintosh's portion has been executed by Messrs. Guthrie, whose fame, and well deserved it is, as makers of stained-glass windows has often been recorded in these pages. The extremely intelligent handiwork bestowed upon Mr. Mackintosh's designs, and the quality of its execution, must be recognised as no small factor in the success of the work. Indeed, it is rare to find a "firm" carrying out work with the same "feeling" that is manifest here. As a rule, the battle between a designer—and those who carry



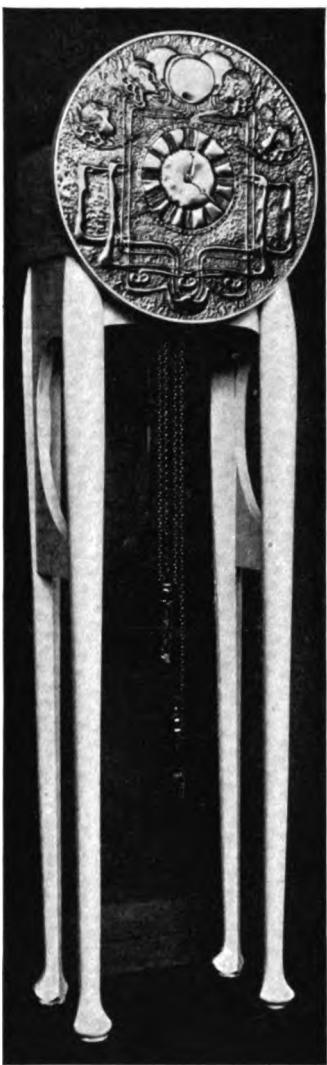
MURAL DECORATION (SMOKING ROOM)

BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

Some Glasgow Designers

out his schemes is long, and the victory is not always with the artist. Here it would seem that both parties have worked so loyally to secure the desired effect, that praise bestowed on either one is

the upper blue, the colour in each intruding as a frieze on the adjoining storey, so that the idea of earth to sky is preserved. The plaster has been prepared in flat colours of singular quality; whether owing to the surface or to some clever manipulation, the effect is of flat but not even colour with a fine texture in it that imparts a surface not unlike that upon the "self-colour" bottles of Chinese porcelain. The whole of the applied decoration is in stencil, with a large range of colour in the various



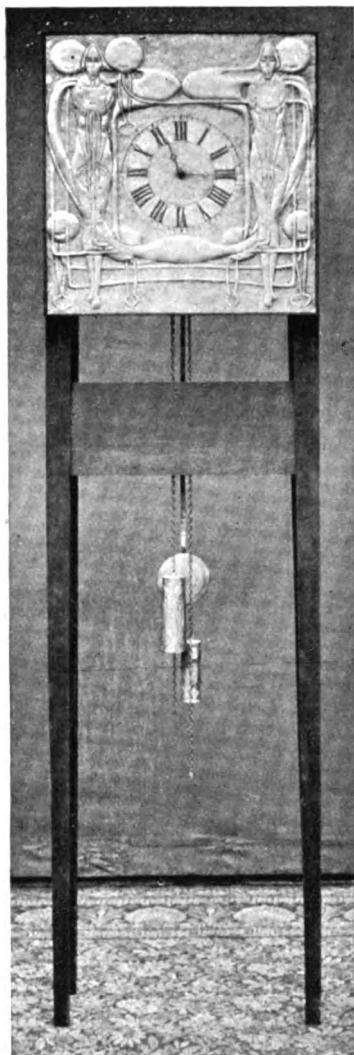
CLOCK IN BRASS AND IVORY

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY

M. AND F. MACDONALD

equally, if indirectly, credited to the other at the same time.

Mr. Mackintosh has planned the decoration for the several floors (which are more or less visible from each other, owing to the deep "well" which runs through the whole of the back portion of the building) with a certain unity of effect. The ground colour of the walls on the first of the floors which Mr. Mackintosh has decorated is green, the second a greyish-greenish yellow, and



CLOCK IN BEATEN TIN AND EBONIZED WOOD

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY

M. AND F. MACDONALD

details. In the Ladies' Room (p. 94) are figures disposed in groups of varying sizes. These figures have white robes, and the head of each is set against a disc of gold, by way of nimbus. An unbroken

Some Glasgow Designers



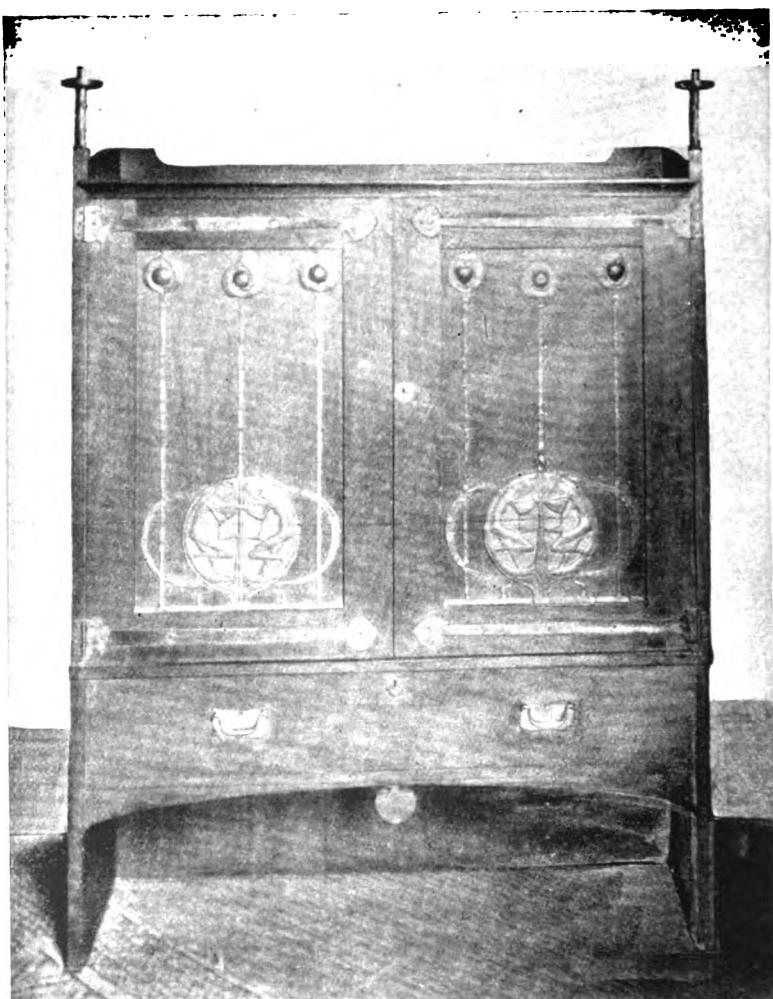
JEWEL CASKET

BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

procession round the walls might have been monotonous, but grouped as they are, a very decorative result is obtained. If memory is trustworthy, a sketch of one of these figures was shown in the balcony of the 1896 Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Interspersed among these are conventionalised trees, and a suggestion of a flower-studded meadow is preserved in the low dado which runs round the base above the actual panelled wainscot of the room in which they appear. In the Luncheon Room decoration, peacocks appear as the chief feature of the design, and applied to the projecting portions of the walls between these is a formal row of trees. These same trees, as the illustration shows (p. 93), although they occupy much the same space, are not absolutely replicas. Some half-dozen varieties lend interest to the detail and yet conform generally to the symmetry which a repeated pattern demands. The ingenious variations of detail, secured with no restless sense of change, is a feature of Mr. Mackintosh's work. Thus it gains no little of

the interest which is usually limited to painted decoration, inasmuch as it avoids the formal repetition of the ordinary stencil designs. In very few of them, if any, is "graduated wash"; the various portions of the stencil are painted with different colours, but each, if memory serves, is put on in a flat ungraduated coat. But here, as in the background, the texture of the plaster breaks the colour into a sparkling living surface, in place of dull paint, which on smooth plaster is so uninteresting. The smoking-room calls for no special comment, as the illustration (p. 94), with the description of the other rooms, will give a fair idea of its effect. Mr. Mackintosh has not shunned positive pigments, but when his colours are vivid they are used in small, jewel-like spots, so that the whole aspect of each wall is cool, and forms an excellent background.

It is just because the means employed for these decorations are so simple compared with the result



LINEN PRESS

BY CHARLES R. MACKINTOSH

Some Glasgow Designers.



CHEST OF DRAWERS

BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

that it is essential to regard it as a very important enterprise. As a rule, money is lavished on the walls of popular restaurants, but thought is scantily expended. Here, however, as with Mr. Gerald Moira's beautiful relief decorations at the Trocadero, one wishes that the artist had been able to control the structural features of the place he has adorned. Some iron ventilators of commonplace design ruin at least one of these walls, and clash painfully with Mr. Mackintosh's work. Other features of the woodwork are also so ornate and superfluous that one regrets their intrusion, not the less because the actual carving expended is good and the designs, considered apart from their share in the scheme of the buildings, quite meritorious. Especially is this the case in the added ornament to the balustrade which surrounds the well in the centre of each room. Upon one, obelisks of wood upon feet, for all the world like the case of a metronome, are perched at intervals along the handrail, looking as if an incautious passer by might send them crashing on visitors below; in another, stone coats of arms with supporters, in the round, look equally comical, stuck as they are at regular intervals on the handrail of the balcony.

In one of the gable ends of the smoking-room is an oval cartouche with Rococo floriation in high relief. Contrasted with the severe lines of Mr. Mackintosh's decoration, these costly additions are

eyesores, and mar the effect of an otherwise completely satisfactory experiment.

The various pieces of furniture by the same designer, illustrated here, scarcely need to be supplemented by any written description. The linen cupboard with stained green wood panels, decorated in lead, touched here and there with colour, is also a comely and satisfactory piece of well-constructed furniture, with a certain distinction of style that is wholly pleasing. It is impossible, of course, to give the true value in black and white of a piece of furniture such as this, for so very much depends upon the harmony of the

colours employed. In the chest of drawers are one or two novel features which, if they hardly explain themselves in the photograph here repro-



POSTER

BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

Some Glasgow Designers



POSTER

BY M. AND P. MACDONALD

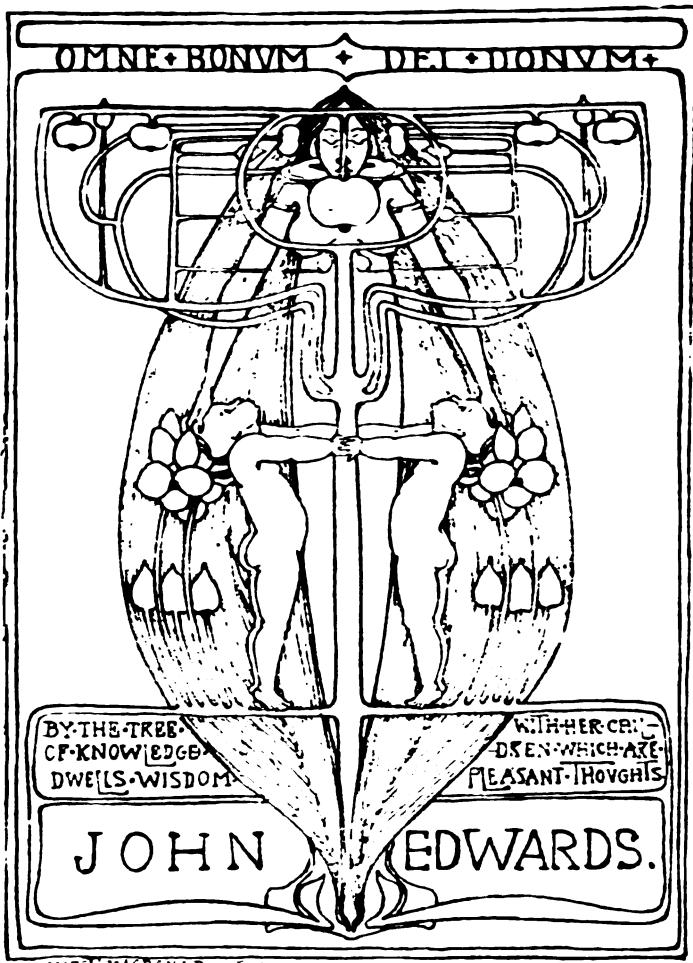
follow. It is just because it is so curiously personal, and so honest an effort to obtain new effects that you respect it, and take it quite seriously, although you allow that others no less well-intentioned find it is still outside the pale of their sympathy.

In the big poster, some nine feet high, for the *Scottish Musical Review*, the scheme of colour is most noticeable, the whole figure is sharply outlined in black upon a dark lustrous blue ground, the robes of the figure being a rich purple, while the decoration above and the projecting spots of the tails of the birds are of pure emerald green. In a smaller poster for the same periodical the two discs are in vermillion, and the branching lines of the design in emerald green, all outlined in black. Another design for a poster of art and literature in a scheme of green and heliotrope purple, has not so far been carried out.

To defend the work of Mr. Mackintosh is easy to

duced, are both effective and comely in the actual piece of furniture. The jewel casket has an oak shell covered with brass, with jewels in the top hinges.

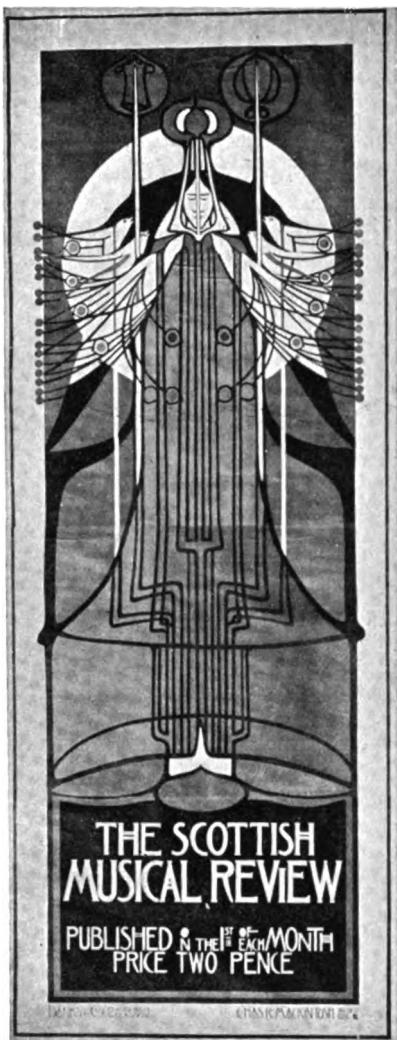
But the posters demand a few explanatory words. Some others, partly by the same artist, have been shown in London, and provoked much diverse opinion. But it must never be forgotten that the purpose of a poster is to attract notice, and the mildest eccentricity would not be out of place provided it aroused curiosity and so riveted the attention of passers-by. Mr. Mackintosh's posters may be somewhat trying to the average person, and his semi-grotesque conventionalising of the human figure is calculated to provoke the stickler for precedent. But there is so much decorative method in his perversion of humanity, that despite all the ridicule and abuse it has excited, after long intimacy it is possible to defend his treatment. But in doing so one cannot endorse his innovation to the extent of commanding his very personal method as a model for others to



BOOK-PLATE

BY MARGARET MACDONALD

Some Glasgow Designers



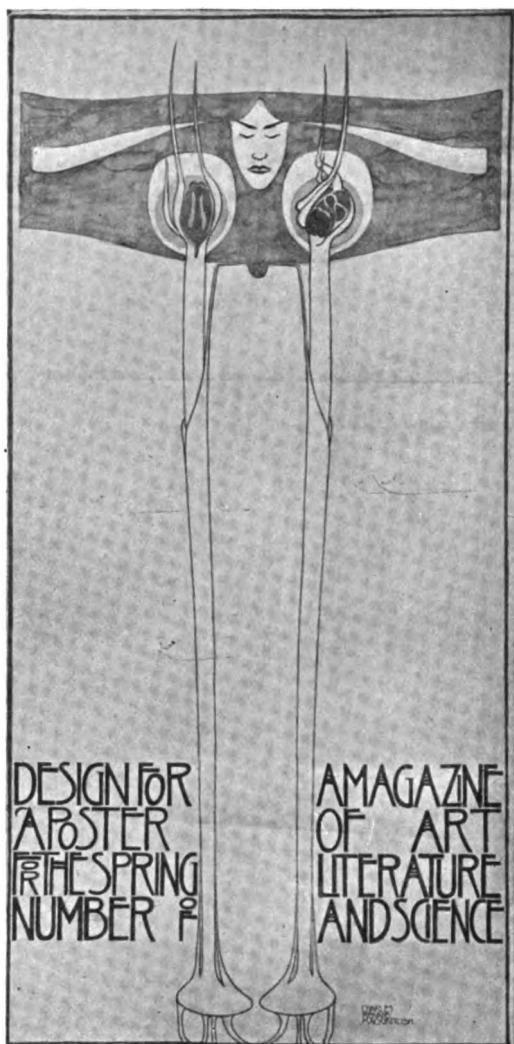
POSTER

BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

one who believes in it, and it seems that belief in it should follow intimacy; for when a man has something to say and knows how to say it, the conversion of others is usually but a question of time. Those near him hear it first and are therefore the earliest to be convinced, but others follow at no distant interval. Each season sees some artist hitherto looked upon as a rebel, admitted into the ranks of "the advanced but tolerated." One has but to recall the position occupied by many a present hero of the applied arts not so many years ago, to prove this fact. Whether the first successes of Mr. Mackintosh will prove to be merely chance efforts of youthful vigour, or the forerunners of a notable career, it is too early to decide. But so far, he has justified his most ardent supporters,

and there is every reason to believe that he will not disappoint them in the future.

The decorative schemes Mr. Mackintosh has carried out for the tea-rooms (and the same conclusion holds good of Mr. George Walton's share, yet to be described), appear to be the first examples of permanent mural decoration evolved through the poster. Not a few of those who devoted special attention to the modern poster were interested far more in the influence it promised to exercise upon fresco and stencilled-surface decoration than for anything relating to its own ephemeral purpose. It seems to be fair to claim these decorations as the first notable examples of decoration conceived in part upon the same principles as those Mr. Mackintosh and others have



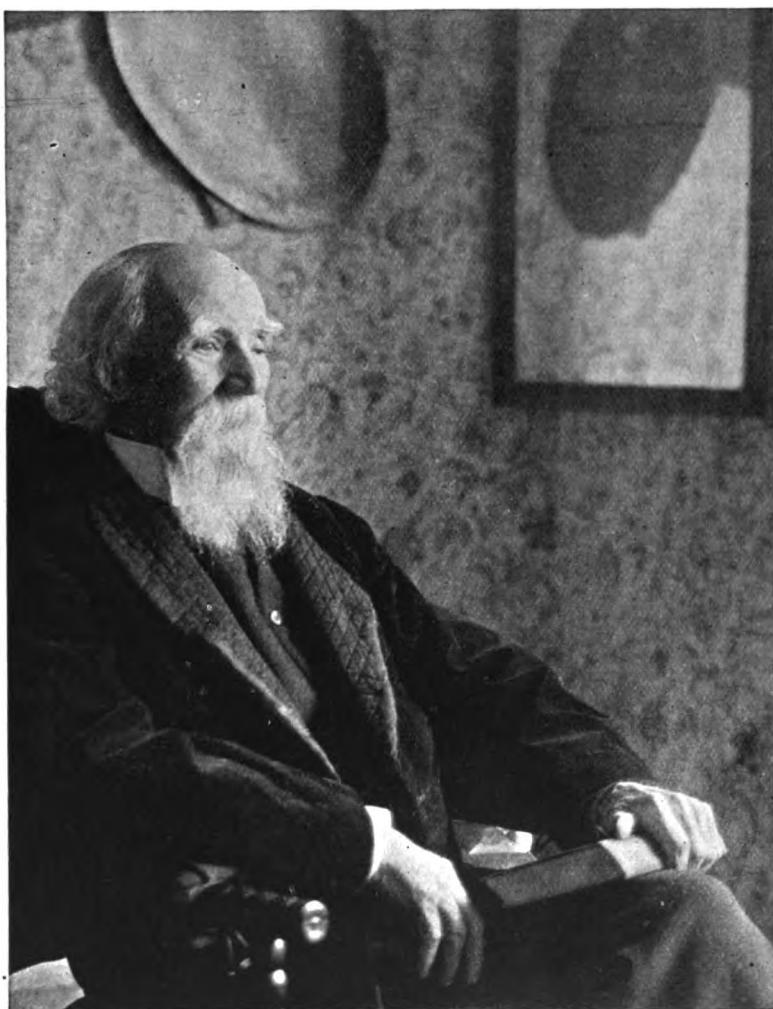
POSTER

BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

George Chester

deemed suitable for posters ; but the subject is too big to treat in the final sentence of a chapter. We yet await permanent decorations from the hands of Messrs. Pryde and Nicholson (the Beggarstaff Brothers), from Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, from Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and dozens of the younger men who have exploited flat-colours in simplified masses ; yet that there is every reason to hope for a new spirit in mural decoration these illustrations of Mr. Mackintosh's work surely prove in part. As we shall see later by Mr. Walton's work, which is less influenced by the poster than by the mural decorations it has obeyed, it is not the personal expression of any one artist which is here commended, but the systematic conventionalisation of form, the use of bright colours, and the absence of hackneyed motives which mark the experiment.

In another chapter the work of Mr. Herbert McNair, Mr. Talwin Morris, and Mrs. Francis Newbury will be fully illustrated, and later on we hope to represent the work of Mr. George Walton, and of Mr. Oscar Paterson no less fully. So with an ample selection of the achievements of young Glasgow, people at a distance will be able to form some idea of its aims. Even to a person who lacks sympathy with certain aspects of its work, it would appear that the movement there is worth study and worth out-spoken approval, for one has but to call to mind the platitudes in the flat which adorn (?) the walls of most of our public buildings to feel grateful for any consistent effort to produce something at once novel and, in its own way, beautiful.



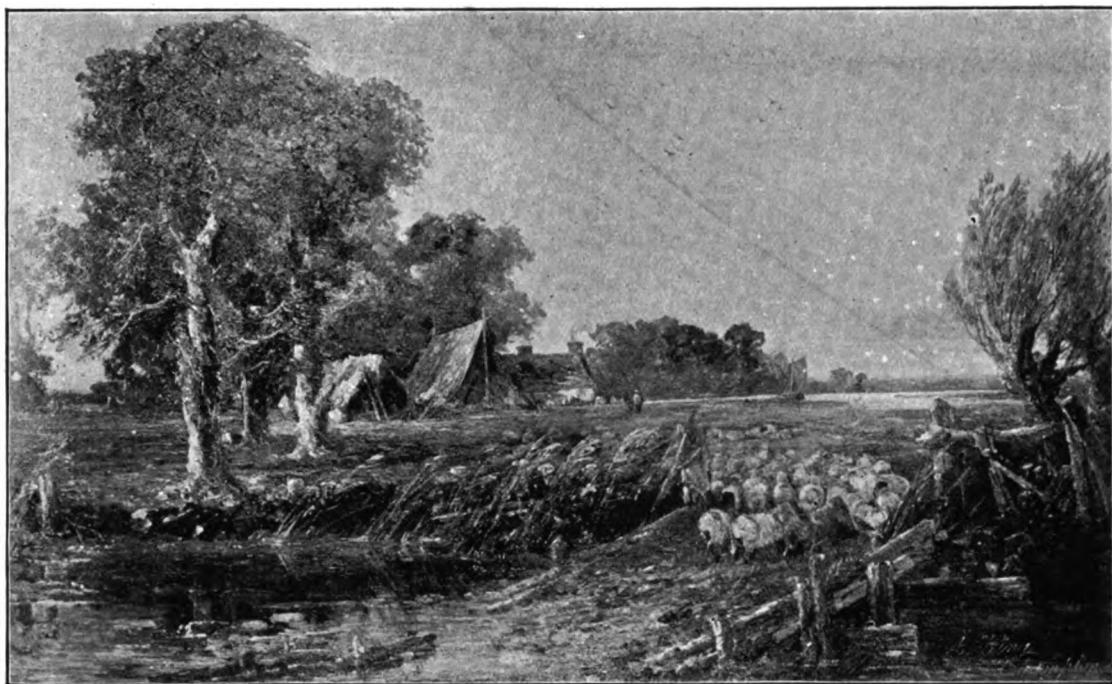
THE LATE GEORGE CHESTER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

GEORGE CHESTER: THE LAST OF THE OLD LANDSCAPE SCHOOL. BY A. L. BALDRY.

ONE of the chief glories of the art of this country is, beyond question, the school of landscape painting which flourished during the earlier years of the present century. The record of the achievements of the group of artists who, breaking away from the older traditions and conventions, set themselves to paint Nature not by rule but devotedly and with sincere respect, is an extremely notable one in every way. It shows us a remarkable series of great painters, keen observers and careful students, whose one aim was always to reflect intelligently what they saw, regarding Nature as an infallible teacher whose precepts were worthy of acceptance without hesitation or question. By their

George Chester



"IN THE VALLEY OF THE ARUN"

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE CHESTER

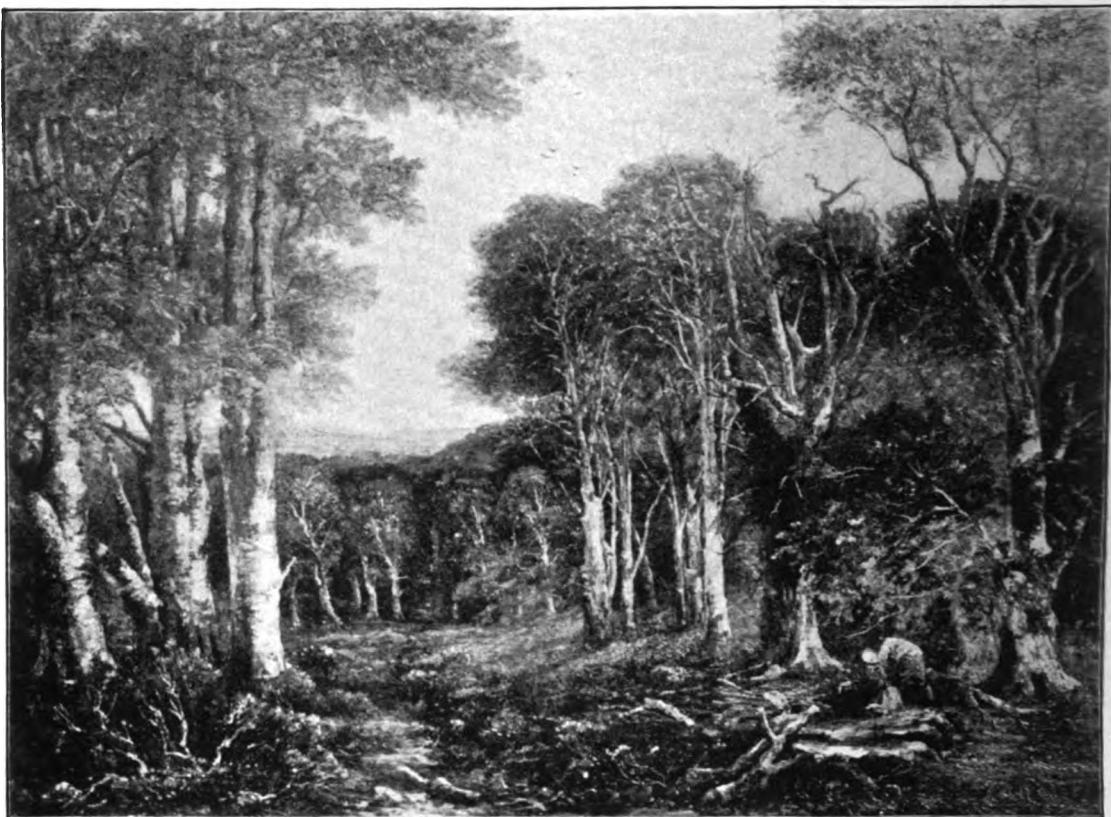
efforts was established the reputation of this country as the home of a type of art which was at the time of its creation practically unique, a type which has since been accepted in many other parts of the world as a pattern worthy of the sincerest imitation. To the influence of this school is certainly to be ascribed the growth of another school, that of the French Romanticists, which has left in the history of art a mark that nothing can ever efface.

The period during which this signal demonstration of the vitality of the British school endured was exactly half a century, from 1800 to 1850. At its outset Gainsborough and Richard Wilson were already but memories, and George Morland, whose admirable landscapes foreshadowed the work which was to follow, was practically at the end of his career. Turner was already known, and was commencing to make his way to the front, but he stood almost alone. In 1800, however, J. S. Cotman first appeared as an exhibitor; Constable in 1802; David Cox in 1805; Crome in 1806; and De Wint in 1807; and they were followed within a few years by Clarkson Stanfield, Müller, George Cole, and Henry Dawson. By 1850, however, this phalanx of admirable artists was almost entirely broken up; and hardly any one remained to carry on the work which they had begun. Landscape of another sort, less simple and direct, began to be fashionable;

and the sounder beliefs of these masters were abandoned for a more artificial and mannered method of interpreting Nature.

It is because the artistic point of view underwent this marked change that the position held by Mr. George Chester, whose death was recorded at the beginning of June, is so particularly interesting. To him belongs the distinction of having, practically unsupported, maintained till the present day all that was best in the methods of the great masters of landscape in the past. He bridged over, by a succession of noble canvases, the interval between the magnificent achievements of Turner, Constable, and Cox, and the efforts of the present day, when at last signs are seen of a revival of the wholesome romanticism which was the dominant characteristic of our school at its best. He was born in 1813, in the very midst of the triumphs of the men whom we justly regard as chief among the founders of our modern art. Turner, at the time, was supreme, an exhibitor of nearly thirty years' standing, and yet far from those darker days when his powers began to show sad signs of waning. David Cox had established his reputation by some ten years of exhibiting; Constable had reached the period of his fullest maturity; and Cotman, Crome, and De Wint were in the first tide of artistic success. It was natural that George Chester, growing up amid surroundings

George Chester



"A GLADE IN THE NEW FOREST"

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE CHESTER

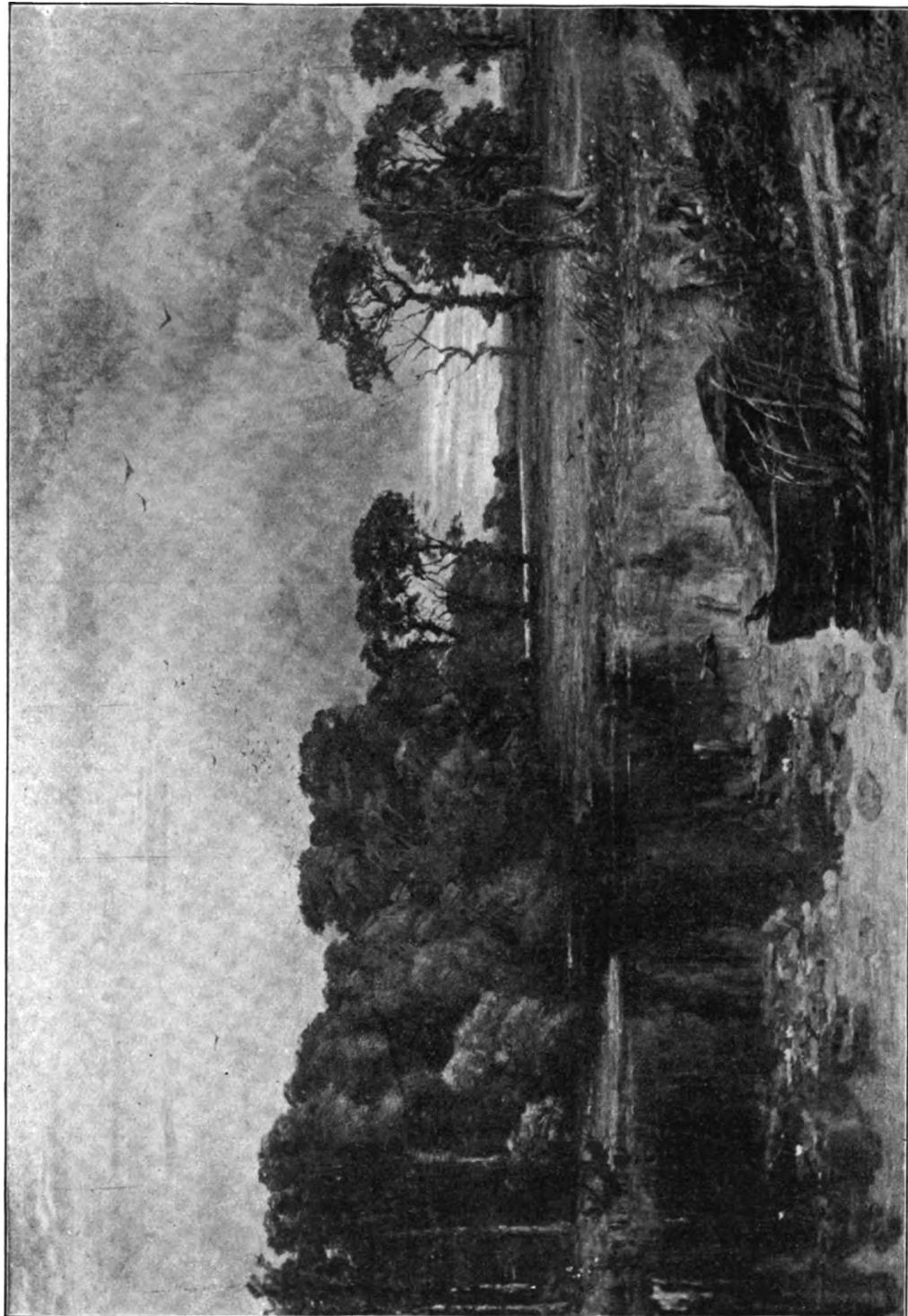
so splendid, should have found himself in after years influenced strongly by the atmosphere of robust naturalism which had been created by these great painters. His art was essentially a product of a period when the motive of all the best pictorial production was the desire to realise through individuality of treatment those poetic aspects of Nature which appealed to each artist as most worthy of record. There was then little subservience to school dogmas. Each worker did what he felt would best express his view, and painted what he saw instinctively rather than what his professor or the leader of his set told him to see. The whole tone of æsthetic opinion was healthy and frank, and it encouraged those men who desired to be original in the inclination to acquire their knowledge at first hand.

Perhaps in Mr. Chester's case something of his sturdy independence was owing to the fact that he took up the painter's profession without the usual preparatory study in an art academy. Originally he had an idea of becoming a government official, and during the first years of manhood he was waiting for an appointment which influential friends had

undertaken to procure for him. Finally, when he was about twenty-three years old, he was offered the Governorship of Sierra Leone. This, however, he refused, inspired by a not unnatural dislike for exile in a country where the white man's chance of long life is notoriously slight. No doubt his refusal was also greatly influenced by the fact that he had just at that time married the wife who was destined to be his devoted companion for more than sixty years.

However, this abandonment of the original plan which he had formed for an official career made necessary the choice of some other profession, and it was then that he thought of becoming an artist. By his marriage he was brought into contact with Ansdell, the animal painter, whose wife was related to Mrs. Chester; and at Ansdell's studio he became acquainted with a number of prominent art workers, among them Mr. Frith, Augustus Egg, Elmore, H. O'Neil, John Phillip, Creswick, Bridell, and Lee. It struck him after a while that he might find his vocation in the practice of art, and as he watched his friends at work he resolved to experiment with a view to finding out what were his

"STILL WATER RUNS DEEP"
FROM A PAINTING BY
GEORGE CHESTER





"CORNFIELD, OXFORDSHIRE"

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE CHESTER

capacities. He was living at the time at Hampstead, and his first attempts were made from nature—sketches of bits on the Heath. These essays he took to Ansdell and Egg for an opinion as to their merits and promise; and when he received from these experienced judges hearty praise and encouragement he definitely decided to persevere. His knowledge was built up by steady and unremitting labour. His advisers had urged him to go to nature direct; so he began at once to paint out-of-doors, and to acquire there, instead of within the walls of a school, the experience which he needed. No time was wasted in hesitating over the particular branch of art which it would be best for him to adopt. Landscape attracted him from the first, and so to landscape he decided to give his life. And he strove manfully to solve the secrets of nature's variety, how strenuously may be judged from the fact that during the ten years he spent at Hampstead he completed not less than a thousand sketches and studies, in addition to several pictures of importance. His courage was soon rewarded by the appreciation of the picture-loving public: and it was not long before he found himself earning a comfortable income.

His first appearance at the Academy was in 1849, but he had before that shown examples of his work in other exhibitions in London and the

provinces; and for many years he was represented at the Old British Institution, the Society of British Artists, Birmingham, Manchester, Dublin, Edinburgh, Bath, Bristol, and practically everywhere else where art shows of any note were held. From 1853 to 1864 there was no break in his contributions to the Academy, and two at least of these canvases, *The Valley of the Esk*, in 1860, and *The Fisherman's Haunt* in 1862, were unusually large and important. In 1866 he showed *Thro' the Wood*; two more pictures in 1869; *Sailing with the Stream* in 1870; *Lady Mead Lock*, now the property of Mrs. Watney, in 1871; *Downland's Avenue*, a commission from Lady Theodora Guest, in 1872; *Wind Against the Tide* in 1874; *A Flight of Wild Fowl*, and *Hampshire Hatchets*, a subject which he found on the Avon, near Ringwood, in 1876; and one other picture in 1877. He was not again represented at the Academy until 1880, when two pictures appeared; in 1882 he exhibited *O'er the Heather*, an important work; in 1883, *Still Water Runs Deep*, which was painted on the Stour, on the borders of Hampshire and Dorsetshire; in 1886, *Clear Rother*; a delightful canvas, a study of a pool in the New Forest, in 1888; and *The Water Way* in 1889. This was his last contribution to Burlington House; it was painted when he was more than seventy-five years

George Chester

of age, but it showed no sign of failing power or diminished sense. However, his absence from exhibitions by no means implied cessation of work. He continued for some time as active as ever in the exercise of his profession ; and relaxed little of his energy until, two or three years before his death, his health broke down, and he had perforce to avoid the risks inseparable from work in the open air. An attack of influenza, which prostrated him when close upon his eightieth year, left him with a chronic chest trouble which necessitated a degree of care that was naturally extremely irksome to a man who had before during his long life hardly had even a day's illness. Until this breakdown came deafness had been his only infirmity ; mentally and physically he had retained marvellously that youthful vitality which rarely lasts beyond middle life, but the importance of which to an artist is almost incalculable.

It can hardly be doubted that both his splendid health and his acuteness of perception were the outcome of his habit of constantly painting in the open. No morbidity of idea was possible for a man whose waking hours were spent in the worship of nature's beauties ; and by avoiding the confinement of the studio he also escaped the bodily

discomforts which are apt to result from a sedentary life. He was always out of doors, and no matter what might be the size of the canvas with which he elected to grapple, everything important was set down on the spot. In his case this meant no slight amount of labour, for it was ever his custom to make his pictures very large in scale. To complete in the open a painting eight or nine feet long implies a triumph over difficulties which can hardly be realised by any one who has not attempted such a feat. It means a never-ceasing struggle with nature, who, prodigal though she is with the beauties she displays to the artist, is in her waywardness always ready to plague him and to hamper him in his efforts to put her features on record. But year by year Mr. Chester busied himself with canvases so large that he could, as he would jokingly say, shelter himself from a passing shower by sitting beneath one of them ; and year by year these canvases were remarkable in no ordinary degree for beauty of treatment and accuracy of statement.

In the subjects which he chose Mr. Chester was widely catholic. Any type of landscape attracted him if it appealed to him as pictorially possible. He knew England, Scotland, and Wales thoroughly,



"SPRINGTIME, SUSSEX"

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE CHESTER

George Chester

for he had wandered into every nook and corner of the country. Perhaps his most attractive work was done in the southern counties, in Surrey, Hampshire, Devonshire, and Sussex, where he found in perfection the reedy rivers, the fertile fields, and the shady forest glades, which gave him the fullest scope for his direct and expressive technique. Such pictures as *Still Water Runs Deep*, *A Glade in the New Forest*, or *The Valley of the Arun*, which are reproduced here, show how admirably he understood the character of his subjects, and with what convincing force he was able to set down what he saw. Nothing could have been better than the agreement between the manner and matter of his work. He chose to represent nature in florid health, and he painted her with a robustness that was in keeping with her own. No difficulties daunted him; intricacies of drawing, subtleties of atmospheric effect, strong combinations of colour, and exacting problems of composition were things in which he delighted. They were there before him, presented as material with which he had to deal, and his chief desire was to prove that he was equal to the task. It was this grasp of the larger essentials of his art, quite as much as his bold brushwork and depth of colour and tone, that linked him so unquestionably with the memorable school of fifty years ago. As one by one the men of like conviction who were the companions of his youth, vanished from the scene, his position acquired more and more importance. He was at last left as practically the sole representative of an art movement which was one of the greatest that our history can show; but he lived to see the first signs, that are about us to-day, of the revival of the older principles of landscape painting. Had another twenty years of life been possible for him, he would have found himself not a splendid exception to an almost universal convention, but at the head of a new school capable of reviving the glories of other days.

Concerning the personality of Mr. Chester, it would be possible to write an entire volume. The individuality that made his art remarkable was but a reflection of his everyday self. Never was there a more kindly and lovable character. He had to the very end of his life the simplicity and straightforwardness of a child, and he retained in an extraordinary degree the enthusiasms of youth. Yet he was a man of wide experiences, who could look back upon a greater variety of memories than fall to the common lot. As a boy he had met Byron, Rogers, Moore, Charles Kemble, and others of the great men who were then leaders in

the worlds of art and letters, and as years went on he was brought in contact with many more whose lives belong more nearly to our own time. By his marriage he became intimate not only with Ansdeil, but also with Mark Lemon, both of whom had married cousins of Mrs. Chester's; and with Frank Romer, the composer, who was Mrs. Lemon's brother. Mark Lemon was, indeed, one of his chief associates, and was often his companion during his sketching excursions, sitting, writing or fishing, while the young artist worked. At his house George Chester necessarily met some of the most notable men of the day, Leech, Albert Smith, Ingram, Shirley Brooks, among them. Of those times he had a fund of anecdotes, quaint tales of laughable experiences, which he told with inimitable humour. Even when he was at work many things happened which were delights to his cheery nature. The people he came across and the things they said to him were a source of constant amusement. He would tell with glee how one day when he was busy with a large picture, a curious passer-by, noting the colourman's stamp on the back of the canvas, stopped to ask, "Excuse me, but is your name Winsor, or Newton?" Or how when in a similar situation a mild curate interrupted him with the query whether he was a Royal Academician. "No," said Mr. Chester, "we can't all be bishops." Sometimes these chance passers-by, who came to question remained to buy. A sale, for 200 guineas, of a picture he painted in the Lake District was negotiated over a wall behind which he was sitting to avoid the unwelcome attentions of a gang of trippers. As he possessed the fortunate faculty of getting pleasure out of trifles, a faculty which is a peculiarity of a wholesome mind, his life was punctuated with these recollections, matters of small moment, perhaps, when noted one by one, but full of interest as they took their places in the career upon which he was able to look back.

His was a type which under modern conditions of existence will scarcely be given us again; and his charm of personality was made doubly great by the fact that he was hardly susceptible of comparison with people of the present day. He belonged in his nature to a period when stress of competition was not so active to destroy kindness of heart; when comradeship was not veiled antagonism, but real and active sympathy; and in his sincerity he was always ready to welcome and assist every one whose aims were worthy of respect. The part which such a man plays in the world is all important; his death is a disaster, for he can never be replaced.

**FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCHES
BY PAUL HELLEU**

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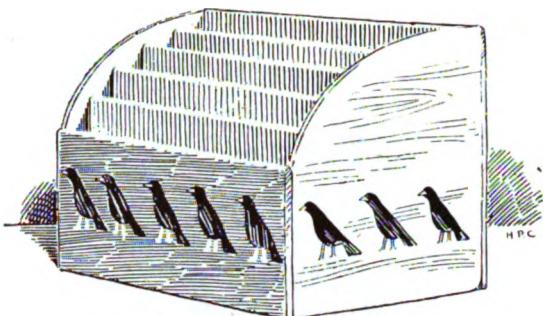
FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCHES
BY PAUL HERTZ



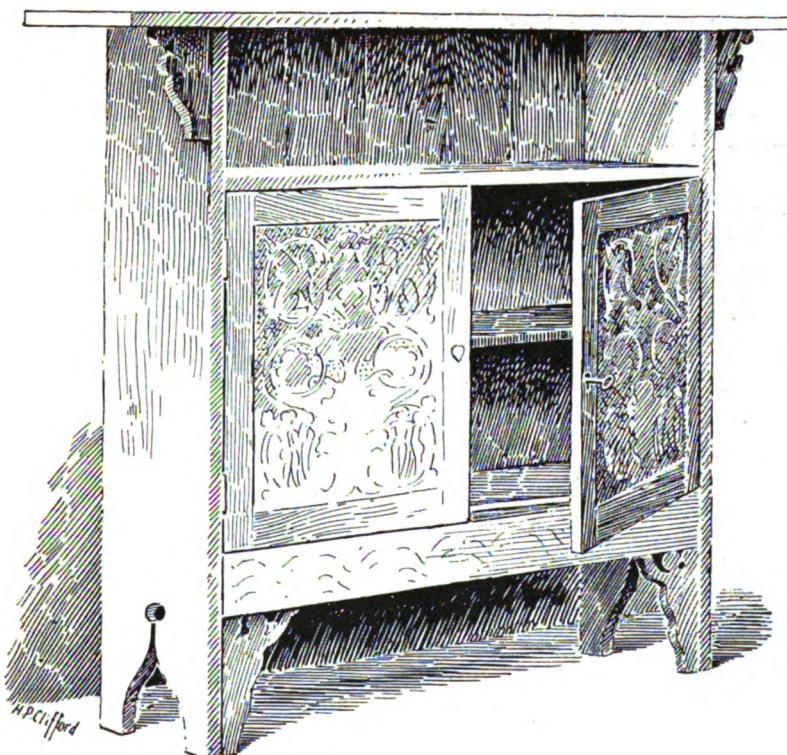
Home Arts and Industries

THE HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL. 1897.

FOR some years THE STUDIO has devoted a considerable amount of space to the annual exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association at the Royal Albert Hall. Lest its purpose in so doing should be misunderstood, it is well to reiterate once more the reasons which make these yearly displays specially interesting to all who are studying the progress of national technical education. It is not because they represent an amazing variety of objects decorated by clever amateurs ; nor is it because these artistic experiments are but the ornamentation, as it were, of a solid structure based on a philanthropic intention to provide employment for idle fingers of rich and poor. Both these purposes are laudable in themselves, but would fail to tempt a journal devoted to the arts to grant so much of its space to their consideration. It is for other reasons we approach the subject of its thirteenth Exhibition here. The Association, directly, and indirectly, strives to re-instate the lost industries and crafts of our villages, and to



STATIONERY CASE. DESIGNED BY HON. MRS. CARPENTER
EXECUTED BY H. O'SULLIVAN, *Bolton-on-Swale*

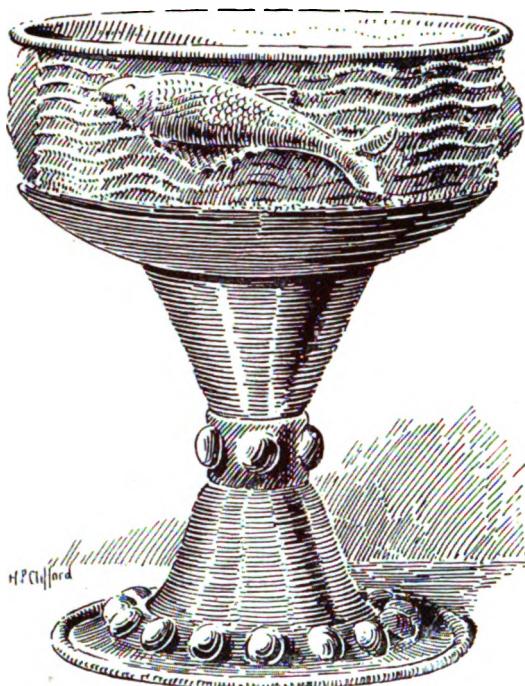


CUPBOARD. DESIGNED BY THE HON. MRS. CARPENTER. EXECUTED BY
R. HURWOOD, G. BUTLER AND W. FAWELL, *Bolton-on-Swale*

interest townspeople in the art of making things comely as well as useful. It aspires to restore to the average British workman certain qualities of which the introduction of machinery has almost deprived him ; to impart again dexterity of touch to awaken his personal interest in fine handicraft ; to turn the mere mechanic into an expert artisan, from whose ranks in time new geniuses may be expected to arise. But neither after thirteen nor thirty years dare you expect that such an ambitious scheme will be accomplished fully. The children's

children of some of these recruits may indeed display the peculiar qualities of head and hand which stamp the great craftsman. Nature shows us how many seeds are ripened to perpetuate a single plant, and so sustain the balance of living objects. If tens of thousands of pupils taught directly by this Association, or by trained workers who have learned their craft in its schools, produce in time but a hundred first-rate craftsmen, and these ultimately reveal but one who is a genius; such result would amply justify the effort. This statement of the case has been set down in similar context on previous occasions ; yet before noticing the doings of the Association in 1897, it is well to insist once more upon this aspect of the

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VASE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY W. ROBINSON,
Keswick

enterprise. Also to insist once again upon the importance of patience, and to assure those who teach, and those who are taught, that well-wishers of the movement are satisfied with a very slight advance year by year; and have no undue expectation of masterpieces or sensational triumphs for a long time to come.

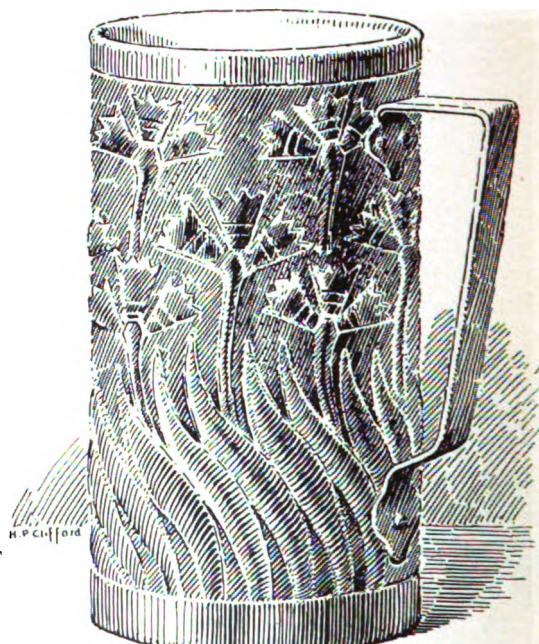
The deadly blow inflicted by machinery upon personal interest in the work of our artisan cannot be healed rapidly. One by one new pupils have to be taught, with hopes that should not be raised too high; for dozens and dozens of lads and lasses are certain to present themselves who are debarred by nature from becoming first-rate exponents of the craft they practise. But even here the effort is not wasted; the reflex action is a factor of enormous importance—it is the teacher who learns the most valuable lessons, and the object of the Society cannot be achieved until those who direct the various classes are themselves educated to the required level, by failure no less than by success.

This year shows distinct advance, more in the absence of the worst, than in the increased excellence of the best things shown. One has but to remember scores of objects in former years, some prominent enough, which well-nigh made hopeless the jury's labours, to realise how great is the change. A competent critic who visited the

gallery for the first time this year, would be certain to deplore the presence of much superfluous ornamentation. But to sustain the interest of pupils who labour all day in wage-earning pursuits, you must permit them considerable licence in their voluntary studies; and if the excess of decoration by which they are attracted proves fairly good of its sort, obeying certain canons of taste, one must be content to train them to better things slowly.

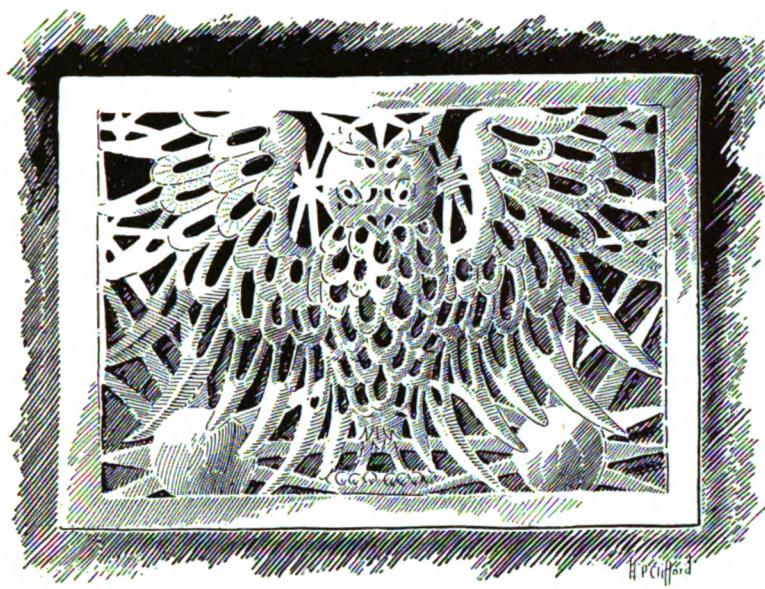
It is pleasant to note that the very minor arts of poker-painting, fret-cutting, bent-iron work, and chip-carving, are less numerously represented than heretofore. Nor is the terrific "masterpiece" of the untutored mechanic, the useless *tour-de-force* we know so well, to be discovered. Here are no patchwork quilts, inlaid card-tables, dolls' houses, birdcages, and other common objects of workmen's exhibitions that depend upon mere dull routine for their production.

Construction, the most important factor, has improved, and, as for example in the Yattendon settle, proportions are better. Colour shows advance, as in the embroideries of Haslemere and the fabrics of the British Weaving School. Design, if not so noticeably progressive, is yet in the right track in work by the Hon. Mabel de Grey and Miss Shepherd; while *bric-a-brac*, at its best in the brass and copper of Keswick and Yattendon, if it still floods the various stalls, shows even in the poorer ex-



METAL TANKARD DESIGNED BY MRS. WATERHOUSE
EXECUTED BY GEORGE FROST, Risby

Home Arts and Industries



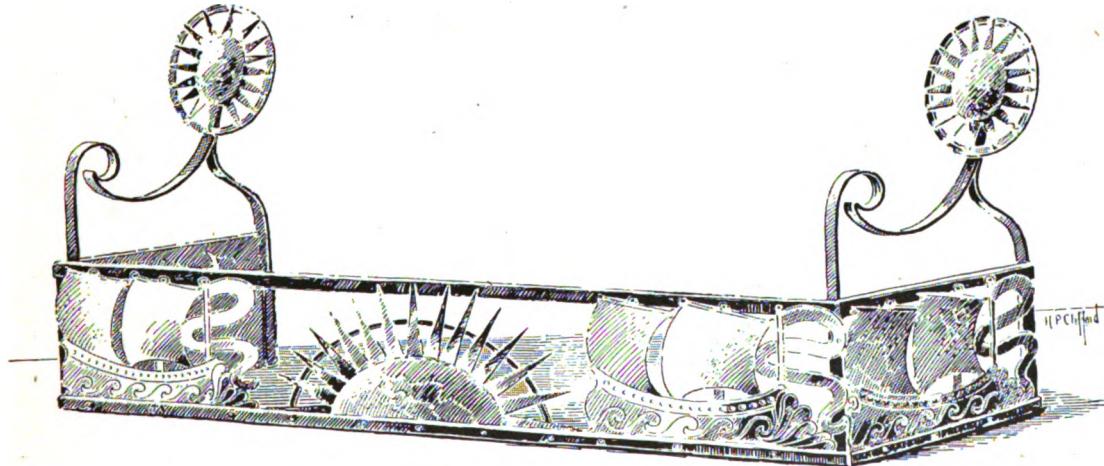
PANEL OF FENDER. DESIGNED BY JOHN WILLIAMS
EXECUTED BY PATRICK ROCHE, *Fivemiletown*

amples, constraint in design, which, compared with the average of even five years ago, is well marked.

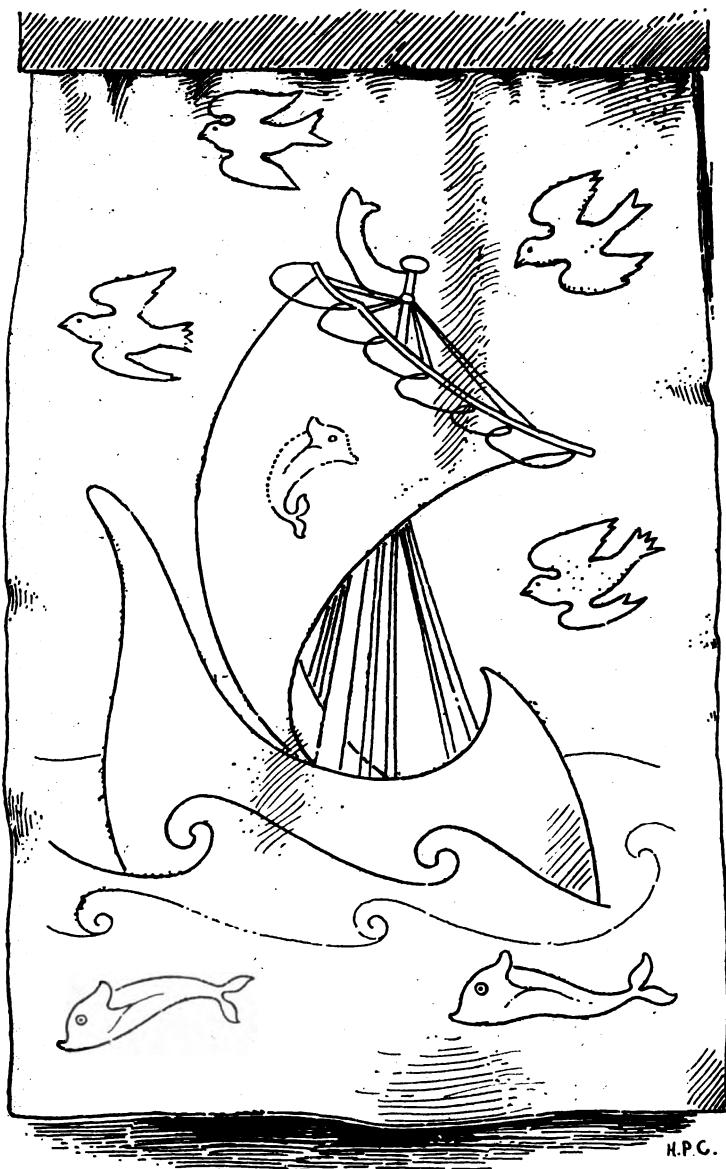
Owing to the absence of a catalogue, and the difficulty of discovering, among many others that each card of description bears on its surface, the items of information that interest an outsider, mistakes are certain to creep into the best-intentioned report. Last year by a pen-slip Kirby-Lonsdale was credited with many things praiseworthy, and warned of certain dangers concerning others; when all the time Leighton-Buzzard was both the real hero and the real culprit. Among the multitude of facts on every label concerning the class

but others of extreme simplicity were no less good.

Mr. Harold Rathbone had an immense display of "Della Robbia" pottery, which this year consisted chiefly of ash-trays, porridge-bowls, plates, cups, vases, and other domestic items for use and ornament. Larger pieces were also present, but the chief interest centred in the smaller objects. The decoration was varied, and the colour pleasant in itself, if sometimes in a less rich key than one is accustomed to look for on glazed pottery. In a few cases of adaptation from published designs, one felt that the source should be openly acknowledged. This suggestion applies to two or three vases of "Della



FENDER. DESIGNED BY M. AND J. WILLIAMS
EXECUTED BY JAMES LAWRENCE AND GEORGE KEMP, *Newton*



H.P.C.

APPLIQUÉ-WORK PORTIÈRE. DESIGNED BY GODFREY BLOUNT
EXECUTED BY KATE SHAWYER, *Haslemere*

"Robbia" ware on this stall, to certain book covers and to a few other objects throughout the Exhibition. Doubtless those who chose to copy or adapt designs already used did so in good faith; but in such cases frank recognition of the original that inspired them is better for all concerned.

In a long afternoon, which included at least three complete perambulations of the huge ellipse, with careful attention to the objects upon each stall, a few but only a few, seemed worthy of particular notice. First among these came terra-cotta slabs (designed by Mrs. G. F. Watts, for the decoration of a small

chapel near Limner's Lease, and executed by the Compton branch of the Society), which form the filling for the spandrel of an arch, and show delightful invention of Celtic interlaced straps and grotesque figures. These were kindred to others from the same source which we noticed at some length last year. The pottery by John T. Firth of Kirby Lonsdale, if of varying merit artistically, is peculiarly interesting all the same, because it is the actual design and handiwork of one person, not a potter by profession, who has not only obtained considerable mastery over his material, but has revived the solid black ware of old Etruscan origin. It was said (by one of the ladies in charge), that the departure was without precedent in England, and that Wedgewood so-called black ware was really a red body coated with black. An unlucky accident to a fine piece of black Wedgewood actually by our side as we write this, proves beyond doubt that such a statement is without foundation. But this correction does not in any way diminish the interest of a group of objects which showed, among more commonplace forms, several of considerable grace, and all stamped with the personality of a single worker.

Among the Leigh exhibits were some excellent carvings after designs by Mr. Aumonier, one, a triptych-frame, being especially noticeable. Several stools, despite their construction being unduly emphasised, were picturesque and entirely merited the adjective "quaint." Many boxes with hinged fronts, intended to contain photographs, were excellent in pattern and handiwork; but the metal locks, a very striking feature of their design, turned out to be of foreign origin, as no good substitute was obtainable here. Surely this hint to the metal workers throughout the Association should

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not be given in vain. Indeed, it should serve to call attention to the valuable results which might be achieved by mutual co-operation ; so that a class which excels in metal work might execute commissions for one that finds skilled joinery its chief product, and so on.

Among the beautifully executed bindings and other objects in decorated leather which were upon the Leighton-Buzzard stall, a cover designed by Miss Bassett, and a folding photograph screen by Miss A. Shepherd were among the best. The former is novel and restrained, the latter an excellent instance of a commonplace trifle made attractive by the grace of its design. A leather box which Lower Birtley exhibited is a faithful imitation of a famous specimen in the South Kensington Museum which has been illustrated in these pages. Its success proved that if original invention be lacking, a skilful workman has only to choose a first-rate example of the past to satisfy the most exacting taste. "If you copy, be sure only to copy

the best," should be one of the maxims of the Association.

From Yattendon came a group of delightful metal work quite up to the high level this branch established some time ago ; and an excellently proportioned settle, of good design, with carving discreetly applied. A pierced fender with design of ships and a setting sun from Newton was also worthy of special note. Southwold had a vast display of most excellent carving, the major part being orthodox in design, well finished in construction, quite up to the level of taste of a first class West-end furnisher's, but just lacking the personal interest that distinguishes the woodwork of the individual craftsman from most of the furniture of commerce. If Southwold had its Mr. George Frampton, its Mr. C. R. Ashbee, or its Mr. Voysey, it might be easily first. One does not advise the school to endeavour to obtain designs from either of the three artists just mentioned, that its pupils might copy them blindly ; but it would be to its lasting benefit if the irreproachable technique it has established could be infused with nineteenth-century feeling.

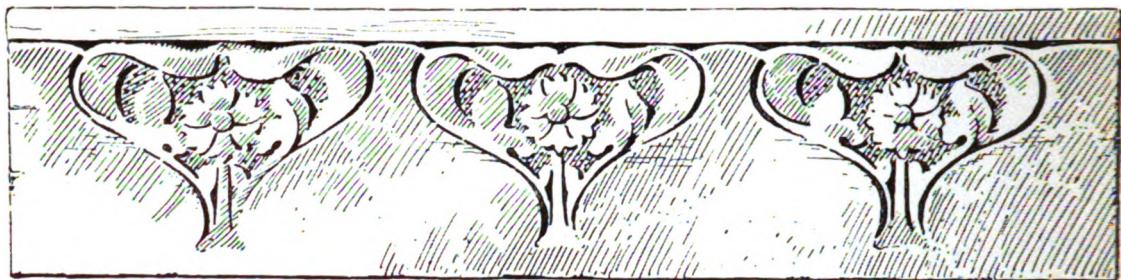
An enthusiast who threw over dead precedent and inspired the clever fingers of its pupils to fresh departure, might raise Southwold to a national position as a school of wood-carving. Its exhibits are in good taste, but without personal interest ; in a shop window not one would stand out conspicuously as a work of art ; although possibly not one would fall below the level of the market in mechanical perfection. The wood-carvings of the Kent County Council Schools show little new vitality, but maintain a very respectable level of worthy craft, a shade too worthy for the most part.

The Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts exhibited a large case of admirable bookbindings. On some the designs were entirely worthy of the skilful



APPLIQUÉ WORK PORTIÈRE. DESIGNED BY GODFREY BLOUNT
EXECUTED BY THE CLASS, Haslemere

Home Arts and Industries



FRIEZE. CARVED BY JAMES BROOKS

H.P.C.

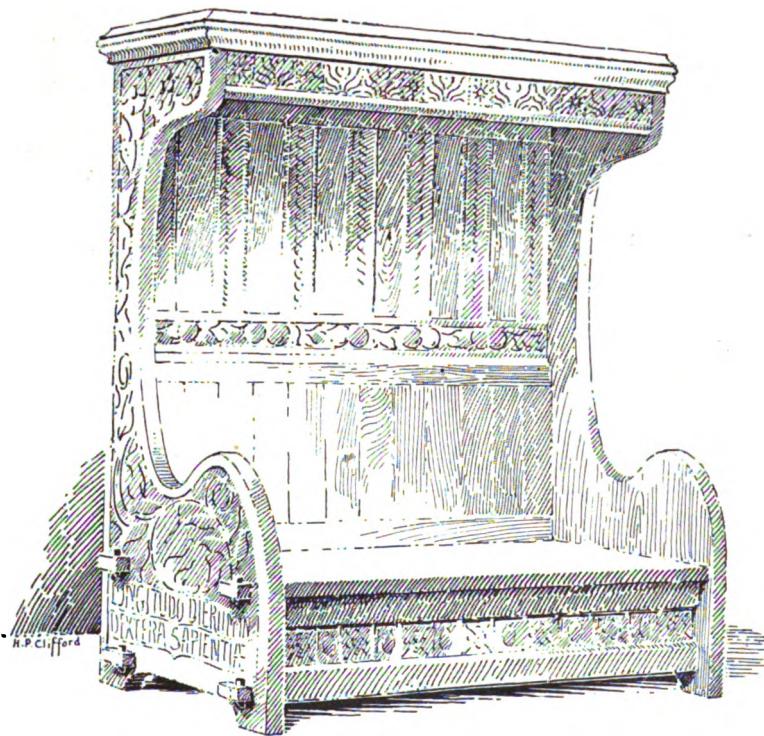
DESIGNED BY THE ASSOCIATION, Ratcliff

manipulation, on others you felt that a certain deference to established precedent was too evident. Nearly all modern French bindings, and no few of the English, are irreproachable, but dull. One does not advise all binders to emulate Mr. D. S. MacColl's vividly personal work, nor to copy Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's beautiful compositions, still less to rival the so-called Japanese effects popular in France; but you cannot but wish that they tried to break away from routine as some moderns have done. In several of the Chiswick covers there is evidence that this capable school may before long develop a style of its own at once new and good. It is experimenting in dyes, applied to the leather

after it has been fixed on the covers; it is making elaborate patterns from simple dots, and needs but full faith in itself to break away from the hackneyed precedents which have well-nigh choked the craft of bookbinding here and abroad. Two big copper jardinières, a quantity of elaborate embroideries, a lacquered panel, and much wood-carving were also the work of the Chiswick branch. If the layman only realised that this and various other branches of the Association can be trusted to execute special commissions for furniture, binding, embroidery, and other fine crafts satisfactorily and at moderate prices, then might the average wedding present give way to some personally appropriate object made specially for its intended owners. This practice would help useful institutions and raise the artistic level of the costly superfluities showered on newly married couples.

The embossed and gilded leather sent from Porlock Weir would be well worthy a place in any European exhibition of the applied arts. The elaborate design by Miss Baker, which consists of dogs and stags disposed amid flowing scrolls, is masterly of its class, and the execution deserves no less high praise. The spirit of the design atones for its strict obedience to established precedents, and proves that even the driest bones can be made to live again if the artist has power to re-infuse vitality.

Fivemiletown, Ireland, contributed fenders of pierced brass, one with a frieze of owls, another with figures of



SETTLE. DESIGNED BY FRANCES MACEY. EXECUTED BY THE CLASS, Yattendon

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squirrels, both apparently designed by Mr. J. Williams, from whom (especially in the Newton and Cambridge groups) came much of the best schemes in wrought metal throughout the gallery.

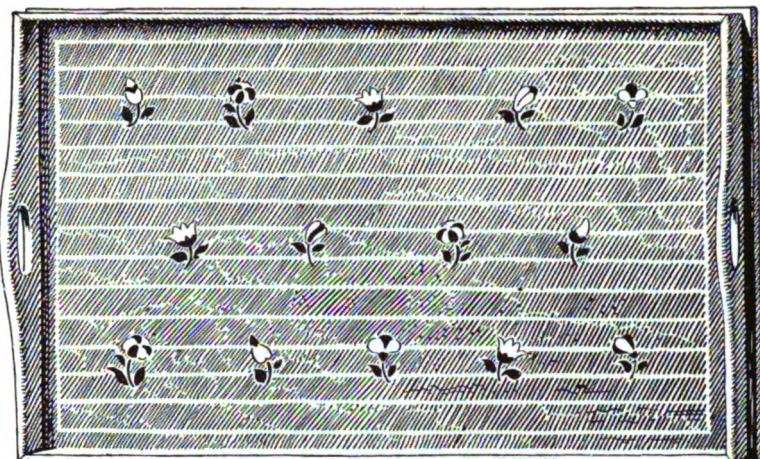
The woven fabrics of Lower Birtley; a four-post bedstead by M. C. Morsham, Killarney; repoussé work from Christchurch, Hants (with some clever adaptations of the seal of the Priory); and other pieces from Bournemouth; good metal work from Risley; an especially satisfactory wrought-iron lamp stands by Ernest Edwards (East Wretham); some alarmingly novel appliqué and spangle work from Holcombe, monuments of misapplied good taste, all deserve more detailed notice than space permits.

A very clever poster by Miss Gloag brings to mind the admirable British Spinning and Weaving School (9 Blenheim Street, New Bond Street), for which it was designed, whose exhibits, with the beautiful lace work of the Buckingham, Bedford-

shire, Devon and Northampton Societies, cannot be adequately noticed here. These Societies provide employment for ladies in reduced circumstances and others, but they need no charitable motive to justify support. For the work of each on its own merits should receive ample patronage. Some of the old lace patterns, exquisitely reproduced, show the best possible taste in choice of design and in its execution.

The inlaid wood-work, designed by the Hon. Mabel de Grey and her sisters, has been praised so often in these pages that nothing more need be added here; it still retains its charm, and seems as fresh and novel as though it were seen for the first time. The new designs this year are as delightful as those of the past; to say more would be superfluous, especially as some are illustrated here.

That this—the thirteenth annual exhibition — was somewhat smaller than usual is explained by two unrelated facts; the first being that Sandringham, the Royal School, is almost unrepresented, owing to the illness of its teacher, and to the coincidence of a local



TRAY. DESIGNED BY THE HON. MABEL DE GREY

EXECUTED BY A. PORTER, Stepney

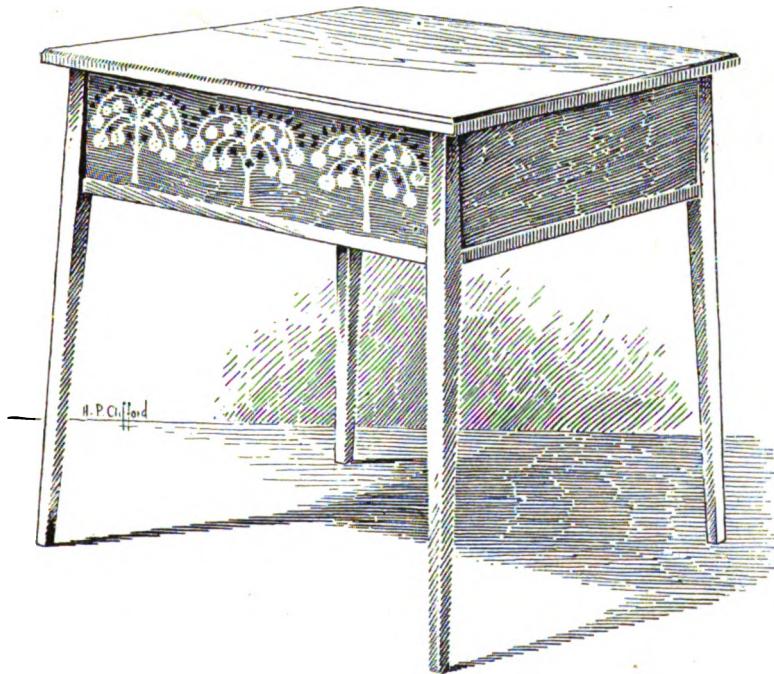


TABLE. DESIGNED BY THE HON. MABEL DE GREY
EXECUTED BY GEORGE COAST, Stepney

A Series of Japanese Drawings



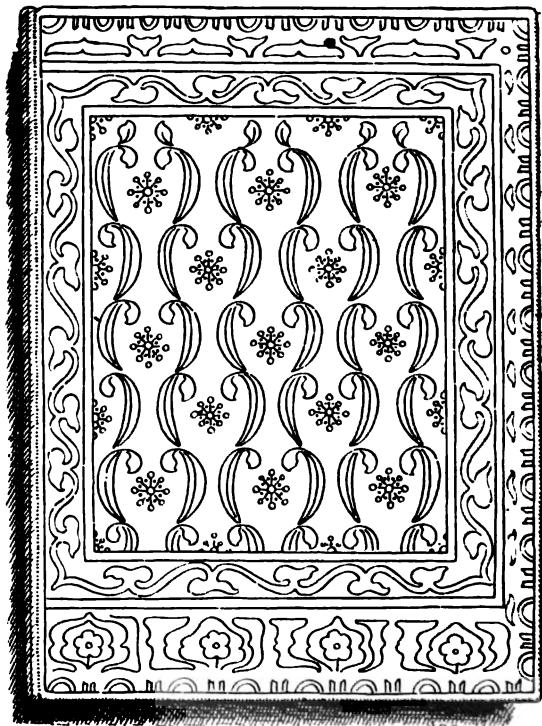
"DELLA ROBBIA" PLAQUE. DESIGNED BY C. A. WALKER, Birkenhead

exhibition at Kings Lynn; the second, that its date was fixed a month earlier than usual, to avoid clashing with the festivities of the Diamond Jubilee. That, despite the shortened time which prevented many objects in hand being finished, so good a display was got together, speaks well for the Association. Without shutting one's eyes to its faults, no unprejudiced observer can fail to discover solid reasons for belief in its progress. Patience and perseverance are its chief allies. Thirteen years shows no falling off in either, and if the same progress is maintained—and there is even indication that it will be accelerated—then all that its best friends dared to hope will be fulfilled in due course. An Association of this class is beset with many difficulties; it is pleasant to be patronised by royalty; to have a private view that is a social function; it is honourable to obey motives of charity, and be actively engaged in providing lads and lasses with interesting occupations for their leisure time; but these things often conflict with serious efforts to educate skilled craftsmen. Fashionable patrons have a good deal of taste which, if not "mostly bad," is often mixed; certain supporters of any social movement are not wholly bent on improving the masses, but have their private interests, and prefer to please not too exacting patrons in place of battling against their whims.

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A SERIES OF JAPANESE DRAWINGS. IV. EVENING MIST IN THE VALLEY. BY SOSEN.

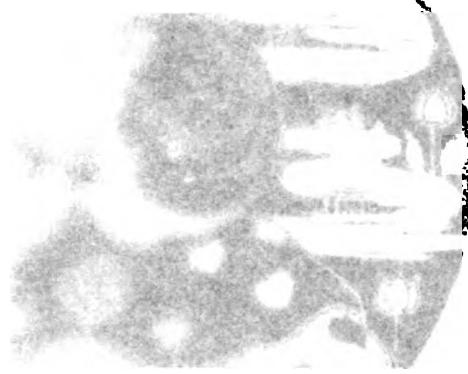
AMONG the immediate followers and disciples of Okio, the founder of the Shijo, or Naturalistic School of Painting in Japan, there were many whose names have been almost forgotten. One of these, who lived in the early part of this century, and whose drawings are now rarely met with, is Sosen—not the Sosen of Monkey fame, who became one of the most notable of the Japanese painters of this century—but a predecessor, whose landscapes were especially distinguished for their tender and poetic qualities. One of these, the original of which is painted with Chinese ink upon silk, we have now the pleasure to present to our readers.



BOOK-COVER. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY
MISS BASSETT, Leighton Buzzard

"EVENING MIST IN THE VALLEY"
BY SOSEN

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A
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"EVENING MIST IN THE VALLEY."
BY SOSEN

PRINTED AND FORWARDED BY
ISS. LA SALLE, CHICAGO.





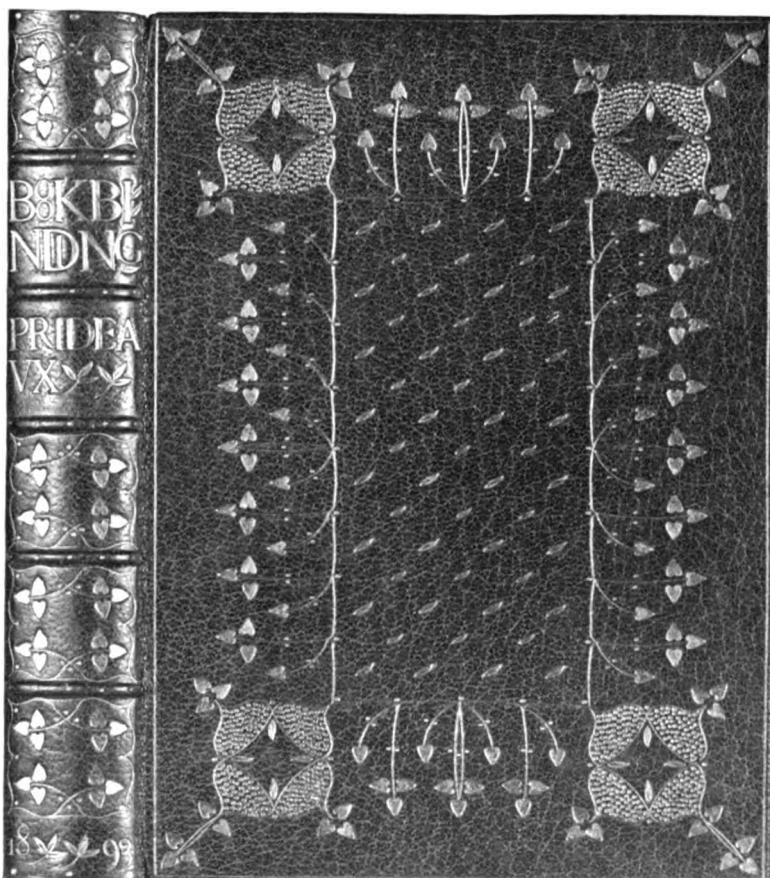
"VANITY FAIR." FROM
A PAINTING BY
J. E. CHRISTIE

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

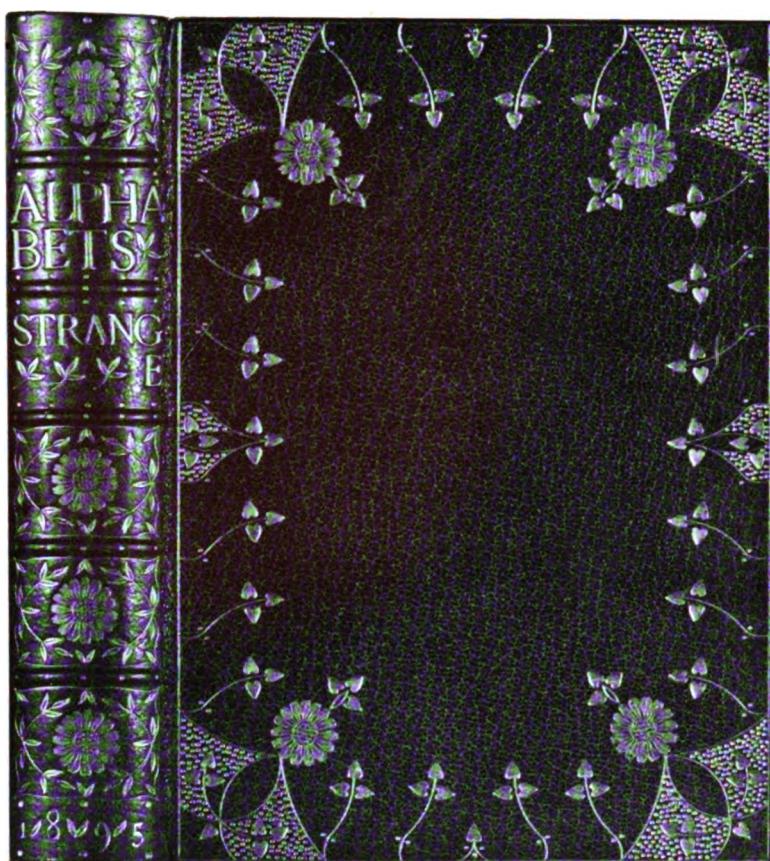
LONDON.—The Annual Exhibition of the Ex Libris Society was once again more impressive by reason of its wasted opportunities than for any very noticeable improvement in its standard for modern designs. The Society obviously attaches great importance to heraldry; but apart from the work of four designers, all well established before it existed, one sees no effort to make heraldry live as decoration. The worship of "dated plates" and Chippendales, of dull mechanical devices, old and new, is not worthy an important society. All that bookplate design need not and ought not to be was amply represented in dozens of examples. What it might and should be you could scarce discover. Of course Mr. Anning Bell's compositions would grace any exhibition; but a set of plates re-engraved from the originals of H. Stacy Marks, L. Leslie Brooke, and others, seemed mere impertinences, which ought not to be exhibited without an official protest against such a practice. Mr. John Leighton showed, as before, a real sense of the possibilities of heraldry in decoration. Mr. Harold Nelson's three excellent designs, so far unpublished, one by Mr. H. Ospovat and a *Chichester* plate by Arthur Ellis, were the only unfamiliar examples in the sixty-five groups which call for a word of praise. One is sorry to observe the hideous and absurd expression *Super-Libros* in the Catalogue of the Society. "Book-stamps" would surely be more direct, and do no damage to language, or good taste. Mr. C. W. Sherborn's twenty-one plates, and certain others by Mr. E. D. French, familiar though they all are, were a relief after the dull, mean average of the show.

Should we welcome commercial imitations of specimens of fine craftsmanship, or flout the sincere flattery which takes this form? The question is really not quite easy to decide offhand. Some of the "printer's types" based obviously on Kelmscott models which are being used so freely, must needs promote the popularity of legible alphabets which William Morris so strenuously endeavoured to re-establish. In like fashion the ideal of decoration set up by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is influencing the bookbindings of commerce. Messrs. Kelly are showing many book covers which are so evidently inspired by study of the work of the Doves Bindery that it would be folly to ignore the motive which has influenced their craftsmen. On their own merits these are tasteful, and excellently wrought; they obey the fundamental principles of good binding, and yet one welcomes most readily such designs as depart most from the originals. In these appear suggestions for a quite definite style, and herein we find the only good which can result



BOOK-COVER

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MESSRS. KELLY AND SONS



BOOK-COVER

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MESSRS. KELLY AND SONS

from imitation—namely, that the lessons learned in modifying another person's idea soon provoke a designer to show his own powers of invention. Because Messrs. Kelly are evidently working towards a distinct style of their own, one can be lenient to their first efforts, which, good though they be, are little more than ingenious modifications of accepted types. It is always a regret that the value of a fine creation is endangered by transcripts which mimic the body but lack the spirit of the original. An artist's personal feeling should also be considered; no one is gratified by travesties of his own designs. This moralising is not aimed at Messrs. Kelly particularly; and even if it did apply to some of their work, the later specimens show effort to develop a manner of their own, and so have power to arouse interest that the most accomplished "exercise in the style of So-and-so" would fail to elicit from any honest critic. For Tennyson's poem on the flower which "all can raise, now all have got the seed," holds a pertinent lesson to craftsmen no less than to rhymesters.

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it, takes the form of a booth such as may be seen at any village fête to-day. The nymph who distributes the glittering bubbles that attract the crowd, is only a strolling player in her tawdry theatrical garb, and her admirers are the idlers who have been brought together by the bustle and novelty of the scene. The allegory is made to most men more persuasive and intelligible by its modern dressing; the moral it points is a homely one, the tale it adorns a narrative with which every one is well acquainted.

We do not often have the chance of seeing anything like an exhaustive display of the work done by artists of our own times. The annual exhibitions at the Academy and other galleries of the same class have but a temporary interest, and are only vaguely valuable as evidences of progress from year to year. Occasionally when a commemorative show, like the great gathering at Manchester ten years ago, is organised we get an idea of the scope and variety of the art of this country, because

Mr. J. E. Christie's *Vanity Fair*, which was lent by the Glasgow Corporation to the recent Exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery, is a picture of more than ordinary importance. Not only does it mark an epoch in the artist's career, his arrival, after some years of devoted labour, at a place in the front rank of modern men, but it is also a notable instance of the manner in which abstract and allegorical subjects are handled by the younger school of the present day. It is an illustration of the tendency which has arisen among the artists who wish to prove their independence of the out-of-date academic school, to use the details of the life around us to clothe and give character to the abstractions that still suggest themselves as worthy motives for pictorial effort. 'Vanity Fair,' as Mr. Christie has imagined

"A STREET IN VEN
AN AUTO-LITHOGRA
C. E. HOLLOWAY



BOOK

THE HOTLOWAY
AN AUTO-THIHOGRAPH BY
A. STRETT IN VENICE.

the first time in the history of the world that the people of the United States have been compelled to go to war with their own government. The people of the United States have been compelled to go to war with their own government. The people of the United States have been compelled to go to war with their own government. The people of the United States have been compelled to go to war with their own government.



Studio-Talk

enough work of different years is brought together to give a really wide view. The Fine Art Section of the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court has a character of this kind. It is, of course, neither so large nor so varied as the Manchester Exhibition ; but within its limits it is excellently comprehensive and represents, with considerable pretensions to adequacy, the artistic achievement of the last sixty years. Most of the greater deceased painters, from Turner to Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, are shown to advantage in the galleries, while a very large number of living men have sent canvases which do them distinct credit. There are gaps certainly in the representation of the various schools, gaps that might have been in some instances avoided ; but on the whole we have reason to be grateful to the organisers of the show for having given us an art section which is so far unlike the usual type of thing arranged as an adjunct to a popular exhibition that we can accept it seriously and with respect as a definitely artistic attempt. The balance between the art of the earlier years of the Queen's reign and that of our own times is well maintained, and in many instances the pictures by which the different artists are set before us have been chosen with admirable discretion. Even where a comparatively unimportant example of any painter has been accepted it cannot be said that he is represented by an inferior piece of work ; for the number of bad pictures in the show is singularly small. The evidence of judicious selection is plainly to be discovered throughout the whole gathering, but in no part is it so apparent as in the court devoted to sculpture. Here the result is really memorable, and the array of productions by our best modern sculptors has definite claims to be considered one of the best that has been seen during a long period. It shares with the section illustrating the progress of the engraver's art the credit of being the most exhaustive and instructive part of the show. Both these collections are so excellent that, even without the additional attractiveness of the picture galleries, they would have more than justified the labours of the Art Committee.

At Earl's Court a little space is devoted to the Applied Arts, only a little, and that little rather mixed up with woman's education ; still, it would not become THE STUDIO to ignore any effort to promote the cause it has championed from the first. Almost every object at the Victorian Era Exhibition which falls into this classification has

already been noticed in these pages. There are enamels by Mr. Nelson Dawson and others, caskets by South Kensington students, surface decorations by various hands, a poster by Miss Gloag, leather by Miss Alice Shepherd and others, all old and welcome friends. Outside this section the applied arts are not vigorously represented ; the Doulton exhibit has a most excellently decorated counter, which is a very satisfactory example of stencil design ; it has also a rather indifferent frieze, but the pottery makes one rub ones eyes. Can it be of 1897, this huge collection ? In the seventies it would have been commendable, but in the late nineties ! Much has happened since, but apparently Lambeth has not heard of it, and still relies chiefly on its Tinworth and its *Gres de Flandres*, which is a pity.

We have pleasure in presenting to our readers an auto-lithograph by the late C. E. Holloway, whose untimely death has left a gap in the ranks of artists which will be difficult to fill. Admirers of this painter's work will be interested to know that a large number of his studies and sketches—works of very great beauty, but appealing mainly to artists and connoisseurs—are procurable from Mr. T. R. Way, 21 Wellington Street, Strand, who is kindly endeavouring to dispose of them on behalf of Mrs. Holloway and her children.

The picture, *Blue, and Silver, and Gold*, by which Mr. Leslie Thomson is represented at the New Gallery, is an excellent example of the decorative treatment of landscape, of the rather rare combination of fine qualities of design in form with exquisite harmony of colour. It has in a very high degree the charm of poetic suggestion, for it is realised in all essentials without any insistence upon matter-of-fact details. It belongs to a school of landscape painting which is at present practised by only a few artists ; and its romantic character is very welcome on account of the relief it affords from the prevailing adherence to the commonplaces of nature. Artists like Mr. Leslie Thomson are at the present moment fulfilling the important function of reviving the too long forgotten beliefs of the old poetic school ; and to their efforts we have to look for the reinstatement of what was years ago the worthiest creed that ever influenced the landscape men in this country. The process of building up again what has been too long left in ruin is going slowly on, but it progresses very steadily, and there can be no doubt that in the hands of Mr.

Studio-Talk

Leslie Thomson, and the men who think with him, the revival is certain to be successful.

WARRINGTON.—Early last month an exhibition of the artistic industries of this town, arranged by Messrs. Aylward and Charles Madeley, was opened at the School of Art. The exhibition, which included specimens of glass-ware, iron casting, house decoration and woven tapestries, besides original designs by Messrs. Crane, Voysey, Day, Armitage, Rowe, A. H. Lee, and others, was intended to show the influence the School has had in promoting the trade of the town as well as in the provision of general education in art. Such exhibits should prove of great value to manufacturers and to students to whom opportunities are afforded of studying good work.

BIRMINGHAM.—We give this month an illustration of the wood-carving of a young Birmingham artist, Mrs. Robert Hopkins. With the exception of a few lessons received, in a class, from Mr. Claxton at Worcester, Mrs. Hop-

kins is self-taught, her only masters being perseverance and hard work. It is only four years since she first took up wood-carving as a profession, and to-day she does a considerable amount of teaching in the Midland counties, holding large classes at Walsall and other towns. Her first order was for a settle for the Senior Tutor of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, with the college arms on the centre panel. Being possessed of great determination, she has probably a bright career before her.

BRUSSELS.—The fourth annual Salon of the Society of Fine Arts in Brussels was devoted to a historical display of medals. It consisted of a contemporary section, including productions by the best of the modern medallists, and a historical section, wherein were seen several series of coins lent from celebrated collections in Belgium and abroad.

Among the ancient works the connoisseur and the artist might admire the Greek pieces in the possession of M. Auguste Delbeke, the bronze Italian medals of the 15th and 16th centuries, owned by Mme. Goldschmidt-Przibram, and others, both Italian and French, of the same periods, from the famous collection of M. Gustave Dreyfus, whose display included several bronze medallions, notably a superb "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" by Pollaiuolo; also the medallions from the Hess collection at Frankfort, with the "Van Berckels," owned by Baron Surmont de Volsberghe. In addition there were several Papal medals lent by M. Van Schoor, and those from the collection of M. Van den Broeck, which constitute a sort of *résumé* of Belgian history during two centuries. In addition there were two fine medallions by David d'Angers.

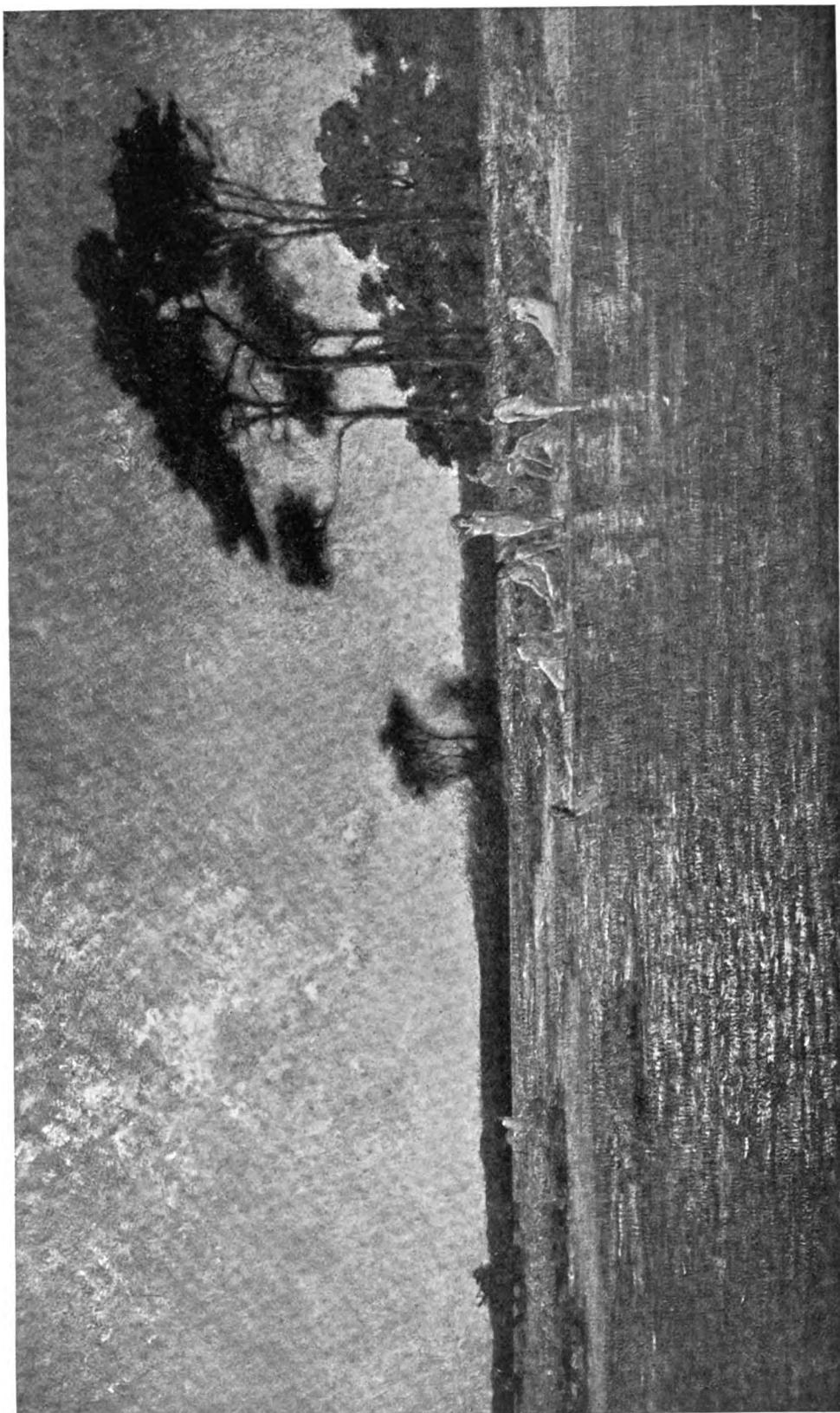
The modern French school was represented by contributions from MM. Bourgeois, Michel Cazin, A. and H. Dubois, Dupuis, Mouchon, Patey, and Roty. German art was seen in the works of M. Hildebrand, who displayed a very remarkable *Bismarck*, and the Viennese engravers, A. Scharff and E. Schwartz, had a notable exhibit.

Lastly, we come to the Belgian exhibitors, MM. Dillens, Fernand and Paul Dubois, de Hondt, Lagae, Lemaire, Vander Stappen, Vermeylen, and Wolfers, not forgetting M. Cardon, who exhibited, not as an artist, but as a collector, and showed some of the treasures which adorn his artistic home.

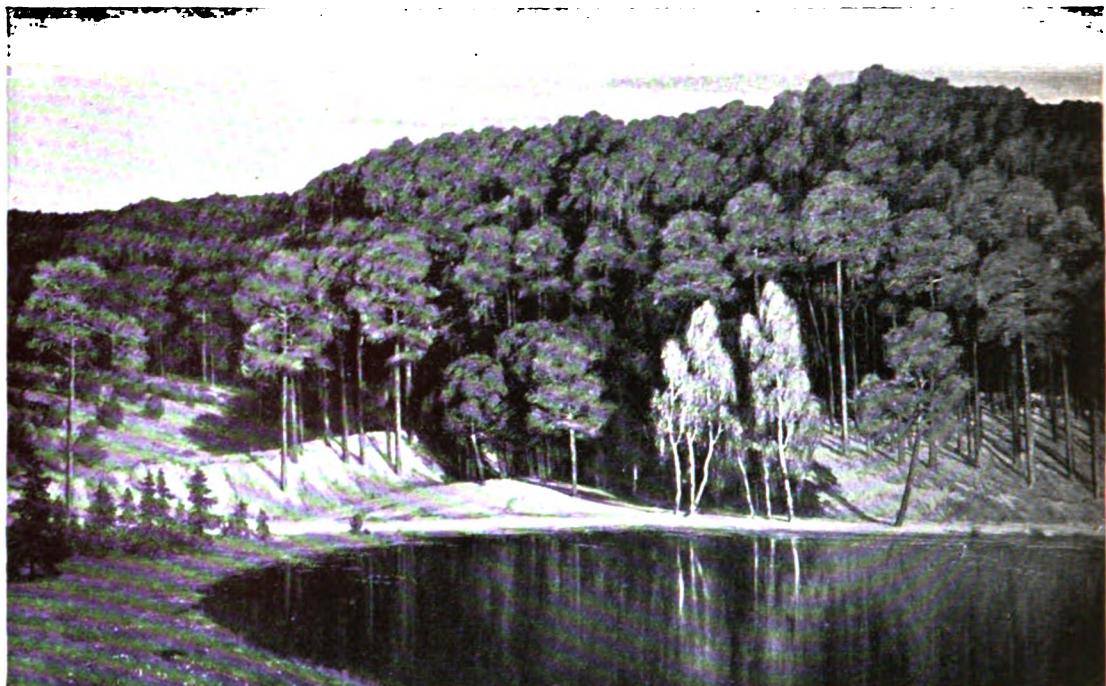


WOOD-CARVING

BY MRS. R. HOPKINS



“BLUE, AND SILVER AND GOLD.”
FROM A PAINTING BY
LESLIE THOMSON



FROM A PAINTING

BY WALTER LEISTIKOW

Following its general rule, the Society of Fine Arts made a point of decorating the Exhibition in the most harmonious fashion possible. The beautiful tapestries came from the well-known collection of M. Léon Somzée, who was kind enough to allow the committee to make use of such as they required.

Some of the pictures from M. Somzée's collection held an honourable place in the Venetian Exhibition held some time ago at the New Gallery ; and his exhibits would certainly figure prominently in any collection of tapestries that might be brought together.

Lieutenant Masui may be unreservedly congratulated on the entire success of his section at the Brussels-Tervueren Exhibition. He was entrusted with the organisation of the Colonial Department, and the results give equal evidence of initiative and good taste. The series of photographs which is to appear in *THE STUDIO* shortly will show, better than any description could do, the remarkable results he has obtained in the way of artistic decoration, and that with the simplest of means.

An international exhibition of posters, including

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works from the best masters of the art, was lately held at Tournai. The Tournai "Cercle Artistique," which organised the display, was able to show some 350 specimens. Several of them are of extreme rarity, on account of their age, notably some illustrated examples, printed like wall-papers, and dating from Louis Philippe's time.

The English school was well represented, Dudley Hardy and Maurice Greiffenhagen being prominent exhibitors. The big poster, *Pall Mall*, by the latter, will always be considered a masterpiece of its kind.

The "Cercle Artistique et Littéraire" of Brussels has just celebrated its fiftieth year of existence by a most successful *fête*. The galleries were ornamented with draperies and flowers, which, with the pictures and tapestries and other works of art, formed a most effective *ensemble*. The tapestries, very fine specimens, were lent by M. Somzée, while the pictures were the work of old members of the club—Navez, Gallait, Leys, De Groux, de Braekeleer, Verwée, Boulenger, and others. A special word is due to the decoration of the gardens by M. V. Keuler, the painter, who was warmly congratulated on his work.

F. K.

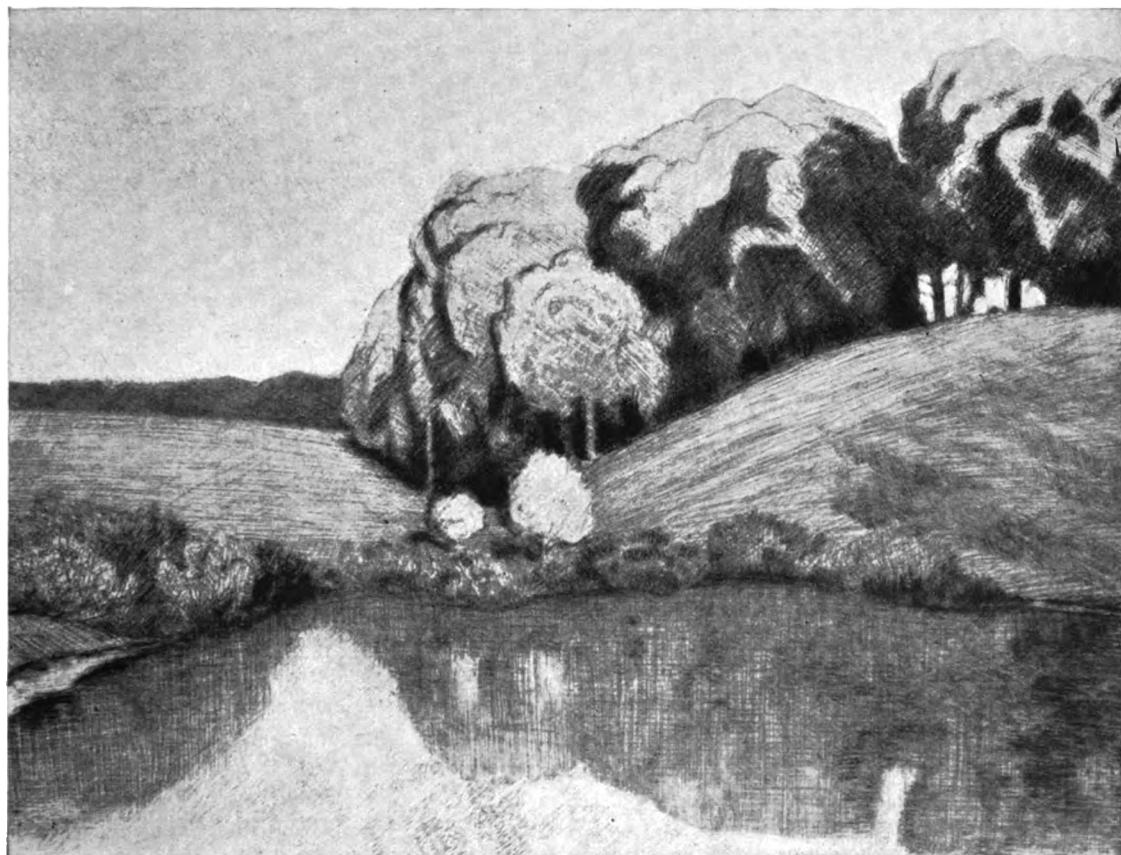
Studio-Talk

BERLIN.—The Exhibition of the XI. is always a source of gratification to the true art lover, who knows this display to be worth seeing. The great mass of the public—especially the upper classes—wax wroth at these pictures, and do their best to decry this “shocking modern school,” which has “no sense of the ideal.” Of course the truth is that while much of the work exhibited here is of superlative charm, some of it is such as to call for nothing but contempt. But that the great majority of these productions are strikingly good, must be quite clear to all.

We may pass over most of the pictures—including several works by Max Liebermann, of exceptionally rich colouring—and turn our attention to the landscapes by Walter Leistikow. Two distinguishing features are always prominent in this artist’s work—his love for the solitude of the forest, and the unbounded expanse of sea—and they are not absent from the present exhibition. Here we have a calm stretch of water, with swans drifting

along with outstretched pinions; and here again a harbour scene. A narrow land line stands darkly out against the background; in the foreground are a couple of boats, with masts showing almost black against the sky, and like the clouds, reflected in the water, which almost duplicates the scene as in a mirror. The hopelessness of attempting to convey any idea in words of the beauties of a work of art is obvious in the presence of so poetic a composition as this.

Leistikow is even better still when he shows us the scenery of the Mark, with its chief beauties, which consist in the pine forests encircling the placid lakes. He nearly always seizes a moment when some strange effect of light imparts a special aspect to the scene—the setting sun, for instance, flooding the tall, bare trunks with a golden-purple glow. The green of the trees is absorbed in the violet shadows, so that the whole picture becomes a harmony in these two tones. By way of contrast the water in the foreground is dark and sombre, reflecting but faintly the colours around. He sees



FROM AN ETCHING

BY WALTER LEISTIKOW



"VISIONS"

BY G. MENTESI

Nature, not like one of a Sunday holiday crowd, but with the true artist's eye, quick to notice and admire the subtle play of light, which comes but for an instant, and then is gone. And yet his landscapes are instinct with truth and power, the truth and power of beauty. Even his severest critics were put to silence by one of his pictures exhibited at the last Exhibition of the XI., and hung prominently in the centre of the room. The small illustration on page 126, which we are enabled to publish by the kindness of the artist, gives but a faint idea of its charm. It may indeed be said of Leistikow's pictures that they are convincing in their very beauty.

G. G.

VENICE.—The unquestionable advantage that pictures hung without that haunting economy of margin from which canvases suffer in the Academy is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the exhibition lately opened here. None of the pictures are skied, none are crowded into corners where their individuality is apt to be overlooked or their delicacy of colour destroyed by the juxtaposition of a scheme more crude and attracting, while more than one of the large canvases has a wall to itself.

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Two of the points which strike one are the paucity of the portrait in the purely Italian school, and the general increase in the landscape studies. Of these last the Glasgow school contributes almost the entire contents of one of the rooms, Macaulay Stevenson, and Archibald Kay sending most excellent and sympathetic work. The former's *Evensong* is remarkable for the delicacy of its technique and the finely executed effect of haze and stillness in the landscape. Both these artists, and indeed most of the Glasgow school, possess the art of infusing into their work that note of underlying poetry without which landscape painting is a mere mechanical effort.

Of the larger canvases, Villegas sends *Murio il Maestro*, which, save for certain defects in the arrangement of the foreground, deserves to be ranked with this painter's best work. The picture represents the scene round the bed of a dying man, and in the group of surrounding retainers Villegas shows his wonderful power of depicting emotion; the genuine grief, and its servile imitation, the passive callousness of usage on the face of the priest, the mere gaping curiosity and the frank indifference of those who make the occasion one for the hasty acquirement of booty, are all realistically rendered. There is a certain shallowness in

Studio-Talk

the painting of the group, and a rather too universal distribution of tinsel and gold lace on the costumes to make the whole effect entirely pleasing, but technique and drawing are satisfactory, and the scheme of colour harmonious.

Graceful in composition, poetical in feeling and harmonious in colour is Mentessi's Madonna and Child, entitled *Visions*, a tempera in soft grey tints thrown into relief by the sunlit half distance. The grouping of attendant saints reminds one irresistibly of Botticelli, though Mentessi is far from allying himself with the adorers of the pre-Raphaelite and ostentatiously simple in art. *Il Duello* (The Duel), a finely painted and dramatic picture by Repine, is one of the most remarkable

works in the Russian school. The skilful management of the evening light shining through the trees and lighting up the figures, which tell their own story, is highly creditable, and far from being theatrical or purely scenic as in the case of Siemiradzki's huge canvas, *The Girl Martyr*, in the same room. The picture palpitates with life and emotion. Laurenti, while departing from his usual style, shows an unsuspected power of grasping the decorative possibilities of the nude figure, in his picture *Nuova Fioritura* (The New Flora). There is a certain lack of finish and modelling in the figures, due perhaps to haste, but the design is graceful, and the note of colour in the background is both harmonious and pleasing. This picture has been acquired, together with several others, as the nucleus of a gallery of modern art in Venice.



"SEPTEMBER"

BY E. TITO